



game 1100 etch

FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB  
5770

Division

Section



Ac 7

00

repaired

Jan 11<sup>th</sup>  
1800



Lucy Wilson  
Book 1815

1781  
1782

THE SEP 19 1936  
THE HEBREW  
CHRISTIANS DUTY,

EXHIBITED IN A SERIES OF

H Y M N S,

Collected from *various* Authors,

DESIGNED FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD,

AND FOR THE EDIFICATION OF CHRISTIANS.

R E C O M M E N D E D,

To the Serious of all Denominations,

BY THE FRATERNITY OF BAPTISTS.

---

*While I live will I praise the LORD: I will  
sing Praises unto my GOD while I have any  
Being. Psalm CXLVI. 2.*

*And when they had sung an HYMN, they went  
out into the Mount of Olives. Matt. XXVI. 30.*

*And at Midnight PAUL and SILAS prayed and  
sang Praises unto GOD. Acts XVI. 25.*

---

SECOND EDITION, IMPROVED.


---

GERMANTOWN: printed by PETER LEIBERT,  
1801.



## INTRODUCTION.

**I**Nasmuch as it hath pleased the most high God, to enlarge the Place of our Tent, and the Currains of our Habitation; it behoveth us to render Thanks and Praise to that beneficent Being, in whose Hands is the Life and Breath of all Things: and, who doth according to his Will in the Army of Heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth, and none can stay his Hand, nor say unto him what dost thou Tho' the Heaven is his Throne, and the Earth is his Footstool, yet unto Man he saith, "Whoso offereth Praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his Conversation aright, will I shew the Salvation of the Lord." Let us therefore serve the Lord with Gladness, and come before his Presence with Singing. Enter into his Gates with Thanksgiving, and into his Courts with praise. Psalm 50. 23. and Psalm 100. 2, 4.





## P R E F A C E.

**D**early beloved Brethren, and fellow Heirs of the Grace of God ; the Apostle exhorts us, “to let the Word of Christ dwell in us, richly in all Wisdom, Teaching, and Admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts, unto the Lord. You are therefore here presented with a Choice Collection of HYMN’s, of the most approved Authors, suitable to almost every Circumstance of Life, which we are call’d to pass through, and corresponding with the Tenor of the Gospel, and adapted to commemorate the Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of our Saviour, and his Session at God’s Right Hand, and his Intercession there ; the Commission of the Apostles on Baptism, and the Lord’s Supper, and the second Coming of Christ, without Sin unto Salvation.

My Brethren, in the Performance of this noble Part of Worship, we should have our Minds devoutly fix’d on God, who heareth Prayer, and inhabiteth the Praises of Israel ; not raising our Voices only, but endeavouring to sing with the Spirit, and with the Understanding also : lest we be found among the Number of them over whom God laments, saying: This People draw near to me with their Mouths, and with their Lips do honour me, but their Hearts have they removed far from me, and their Fear towards me is taught by the Precept of Men. Let us therefore strive  
to



to offer in an acceptable Manner, the Sacrifice of Praise to God continually, that is the Fruit of our Lips, giving Thanks to his Name.

The Reason for printing this Hymn Book is: because of the Inconvenience arising from having several Sorts of Hymn Books in Meeting at once, it was therefore thought prudent to remove this Inconvenience, by collecting the most approved Hymns, of the several Books, and reducing them into One small Octavo, with a compleat Index, which is wanting in the Hymn Book which we have latterly used; altho it was otherwise truly excellent.

Dearly beloved, let us be encouraged to look forward, to that happy Period, when “all the Kings of the Earth shall praise the Lord;” when they shall hear the Words of his Mouth, yea, they shall sing in the Ways of the Lord, for great is the Glory of the Lord. When he shall turn to the People a pure Language, and they shall serve him with one Consent, when they shall come and sing in the Heights of Zion; and flow together to the Goodness of the Lord. Under these Considerations and cheering Reflections we may freely say with David: “Let every Thing that hath Breath praise JEHOVAH. Hallelujah !

Germantown, May 18, 1791.

\* \* H A L L E L U J A H. \* \*

T H E  
CHRISTIANS DUTY,  
E X H I B I T E D  
IN A SERIES OF SELECT  
H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

*The Kingdom of God not in Word but in Power.*

1. **A** Form of Words, tho' e'er so sound,  
Can never save a Soul ;  
The Holy Ghost must give the Wound,  
And make the wounded whole.
2. Tho' God's Election is a Truth,  
Small Comfort there I see,  
Till I am told by God's own Mouth  
That he has chosen ME.
3. Sinners, I read, are justify'd  
By Faith in J E S U's Blood :  
But when to ME that Blood's apply'd,  
'Tis then it does me good.
4. To Perseverance I agree,

A

The



The Thing to me is clear,  
Because the Lord has promis'd me.  
That I shall persevere.

5. Imputed Righteousness I own  
A Doctrine most divine ;  
For Jesus to my Heart makes known  
That all his Merit's mine.
6. That Christ is God I can avouch ;  
And for his People cares,  
Since I have pray'd to him as such,  
And he has heard my Pray'rs.
7. That Sinners black as Hell, by Christ  
Are sav'd, I know full well :  
For I his Mercy have not miss'd ;  
And I am black as Hell.
8. Thus Christians glorify the Lord,  
His Spirit joins with ours,  
In bearing Witness to his Word,  
With all it's saving Pow'rs.

## H Y M N II.

*A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.*

1. **A**H ! lovely Appearance of Death,  
No Sight upon Earth is so fair ;  
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,  
Can with a dead Body compare.
2. With solemn Delight I survey  
The Corps, when the Spirit is fled,  
In Love with the beautiful Clay,  
And longing to lie in his stead.
3. How blest is our Brother, bereft  
Of all that could burthen his Mind !  
How easy the Soul, that hath left

That

This wearisome Body behind !

4. Of Evil incapable thou,  
Whose Relicts with Envy I see ;  
No longer in Misery now,  
No longer a Sinner like me.
5. This Earth is affected no more,  
With Sickneſs, or ſhaken with Pain ;  
The War in the Members is o'er,  
And never ſhall vex him again.
6. No Anger henceforward, or Shame,  
Shall redden this innocent Clay :  
Extinguiſh'd is the Animal Flame,  
And Paſſion is vaniſh'd away.
7. This languiſhing Head is at reſt,  
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;  
This quiet immoveable Breſt  
Is heav'd by Affliction no more.
8. This Heart is no longer the Seat  
Of Trouble and torturing Pain ;  
It ceases to flutter and beat,  
It never ſhall flutter again.
9. The Lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe.  
By Sorrow forbidden to ſleep,  
Seal'd up in eternal Repoſe,  
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep.
10. The Fountains can yield no Supplies,  
Theſe Hollows from Waters are free !  
The Tears are all wip'd from theſe Eyes,  
And Evil they never ſhall ſee.
11. To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,  
While bound in a Priſon I breathe ;  
And ſtill for Deliverance pine.

And press to the Issues of Death.

12. What now with my Tears I bedew,  
O might I this Moment become,  
My Spirit created anew,  
My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb !

### H Y M N III.

1. **A**LAS, my God, that thou should be  
To me so much unknown !  
I long to walk and talk with Thee,  
And dwell before thy Throne.
2. Thou know'st, my Soul doth dearly love  
The Place of thine Abode ;  
No Music gives so sweet a Sound,  
As these two Words, *My God*.
3. I long not for the Fruit that grows  
Within these Gardens here ;  
I find no Sweetness in their Rose  
When Jesus is not near.
4. Thy gracious Presence, O my Christ,  
Can make a Paradise ;  
Ah, what are all the goodly Pearls,  
Unto this Pearl of Price ?
5. Give me that sweet Communion, Lord,  
Thy people have with thee ;  
Thy Spirit daily talks with Them,  
O let it talk with me.
6. Like Enoch let me walk with God,  
And thus walk out my Day,  
Attended with the heav'nly Guards,  
Upon the Kings High Way.
7. When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?

O come, my Lord, most  
Come near, come nearer near  
I'm well when thou art near

8. When wilt thou come unto me,  
I languish for thy Sight ;  
Ten thousand Suns, if thou art strang  
Are Shades instead of Light.
9. When wilt thou come unto me Lord ?  
for till thou dost appear,  
I count each Moment for a Day,  
Each Minute for a Year.
10. Come, Lord, and never from me go,  
This World's a darksom Place ;  
I find no Pleasure here below,  
When thou dost veil thy Face.
11. There's no such Thing as Pleasure here,  
My Jesus is my All ;  
As thou dost shine, or disappear,  
My pleasures rise and fall.
12. Come, spread thy Savour on my Frame,  
No Sweetness is so sweet ;  
Till I get up to sing thy Name,  
Where all thy Singers meet.

#### H Y M N IV.

*Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.*

1. **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !  
And did my Sov'reign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred Head  
For such a Worm as I ?

- [2. Thy Body slain sweet Jesus thine,  
And bath'd in its own Blood,  
While all expos'd to Wrath divine,

ff'rer stood ! ]

nes that I had done,  
upon the Tree ?

! Grace unknown !  
beyond degree !

ght the Sun in Darknefs hide,  
shut his Glories in,  
a GOD the Mighty Maker dy'd  
For Man the Creature's Sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blushing Face,  
While his dear Cross appears,  
Difolve my Heart in Thankfulness,  
And melt my Eyes to Tears.
6. But Drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The Debt of Love we owe ;  
Here Lord, I give my self away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

## H Y M N V.

### U N B E L I E F.

1. **A**LL you that love the Lord draw near,  
To my Complaint pray lend an Ear,  
And help me to condole my Grief,  
For I'm diftrest by Unbelief.
2. Sometimes I'm fuch a ftupid Clod  
I doubt the exiftence of a G O D ;  
But ftill his Terrors work my Grief.  
While Hope is drown'd in Unbelief.
3. When thus I'm fore diftrest all day,  
When evening comes I fain would pray,  
And beg for Pardon. and Relief ;  
But there's no G O D : "fays Unbelief.
4. But who did all things firft create ?



Was it not G O D, the Wise and Great ?  
While thus I would assuage my Grief,  
You have no Soul :” says Unbelief.

5. But then I make this quick Reply,  
What makes me then afraid to die,  
And after Death to dread the Grief  
Which I must have for Unbelief ?
6. Besides the S A V I O U R came to die,  
The Souls of Men to purify ;  
Which clearly proves for our Relief,  
That Men have Souls, O Unbelief !
7. Blest be my G O D, that now I see  
That J E S U S gave himself for me ;  
I'll praise his Name, who bore my Grief,  
And saves my Soul from Unbelief.

## H Y M N VI.

### C H R I S T C R U C I F I E D.

1. **A**LL ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh,  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
2. Your Ransom and Peace,  
Your Surety he is ;  
Come see if there ever was Sorrow like his.
3. For what you have done,  
His Blood doth atone ;  
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
4. The Lord in the Day  
Of Anger did lay  
Your Sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
5. He answer'd for All ;  
Oh, come, at his Call,  
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall,

6. For you, and for me,  
He pray'd on the Tree;  
The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free.
7. That Sinner am I,  
Who on Christ rely,  
And come for the Pardon God will not deny.
8. My Pardon I claim,  
A Sinner I am,  
A Sinner believing in Jesus's Name.
9. He gives me the Grace,  
Which now I embrace;  
Oh, Father, thou knowest he dy'd in my Place.
10. His Death is my Plea,  
My Advocate see,  
And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd for me.
11. Acquitted I was  
By's Death on the Cross;  
And losing his Life, he hath carry'd my Cause.

## H Y M N VII.

### *Holy* FORTITUDE.

1. **A** M I a Soldier of the Cross?  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his Cause?  
Or blush to speak his Name?
2. Must I be carry'd to the Skies,  
On flow'ry Beds of Ease?  
While others fought to win the Prize,  
And sail'd through bloody Seas?
3. Are there no Foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the Flood?  
Is this vile World a Friend to Grace,  
To help me on to God?

4. Sure



4. Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
Increase my Courage Lord :  
I'll bear the Toil, endure the Pain,  
Supported by thy Word.
5. Thy Saints in all this glorious War,  
Shall conquer though they die ;  
They see the Triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their Eye.
6. When that illustrious Day shall rise.  
And all thine Armies shine,  
In Robes of Vict'ry through the Skies,  
The Glory shall be thine.

## H Y M N VIII.

*Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.*

1. **A**N D must this Body die ?  
This mortal Frame decay ?  
And must these active Limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the Clay ?
2. Corruption, Earth and Worms,  
Shall but refine this Fleth,  
Till my triumphant Spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.
3. God my Redeemer lives,  
And often from the Skies  
Looks down, and watches all my Dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
4. Array'd in glorious Grace  
Shall these vile Bodies shine,  
And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face,  
Look heav'nly and divine.
5. These lovely Hopes we owe

To Jesus' dying Love ;  
 We would adore his Grace below,  
 And sing his Pow'r above.

6. Dear Lord, accept the Praise  
 Of these our humble Songs,  
 Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise  
 With our immortal Tongues.

## H Y M N IX.

*For New Year's Day.*

1. **A**ND now my Soul, another Year  
 Of thy short Life is past ;  
 I cannot long continue here,  
 And this may be my last.
2. Much of my dubious Life is gone,  
 Nor will return again ;  
 And swift my passing Moments run,  
 The few that yet remain.
3. Awake, my soul, with utmost Care  
 Thy true Condition learn ;  
 What are thy Hopes, how sure, how fair,  
 And what thy great Concern !
4. Now a new Scene of Time begins,  
 Set out afresh for Heav'n ;  
 Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,  
 In Christ so freely giv'n.
5. Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
 And on his Grace depend ;  
 With Zeal pursue the heav'nly Road,  
 Nor doubt a happy End.

## H Y M N X.

1. **A**ND why, dear Sav'our, tell me why,  
 Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed and die ?  
 what

What mighty Motives could thee move ?  
The Motive's plain, 'twas all for Love.

2. For Love of whom ? Of Sinners base,  
A harden'd Herd, a Rebel Race ;  
That mock'd and trampled on thy Blood,  
And wanton'd with the Wounds of God.
3. When Rocks and Mountains rent with Dread,  
And gaping Graves gave up their Dead :  
When the fair Sun withdrew his Light,  
And hid his Head to shun the Sight,
4. Then stood the Wretch of human Race,  
And rais'd his Head and shew'd his Face,  
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when Nature fail'd ;  
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd and rail'd.
5. Harder than Rocks and Mountains are,  
More dull than Dirt or Earth by far,  
Man view'd unmov'd thy Blood's rich Stream,  
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.
6. Such was that Race of sinful Men,  
That gain'd that great Salvation then ;  
Such and such only still we see ;  
Such they were all, and such are we.
7. The Jews with Thorns his Temples crown'd,  
And lash'd him when his Hands were bound ;  
But Thorns, and knotted Whips, and Bands,  
By us were furnish'd to their Hands.
8. They nail'd him to th' accursed Tree ;  
They did, my Brethren, so did we ;  
The Soldier pierc'd his Side, 'tis true,  
But we have pierc'd him through and through.
9. Oh Love of unexampled Kind !  
That leaves all Thought so far behind,  
Where

Where Length, and Breadth, & Depth, and Height,  
Are lost to my astonish'd Sight.

10. For Love of me the Son of God  
Drain'd ev'ry Drop of vital Blood ;  
Long Time I after Idols ran,  
But now my God's a martyr'd Man.

## H Y M N XI.

1. **A**RISE, O King of Grace, arise,  
And enter to thy Rest ;  
Lo thy Church waits with longing Eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest.
2. Enter with all thy glorious Train,  
Thy Spirit and thy Word ;  
All that the Ark did once contain  
Could no such Grace afford.
3. Here mighty God, accept our Vows,  
Here let thy Praise be spread,  
Bless the Provisions of thy House,  
And fill thy Poor with Bread.
4. Here let the Son of David reign,  
Let God's Anointed shine ;  
Justice and Truth his Court maintain,  
With Love and Pow'r divine.
5. Here let him hold a lasting Throne,  
And as his Kingdom grows,  
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,  
And Shame confound his Foes.

## H Y M N XII.

1. **A**RISE, my tend'rest Thoughts arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming Eyes !  
And thou my Heart with Anguish feel,  
Those Evils which thou can't not heal.



2. See human Nature sunk in Shame !  
See Scandal pour'd on Jesu's Name !  
The Father wounded through the Son !  
The World abus'd, the Soul undone !
3. See the short Course of vain Delight  
Closing in long and dreadful Night !  
In Flames that no Abatement know,  
The briny Tears for Ages flow.
4. My God I feel the mournful Scene ;  
My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men ;  
And fain my Pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the Fire-brands from the Flame.
5. But feeble my Compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves ;  
Thine own all saving Arm employ,  
And turn these Drops of Grief to Joy.

## H Y M N XIII.

1. **A** W A K E, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake every Heart and ev'ry Tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's Name.
2. Sing of his dying Love,  
Sing of his rising Pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose Sins he bore.
3. Sing till we feel our I-  
Ascending with our Tongues,  
Sing till the love of Sin departs,  
And grace inspires our Songs.
4. Sing on your Heav'nly Way,  
Ye ransom'd Sinners sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,  
In Christ th' eternal King.

5. Sing till you hear Christ say,  
Your Sins are all forgiv'n;  
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,  
Till we all meet in Heav'n.
6. Soon shall ye hear Christ say,  
" Ye blessed Children come ; "  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his Wand'ers home.

## H Y M N XIV.

*M o r n i n g.*

1. **A** W A K E, my Soul, and with the Sun,  
Thy daily Stage of Duty run ;  
Shake off dull Sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning Sacrifice.
2. Redeem thy mis-spent Time that's past,  
Live this Day as if 'twere thy last ;  
T' improve thy Talents take due care,  
'Gainst the great Day thy self prepare.
3. Let all thy Converse be sincere,  
Thy Conscience as the Noon-Day clear :  
Think how th' all-seeing God thy Ways,  
And ev'ry secret Thought surveys.
4. Glory to God, who safe hath kept ;  
And hath refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,  
I may of endless Life partake.
5. Direct, controul, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,  
In thy sole Glory may unite.
6. Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,  
Praise him all Creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host.

Praise

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H Y M N XV.

*A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.*

1. **A** W A Y dark Thoughts, awake, my Joy ;  
Awake, my Glory sing ;  
Sing Songs to celebrate the Birth,  
Of Jacob's God and King.
2. O happy Night, that brought forth Light,  
Which makes the Blind to see !  
The Day Spring from on high came down,  
To cheer and visit Thee.
3. The wakeful Shepherds, near their Flocks,  
Were watchful for the Morn ;  
But better News from Heav'n was brought,  
“ Your Saviour Christ is born.”
4. “ In Bethle'm Town the Infant lies,  
“ Within a Place obscure.”  
O little Bethle'm poor in Walls,  
But rich in Furniture !
5. Since Heav'n is now come down to Earth,  
Hither the Angels fly !  
Hark, how the Heav'nly Choir doth sing,  
Glory to God on high !
6. The News is spread, the Church is glad,  
Simeon o'ercome with Joy,  
Sings with the Infant in his Arms,  
Now let thy Servant die.
7. Wise Men from far beheld the Star,  
Which was their faithful Guide,  
Until it pointed for the Babe,  
And him they glorify'd ;
8. While Heav'n and Earth rejoice and sing,  
Shall



Shall we our Christ deny?  
 He's born for us, and we for him;  
 Glory to God on high!

## H Y M N XVI.

1. **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,  
 Ye Nations bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone,  
 He can create, and he destroy.
2. His Sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,  
 Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men.  
 And when like wandring Sheep we stray'd  
 He brought us to his Fold again.
3. We'll crow'd thy Gates with thankful Songs,  
 High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;  
 And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues  
 Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.
4. Wide as the World is thy Command,  
 Vast as Eternity thy Love;  
 Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,  
 When rolling Years shall cease to move.

## H Y M N XVII.

*The Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii, 10, &c.*

1. **B**EHOLD how Sinners disagree,  
 The Publican and Pharisee!  
 One doth his Righteousness proclaim,  
 The other owns his Guilt and Shame,
2. This Man at humble Distance stands,  
 And cries for Grace with lifted Hands;  
 That boldly rises near the Throne,  
 And talks of Duties he has done.
3. The Lord their diff'rent Language knows

And diff'rent Answers he bestows ;  
The humble Soul with Grace he crowns,  
Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.

4. Dear Father let me never be  
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;  
I have no Merits of my own,  
But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N XVIII.

*A new Song to the Lamb that was slain, Rev. v. 6,  
7, 8, 9, 10, 12.*

1. **B**EHOLD the Glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's Throne ;  
Prepare new Honours for his Name,  
And Songs before unknown.
2. Let Elders worship at his Feet,  
The Church adore around,  
With Vials full of Odours sweet,  
And Harps of sweeter Sound.
3. Those are the Prayers of the Saints,  
And these the Hymns they raise :  
Jesus is kind to our Complaints,  
He loves to hear our Praise.
- [4. Eternal Father, who shall look  
Into thy secret Will ?  
Who but the Son should take that Book,  
And open ev'ry Seal ?
5. He shall fulfill thy great Decrees,  
The Son deserves it well ;  
Lo, in his Hand the Sov'reign Keys  
Of Heav'n, and Death and Hell.
6. Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless Blessings paid ;

Salvation, Glory, Joy remain  
For ever on thy Head.

7. Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood,  
Hast set the Pris'ners free,  
Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.
8. The Worlds of Nature and of Grace  
Are put beneath thy Pow'r ;  
Then shorten these delaying Days,  
And bring the promis'd Hour.

### H Y M N XIX.

*The Nativity of Christ* Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii.  
10, &c.

1. **B**EHOLD, the Grace appears,  
The Promise is fulfill'd ;  
Mary the Wond'rous Virgin bears,  
And Jesus is the Child.
- [2. The Lord, the highest God,  
Calls him his only Son ;  
He bids him rule the Lands abroad,  
And gives him David's Throne.
3. O'er Jacob shall he reign  
With a peculiar Sway ;  
The Nations shall his Grace obtain,  
His Kingdom ne'er decay.]
4. To bring the glorious News,  
A heav'nly Form appears ;  
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,  
And banishes their Fears.
5. Go humble Swains, said he,  
To David's City Fly,  
The promis'd Infant born to Day,  
Doth in a Manger lie.
6. With

6. With Looks and Hearts serene,  
Go visit Christ your King ;  
And strait a flaming Troop was seen ;  
The Shepherds heard him sing.

7. Glory to God on High,  
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,  
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,  
At the Redeemer's Birth.

[8. In Worship so divine,  
Let Saints employ their Tongues ;  
With the celestial Host we join,  
And loud repeat their Songs.

9. Glory to God on High,  
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,  
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,  
At our Redeemer's Birth.]

### H Y M N XX.

*Love to Enemies : or, the Love of Christ to Sinners,  
typified in David.*

1. **B**EHOLD the Love, the gen'rous Love,  
That holy David shows ;  
Hark ! how his sounding Bowels move  
To his afflicted Foes !

2. When they are sick, his Soul complains,  
And seems to feel the smart !  
The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,  
And melts his pious Heart.

3. How did his flowing Tears condole,  
As for a Brother dead !  
And fasting mortify'd his Soul,  
While for their Life he pray'd.

4. They groan'd, and curs'd him on their Bed,  
Yet

Yet still he pleads and mourns ;  
And double Blessings on his Head  
The righteous God returns.

5. O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace !  
Thus Christ the Lord appears ;  
While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
And pities them with Tears.

6. He the true David, Isr'el's King,  
Blest and belov'd of God,  
To save us Rebels dead in Sin,  
Paid his own dearest Blood.

### H Y M N XXI.

*Christ The Foundation of the Church.*

1. **B**EHOLD the sure foundation Stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,  
And his eternal Praise.

2. Chosen of God, to Sinners dear,  
And Saints adore the Name,  
They trust their whole Salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer Shame.

3. The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest,  
Reject it with Disdain ;  
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,  
And Envy rage in vain.

4. What tho' the Gates of Hell withstood  
Yet must this Building rise ;  
'Tis thy own Work, almighty God,  
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

### H Y M N XXII.

*The repenting Prodigal.*

1. **B**EHOLD the Wretch whose Lust and Wine  
Had wasted his Estate, He



He begs a Share among the Swine,  
To taste the Husks they eat !

2. "I die with Hunger, here he cries ;  
"I starve in foreign Lands ;  
"My Fathers House has large Supplies,  
"And bounteous are his Hands.
3. "I'll go and with a mournful Tongue  
"Fall down before his Face ;  
"Father I've done thy Justice wrong,  
"Nor can deserve thy Grace."
4. He said and hasten'd to his Home,  
To seek his Father's Love ;  
The Father saw the Rebel come,  
And all his Bowels move.
5. He ran and fell upon his Neck,  
Embrac'd and kiss'd his Son :  
The Rebel's Heart with Sorrow brake,  
For Follies he had done.
6. "Take of his Clothes of Shame and Sin,"  
[The Father gives Command]  
"Dress him in Garments white and clean,  
"With Rings adorn his Hand.
7. "A Day of Feasting I ordain ;  
"Let Mirth and Joy abound ;  
"My Son was dead, and lives again,  
Was lost, and now is found."

## H Y M N XXIII.

*The Pool of Bethesda.*

1. **B**ESIDE the Gospel Pool  
Appointed for the Poor ;  
From Year to Year, my helpless Soul  
Has waited for a Cure.

2. How often have I seen  
The healing Waters move !  
And others, round me, stepping in  
Their Efficacy prove !
3. But my Complaints remain,  
I feel the very same :  
As full of Guilt, and Fear, and Pain,  
As when at first I came.
4. O would the Lord appear  
My Malady to heal !  
He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
And what Distress I feel.
5. How often have I thought  
Why should I longer lie ?  
Surely the Mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I.
6. But whither can I go ?  
There is no other Pool ;  
Where Streams of Sov'reign Virtue flow  
To make a Sinner whole.
7. Here then, from Day to Day,  
I'll wait, and hope, and try :  
Can Jesus hear a Sinner pray,  
Yet suffer him to die ?
8. No : He is full of Grace ;  
He never will permit  
A Soul, that fain would see his Face,  
To perish at his Feet.

## H Y M N XXIV.

**B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our Youth  
The Gift of saving Grace ;  
And let the Seed of sacred Truth  
Fall in a fruitful Place.



2. Grace is a Plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and Heav'nly Root ;  
But fairest in the Youngest shews,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.
3. Ye careless Ones, O hear betimes  
The Voice of Sov'reign Love !  
Your Youth is stain'd with many Crimes,  
But Mercy reigns above.
4. True, you are Young, but there's a Stone  
Within the youngest Breast ;  
Or half the Crimes which you have done  
Would rob you of your rest.
5. For you the public Pray'r is made,  
Oh ! join the public Pray'r !  
For you the secret Tear is shed ;  
O shed yourselves a Tear !
6. We pray that you may early prove  
The Spirit's Pow'r to teach :  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus, whom we preach.

## H Y M N XXV.

*Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and  
Redemption. 1 Cor. i, 30.*

**B**ELIEVERS own they are but blind  
They know themselves Unwise ;  
But Wisdom in the Lord they find,  
Who opens all their Eyes.

2. Unright'ous are they all, when try'd ;  
But God himself declares,  
In Jesus they are justify'd ;  
His Right'ousness is theirs.
3. That we're Unholy needs no Proof ;

We sorely feel the Fall :  
 But Christ has Holiness enough  
 To sanctify us all.

4. Expos'd by Sin to God's just Wrath,  
 We look to Christ and view  
 Redemption in his Blood by Faith ;  
 And full Redemption too .
5. Some this, some that, good Virtue teach,  
 To rectify the Soul ;  
 But we first after Jesus reach,  
 And richly grasp the Whole.
6. To Jesus join'd we all that's Good,  
 From him, our Head, derive ;  
 We eat his Flesh, we drink his Blood,  
 And by and in him live.

## H Y M N XXVI.

*The Beatitudes.*

- [1. **B** L E S S ' D are the humble Souls that see  
 Their Emptiness and Poverty :  
 Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,  
 And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]
- [2. Bless'd are the Men of broken Heart,  
 Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart ;  
 The Blood of C H R I S T divinely flows,  
 A healing Balm for all their Woes.]
- [3. Bless'd are the Meek, who stand afar  
 From Rage and Passion, Noise and War ;  
 G O D will secure their happy State,  
 And plead their Cause against the Great.]
- [4. Bless'd are the Souls that thirst for Grace,  
 Hunger and long for Right'ousness ;  
 They shall be well supply'd and fed,  
 With living Streams and living Bread.]

[5. Bless'd

- [5. Bless'd are the Men whose Bowels move,  
And melt with Sympathy and love ;  
From CHRIST the LORD shall they obtain  
Like Sympathy and Love again.]
- [6. Bless'd are the Pure, whose Hearts are clean  
From the defiling Pow'r of Sin ;  
With endless Pleasure they shall see  
A GOD of spotless Purity.]
- [7. Bless'd are the Men of peaceful Life,  
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife ;  
They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,  
The Sons of GOD, the GOD of Peace.]
- [8. Bless'd are the Suff'rers, who partake  
Of pain and Shame for Jesus sake ;  
Their Souls shall triumph in the LORD,  
Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

## H Y M N XXVII.

*On the Death of a Saint.*

1. **B**LESSED are they ( the Scriptures say )  
That dying win the Prize,  
For rest they shall, their good works all  
Do follow them likewise.
2. Death's but a Sleep, why should we weep  
For those in Christ who die ?  
Since this we know to peace they go,  
And Joys possess on High.
3. Altho' to Dust their Bodies must  
Be turn'd beneath the Clod,  
Yet they shall rise above the Skies,  
And ever live with God.

4. Christ will aloud before the Croud  
Compos'd of Adam's Race,  
Confess them dear, who own'd him here,  
And bore for him Disgrace.
5. Robes they shall have that will outbrave  
The Whiteness of the Snow;  
Most pure and bright, like shining Light;  
Such Jesus will bestow.
6. Then why need we dejected be?  
Our loss is their great Gain;  
For they shall stand at Christ's right Hand,  
And with their Saviour reign.
7. Their happy Days are spent in Praise,  
While here we sigh and groan;  
Could we but see how blest they be,  
'Twould make us cease to moan.
8. If there was End, 'twould Trouble send,  
And would eclipse the Joy,  
But 'tis not so, they'll never go  
Out of that sweet Employ.
9. When they've been there ten Million Years,  
And Millions more are done,  
They've no less Days to sing God's Praise  
Then when they first begun.

## H Y M N XXVIII.

*A blessed Gospel.*

1. **B L E S T** are the Souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful Sound;  
Peace shall attend the Path they go,  
And Light, their Steps surround.
2. Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,  
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;

His

His Righteousness exalts their Hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord our Glory and Defence,  
Strength, and Salvation gives;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

## H Y M N XXIX.

*A Song of Praise for the Gospel.*

1. **B** L E S T be my God that I was born,  
To hear the Gospel sound;  
That I was born to be baptiz'd,  
And bred on holy Ground:
2. That I was bred where God appears  
With Tokens of his Grace;  
The Lines are fallen unto me  
In a most pleasant Place.
3. I might have been a Pagan bred,  
Or else a veiled Jew,  
Or cheated with the Al Koran  
Amongst the Turkish Crew.
4. So in a Dung'on dark as Night  
I might have spent my Days;  
But thou hast sent me Gospel-Light,  
To thine eternal Praise.
5. The Sun that rose up in the East,  
And drove the Shades away,  
Its healing Wings have reach'd the West,  
And turn'd the Night to Day.
6. Blest be my God for what I see,  
My God for what I hear,  
I hear such blessed News from Heav'n  
Not Earth nor Hell I fear.



7. I hear my Lord for me was born,  
My Lord for me did die,  
My Lord for me did rise again,  
And did ascend on High ;
8. On High he stands to plead my Cause,  
And will return again,  
And set me on a glorious Throne,  
And I with him shall reign.

## H Y M N XXX.

*Charity to the Poor : or, Pity to the Afflicted.*

1. BLEST is the Man whose Bowels move,  
And melt with Pity to the Poor ;  
Whose Soul, by Sympathizing Love,  
Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.
2. His Heart contrives for their Relief,  
More Good than his own Hands can do ;  
He, in the Time of gen'ral Grief,  
Shall find the LORD has Bowels too.
3. His Soul shall live secure on Earth,  
With secret Blessings on his Head,  
When Draught, and Pestilence, and Dearth,  
Around him multiply their Dead.
4. Or if he Languish on his Couch,  
GOD will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n,  
Will save him with a healing Touch,  
Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n.

## H Y M N XXXI.

1. BLEST is the Man who shuns the Place  
Where Sinners love to meet ;  
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,  
And hates the Scoffer's Seat ;
2. But in the Statutes of the Lord  
Has plac'd his chief Delight ;

By

By Day he reads or hears the Word,  
And meditates by Night.

3. (He like a Plant of gen'rous kind,  
By living Waters set,  
Safe from the Storms and blasting Wind,  
Enjoys a peaceful State.)
4. Green as the Leaf, and ever fair  
Shall his Profession shine,  
While Fruits of Holiness appear  
Like Clusters on the Vine.
5. Not so th' Impious and Unjust ;  
What vain Designs they form !  
Their Hopes are blow'n away like Dust,  
Or Chaff before the Storm.
6. Sinners in Judgment shall not stand  
Amongst the Sons of Grace,  
When Christ the Judge at his right Hand,  
Appoints his Saints a Place.
7. His Eye beholds the Path they tread ;  
His Heart approves it well ;  
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead  
Down to the Gates of Hell.

## H Y M N XXXII.

*The Lord's Day ; or, the Resurrection of Christ.*

1. **B**LEST Morning, whose young dawning Rays  
Behold our rising God,  
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,  
And leave his dark Abode.
2. In the cold Prison of a Tomb,  
The dear Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving Skies had brought,  
The Third, th'appointed Day.
3. Hell

3. Hell and the Grave unite their Force.  
To hold our God in vain,  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble Chain.
4. To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,  
These sacred Hours we pay,  
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim  
The Triumph of the Day.
- [5. Salvation and immortal Praise  
To our Victorious King;  
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,  
With glad Hosannas ring.]

## H Y M N XXXIII.

## T H E J U B I L E E .

1. **B**LOW ye the Trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn Sound,  
Let all the Nations know,  
To Earth's remotest Bounds  
The Year of Jubilee is come,  
Return ye ransom'd Sinners home.
2. Exalt the Son of God,  
The all atoning Lamb;  
Redemption thro' his Blood  
To all the World proclaim:  
The Year, &c.
3. Ye, who have sold for nought,  
Your Heritage above;  
Come take it back unbought,  
The Gift of Jesus Love:  
The Year, &c.
4. The Gospel Trumpet sounds;  
Let all the Nations hear,

And

And Earth's remotest Bounds  
Before the Throne appear:  
The Year, &c.

H Y M N XXXIV.

1. BRIGHT burning Beam of gospel Grace  
Haste Lord, for to display;  
For to burn up in all thy Saints  
Their Stubble, Wood, and Hay.
2. Break forth O Sun of Right'ousness  
Unto the perfect Day:  
Haste Holy One unto thy Throne,  
Our Jesus, haste away!
3. But O, who may abide the Day  
When Zions King shall reign?  
Who may abide, when he the Pride  
Of all proud Flesh shall stain?
4. Tremble ye careless Ones, that are  
At Ease in Zion, and  
Wonder and Stay, because that Day  
Is very nigh at Hand:
5. It now doth dawn; the glorious Morn  
Begins for to appear;  
What else doth mean these Lowings, and  
These Bleatings which we hear?
6. The Saints do sing to Christ their King,  
Whilst others rage in Pain,  
Because His bright and dazzling Light  
Shines thro' the World amain.
7. Redeemed Ones, sing Praises, for  
This Fire's but sent to try,  
And purge your Dross, that by its Loss  
Christ may you purify.

## H Y M N XXXV.

*Few saved: or, The Almost Christians, the Hypocrites, and Apostate.*

1. **B**R O A D is the Road that leads to Death,  
And Thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shews a narrow'r Path  
With here and there a Traveller.
2. Deny thyself, and take thy Cross,  
Is the Redeemer's great Command ;  
Nature must count her Gold but Dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly Land.
3. The fearful Soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the Ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a Saint,  
And makes his own Destruction sure.
4. Lord, let not all my Hopes be vain,  
Create my Heart entirely new,  
Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false Apostates never knew.

## H Y M N XXXVI.

1. **B**URIED in Baptism with our Lord,  
We rise with him, to Life restor'd :  
Not the bare Life in Adam lost,  
But richer far ; for more it cost.
2. Water can cleanse the Flesh we own ;  
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,  
How dear to him our Cleansing stood,  
Baptiz'd with Fire, and bath'd in Blood.
3. H I S was a Baptism deep indeed,  
O'er Feet and Body, Hands and Head,  
He in his Body purg'd our Sin :  
A little Water makes us clean,

4. Not



4. Not but we taste his bitter Cup ;  
But only he could drink it up,  
To burn for us was his Desire :  
And he baptizes us with Fire.
5. This Fire will not consume but melt,  
How soft compar'd with that he felt !  
Thus cleans'd from Filth, and purg'd from Dross,  
Baptized Christian, bear the Cross.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

1. **B**Y what amazing Ways,  
The Lord vouchsafes t'explain  
The Wonders of his Sov'reign Grace  
Towards the Sons of Men !
2. He shews us first, how foul  
Our Natur's made by Sin ;  
Then teaches the believing Soul  
The Way to make it clean.
3. Our Baptism first declares,  
What need we've all to cleanse ;  
Then shews that Christ to all God's Heirs  
Can Purity dispense.
4. Water the Body laves :  
And if 'tis done by Faith,  
The Blood of Jesus surely saves  
The sinful Soul from Death.
5. Water no Man denies ;  
But, Brethren rest not there :  
'Tis Faith in Christ that Justifies,  
And makes the Conscience clear.
6. Baptiz'd into his Death,  
We rise to Life divine.

The Holy Spirit works the Faith ;  
And Water is the Sign.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

1. **B** Y whom was David taught  
To aim the dreadful Blow,  
When he Goliath fought,  
And laid the Gittite low ?  
Nor Sword nor Spear the Stripling took,  
But chose a Pebble from the Brook.
2. 'Twas Israel's God and King,  
Who sent him to the Fight ;  
Who gave him Strength to sling,  
And Skill to aim aright,  
Ye feeble Saints, your Strength endures,  
Because young David's God is yours.
3. Who order'd Gideon forth,  
To Storm th' Invaders Camp,  
With Arms of little Worth,  
A Pitcher and a Lamp ?  
The Trumpets made his coming known,  
And all the Host was overthrown.
4. Oh ! I have seen the Day  
When with a single Word,  
God helping me to say,  
" My Trust is in the Lord ; "  
My Soul has quell'd a Thousand Foes,  
Fearless of all that would oppose.
5. But Unbelief, Self-Will,  
Self-Right'ousness and Pride ;  
How often do they steal  
My Weapon from my Side ?  
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,  
Will help his Servant to the End.

## H Y M N XXXIX.

1. **C** A N such poor feeble Worms as we  
Praise and adore our Saviour's Name?  
Or bring a Tribute, Lord, to thee?  
Or half thy Pow'r and Love proclaim?
2. We stand amaz'd, when we behold  
Thy Glory and thy Beauty, Lord!  
Thy Love and Grace can ne'er be told,  
Which thou to Mortals dost afford.
3. Yet Lord, we would attempt thy Praise,  
We would exalt thy Holy Name;  
Lord, we would walk in thy sweet Ways;  
And sing, and tell thy wond'rous Fame.
4. Fain would our Souls mount up to thee,  
And Feast forever on thy Love;  
And praise the sacred Deity,  
As Angels do that dwell above.

## H Y M N XL.

*Resting under the Cross.*

1. **C** HILDREN of Israel see what Shade,  
The Cross does us afford;  
It was for weary Trav'lers made,  
We thank thee for it, Lord.
2. Here let us sit, and all prepare  
To sing his worthy Fame;  
Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,  
Christ Jesus is his name.
3. We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds and Blood,  
The Virtue of thy Pain:  
We sing thy Griefs, thou Son of God,  
Thou Lamb for Sinners slain.
4. We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,

To thee we bow the Knees ;  
Hail ! very God, the promis'd Child,  
The Prophets sang of thee.

5. While others Praise an unknown God,  
We each will sing of thee ;  
"Jesus has wash'd me in his Blood,  
And liv'd, and dy'd for me."

## H Y M N XLI.

*The Pilgrim's Song.*

1. **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
As ye Journey sweetly sing.  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his Works and Ways!
2. Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the Way the Fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their Happiness shall see.
3. O ye banish'd Seed be glad!  
Christ our Advocate is made;  
Us to save our Flesh assumes,  
Brother to our Souls becomes.
4. Shout ye little Flock, and blest,  
You on Jesu's Throne shall rest,  
There your Seat is now prepar'd,  
There your Kingdom, and Reward.
5. Fear not Brethren, joyful stand  
On the Borders of your Land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you joyfully come on.
6. Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee !

H Y M N

## H Y M N XLII.

1. CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to Day,  
Sons of Men and Angels say!  
Raife your Joys and Triumphs high,  
Sing, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.
2. Love's redeeming Work is done,  
Fought the Fight, the Battle won;  
Lo! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in Blood no more.
3. Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,  
Christ hath burst the Gates of Hell:  
Death in vain forbids his Rise,  
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
4. Lives again our glorious King,  
Where, O Death is now thy Sting?  
Once he dy'd our Souls to save,  
Where's thy Victory, O Grave?
5. Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Foll'wing our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise,  
Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.
6. What tho' once we perish'd all,  
Partners of our Parents Fall;  
Second Life we all receive,  
In our heav'nly Adam live.
7. Hail the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!  
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!  
Thee we Greet Triumphant now,  
Hail the Resurrection—thou!
8. King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!  
Everlasting Life is this—  
Thee to know—thy Pow'r to prove,  
Thus to sing, and thus to love.



## H Y M N XLIII.

*On the PASSION.*

1. **C**OME, all ye Chosen Saints of God,  
That long to feel the cleansing Blood,  
In pensive pleasure join with me,  
To sing of sad Gethsemane.
2. Gethsemane the Olive Press !  
( And why so call'd, let Christians guess )  
Fit Name ! Fit Place ! where Vengeance strove,  
And grip'd and grappled hard with Love.
3. 'Twas here the Lord of Life appear'd,  
And sigh'd, and groan'd and pray'd and fear'd ;  
Bore all incarnate God could bear,  
With Strength enough—and none to spare.
4. The Pow'rs of Hell united press'd,  
And squeez'd his Heart, and bruiz'd his Breast ;  
What dreadful Conflicts rag'd within,  
When Sweat and Blood forc'd thro' the Skin !
5. Dispatch'd from Heav'n an Angel stood,  
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in Blood ;  
Ador'd by Angels, and obey'd ;  
But lower now than Angels made.
6. He stood to strengthen, not to fight  
Justice exacts its utmost Mite.  
This Victim Vengeance will pursue ;  
He undertook, and must go through.
7. Three favor'd Servants left not far,  
Were bid to wait and watch the war ;  
But Christ withdrawn, what Watch we keep !  
To shun the Sight, they sunk in Sleep.
8. Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,  
As if he sought some Help from Man ;

Or

- Or wish'd at least they would condole  
( 'Twas all they could ) his tortur'd Soul.
9. Whate'er he fought for, there was none ;  
Our Captain fought the Field alone ;  
'Soon as the Chief to Battle led,  
That Moment ev'ry Soldier fled.
10. Myfterious Conflict ! Dark Disguife !  
Hid from all Creature's piercing Eyes ;  
Angels astonish'd view'd the Scene,  
And wonder yet what all could mean.
11. Oh, Mount of Olives ! facred Grove !  
Oh, Garden, Scene of tragic Love !  
What bitter Herbs thy Beds produce !  
How rank their Scent ! How harfh their Juice !
12. Rare Virtues now thofe Herbs contain :  
The Sav'our fuck'd out all their Bane.  
My Mouth with thefe if Confcience cram,  
I'll eat them with the Pafchal Lamb.
13. Oh, Kedron, gloomy Brook, how foul  
Thy black polluted Waters roll !  
No Tongue can tell (but fome can tafte )  
The Filth that into thee was caft.
14. In Eden's Garden there was Food  
Of ev'ry kind for Man, while good ;  
But, banish'd thence, we fly to thee,  
O Garden of Gethfemane.

## H Y M N LXIV.

*The Love of CHRIST fhed abroad in the Heart.*

1. COME, deareft LORD, defcend and dwell  
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breaft ;  
Then fhall we know, and tafte, and feel  
The Joys that cannot be exprefs'd.

2. Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,  
Make our enlarged Souls possess,  
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,  
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.
3. Now to the G O D whose Pow'r can do  
More than our Thoughts and Wishes know,  
Be everlasting Honours done  
By all the Church, thro' C H R I S T his Son.

## H Y M N LXV.

1. C O M E, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,  
Fan each Spark into a Flame,  
Blessings let us now inherit,  
Blessings that we cannot Name,  
Whilst Hosannas we are singing,  
May our Hearts in Rapture move,  
Feel new Grace in them still springing,  
Breathe the Air of purest Love.
2. Let us sail in grace's Ocean,  
Float on that unbounded Sea,  
Guided into pure Devotion,  
Kept from Paths of Error free:  
On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,  
Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe;  
Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,  
All for thee we would forego.
3. Keep us, Lord still in Communion,  
Daily nearer drawn to thee:  
Sinking in the sweetest Union  
Of that heart-felt Mystery;  
Keep us safe from each Delusion,  
Well protected from all Harms;  
Free from Sin and all Confusion,  
Circle us within thy Arms,

## H Y M N XLVI.

*Redeeming Love.*

1. **C**OME heav'nly Love, inspire my Song,  
With thy immortal Flame;  
And teach my Heart, and teach my Tongue,  
The Saviour's lovely Name.
2. The Saviour! O what endless Charms  
Dwell in the blissful Sound!  
Its Influence ev'ry Fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet Comfort round.
3. Here Pardon, Life, and Joys divine,  
In rich Effusion flow,  
For guilty Rebels lost in Sin,  
And doom'd to endless Woe.
4. God's only Son, (stupendous Grace!)  
Forsook his Throne above;  
And swift to save our wretched Race,  
He flew on Wings of Love.
5. Th' Almighty former of the Skies  
Stoop'd to our vile Abode;  
While Angels view'd with wondring Eyes,  
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
6. O the rich Depths of Love divine!  
Of Bliss, a boundless Store:  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
I cannot wish for more.
7. On thee alone my Hope relies,  
Beneath thy Cross I fall;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my all.

## H Y M N XLVII.

1. **C**OME hither ye, that fain would know  
Th' exceeding Sinfulness of Sin :  
Come see a Scene of matchless Woe ;  
And tell me what it all can mean.
2. Behold the darling Son of God,  
Bow'd down with Horror to the Ground,  
Wrung at the Heart, and sweating Blood,  
His Eyes in Tears of Sorrow drown'd.
3. See how the Victim panting lies,  
His Soul with bitter Anguish prest,  
He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,  
Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distressed.
4. What Pangs are these that tear his Heart !  
What Burden's this that's on him laid ?  
What means this Agony of Smart ?  
What makes our Maker hang his Head ?
5. 'Tis Justice with its Iron Rod,  
Inflicting Strokes of Wrath divine :  
'Tis the vindictive Hand of God,  
Incens'd at all your Sins, and mine.
6. Deep in his Breast our Names were cut,  
He undertook our desp'rate Debt,  
Such Loads of Guilt were on him put,  
He could but just sustain the Weight.
7. Then let us not ourselves deceive :  
For while of Sin we lightly deem,  
Whatever Notions we may have,  
Indeed we are not much like him.

## H Y M N XLVIII.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or, Fervency of  
Devotion desired.*

1. **C**OME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,      Kin-



Kindle a Flame of sacred 'Love  
In these cold Hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling Toys;  
Our Souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal Joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal Songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our Tongues,  
And our Devotion dies.
4. Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie  
At this poor dying Rate ;  
Our Love so faint, so cold to thee ?  
And thine to us so great ?
5. Come, Holy Spirit Heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## H Y M N XLIX.

*Desiring to love CHRIST,*

1. **C**OME let me love ; or is my Mind  
Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice ?  
I see the blessed fair one bend,  
And stoop t' embrace me from the Skies.
2. O ! 'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,  
And make an Heart of Iron move,  
That those sweet Lips, that heav'nly Look,  
Should seek and wish a Mortal's love .
3. I was a Traytor doom'd to Fire,  
Bound to sustain eternal pains ;  
He flew on Wings of strong Desire,  
Assum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.
4. Infinite

4. Infinite Grace ! Almighty Charms !  
Stand in amaze. O Earth and Skies !  
J E S U S the G O D with naked Arms,  
Hangs on a Cross of Love and dies.
5. Did Pity ever stoop so low,  
Dress'd in Divinity and Blood ?  
Was ever Rebel courted so  
With Groans of an expiring G o d ?
6. Again he lives, and spreads his Hands,  
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring Smart ;  
By these dear Wounds, says he : and stands  
And prays to clasp me to his Heart.
7. Sure I must Love ; or are my Ears  
Still deaf, nor will my Passions move ;  
Then let me melt this Heart to Tears :  
This Heart shall yield to Death or Love.

## H Y M N L.

*To Jesus Christ.*

1. C O M E let us all unite to praise  
The Saviour of Mankind,  
Our thankful Hearts in solemn lays,  
Be with our Voices join'd.
2. But how shall Dust his Worth declare,  
When Angels try in vain ;  
Their Faces veil when they appear  
Before the Son of Man.
3. O Lord, we cannot Silent be,—  
By Love we are constrain'd  
To offer our best Thanks to Thee,  
Our Saviour, and our Friend !
4. Tho' feeble are our best Essays,  
Thy Love will not despise,

Our

Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,  
Our well-meant Sacrifice.

5. Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness show,  
And spread abroad thy Fame;  
Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow,  
And bless thy sacred Name!
6. Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love,  
Be to our Jesus giv'n!  
By Men below,—by Hosts above,—  
By all in Earth and Heav'n!

## H Y M N LI.

### *The Tree of Life.*

1. **C**OME, let us join a joyful Tune  
To our exalted Lord,  
Ye Saints on High around his Throne,  
And we around his Board.
2. While once upon this lower Ground,  
Weary and faint ye stood,  
What dear Refreshments here ye found,  
From this immortal Food?
3. The Tree of Life, that near the Throne  
In Heav'n's high Garden grows,  
Laden with Grace, bends gently down  
Its ever smiling Boughs.
- [4. Hov'ring among the Leaves, there stands  
The sweet celestial Dove;  
And Jesus on the Branches hangs  
The Banner of his Love.]
- [5. 'Tis a young Heav'n of strange Delight,  
While in his Shade we sit;  
His Fruit is pleasing to the Sight,  
And to the Taste as sweet,

6. New Life it spreads through dying Hearts,  
And cheers the drooping Mind ;  
Vigour and Joy the Juice imparts,  
Without a Sting behind.]
7. Now let the flaming Weapon stand,  
And guard all Eden's Trees,  
There's ne'er a Plant in all that Land,  
That bears such Fruit as these.
8. Infinite Grace our Souls adore,  
Whose wond'rous Hand has made  
This living Branch of sov'reign Pow'r,  
To raise and heal the Dead.

## H Y M N LII.

CHRIST JESUS, *the Lamb of GOD, worshipped  
by all the Creation.*

1. **C**OME let us join our chearful Songs  
With Angels round the Throne ;  
Ten Thousand Thousand are their Tongues,  
But all their Joys are One,
2. Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry,  
"To be exalted thus ;"  
Worthy the Lamb, "our Lips reply,"  
For he was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and Pow'r Divine ;  
And Blessing more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the Sky,  
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,  
Conspire to lift thy Glories High,  
And speak thine endless Praise.
5. The whole Creation join in One,

To

To bless the sacred Name  
Of him that sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

# H Y M N LIII.

## The PENITENT THIEF.

1. **C**OME see the Pow'r of Christ our King,  
When on the Cross the Saviour hung,  
His Grace a dying Thief did bring,  
To own him with his Heart and Tongue.
2. One Malefactor scorn'd Christ's Name,  
The other did his Sin reprove;  
Then said by Faith to God's dear Lamb:  
"Remember me O Lord above."
3. What noble Faith in him appear'd,  
That he could trust the dying Lord!  
He soon the blessed Jesus heard  
Pronounce this sweet reviving Word:
4. Amen, this Day thy Soul shall be  
"With me in Paradise above."  
This made the dying Pris'ner free;  
These Words were full of boundless Love
5. What Comfort did this Speech convey,  
To his poor guilty wretched Mind!  
When thus he heard the Saviour say  
Great Peace the Criminal did find.
6. Thus Jesus Christ forgave the Thief,  
And shew'd great Mercy to the Man;  
So in the midst of Woe and Grief,  
His Joy and Happiness began.
7. O how he sings the Saviour's praise,  
Who took him at the very last,  
When he his youthful Strength and Day  
In Satan's Cause had spent and past!
8. Now



8. Now he adores God's holy Name,  
And stands before the Saviours Face;  
And will eternally proclaim  
The boundless Riches of his Grace!

## H Y M N LIV.

*Desiring to praise worthily.*

1. **C** O M E thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!  
Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace!  
Streams of Mercy never ceasing,  
Call for Songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious Sonnet,  
Sung by flaming Tongues above;  
Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,  
Mount of G O D's unchanging Love!
2. Here, I raise mine Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy Help I'm come;  
And I hope by thy good Pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at Home;  
Jesus fought me, when a Stranger,  
Wand'ring from the Fold of God,  
He to rescue me from Danger,  
Interpos'd his precious Blood.  
Oh, to Grace, how great a Debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
That that Grace, Lord, like a Fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring Soul to thee!  
One to wander, Lord I feel it!  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my Heart—Oh take and seal it!  
Seal it for thy Courts above!  
Oh that Day when freed from Sinning!  
I shall see thy lovely Face!  
Clothed in thy Blood-wash'd Linnen,

How I'll sing thy Sov'reign Grace!  
 Come dear Lord, no longer tarry,  
 Take my raptur'd Soul away;  
 Send thine Angels down to carry  
 Me to Realms of endless Day.

5. If thou ever didst discover,  
 To my Faith the promis'd Land,  
 Bid me now the Stream pass over,  
 On the heav'nly Borders stand;  
 Now surmount whate'er opposes,  
 And to thine Embrace I'll fly;  
 Speak the Word thou spake to Moses;  
 Bid me, "Get me up and die."

### H Y M N LV.

1. **C**OME thou long expected Jesus!  
 Born to set thy People free;  
 From our Fears and Sins release us,  
 Let us find our Rest in thee!  
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
 Hope of all the Earth thou art;  
 Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation,  
 Joy of ev'ry longing Heart!
2. Born, thy People to deliver,  
 Born a Child, and yet a King;  
 Born to reign in us for ever,  
 Now thy gracious Kingdom bring!  
 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our Hearts alone;  
 By thine All-Sufficient Merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

### H Y M N LVI.

*Invitation.*

1. **C**OME ye Sinners Poor and Wretched,  
 Weak and Wounded, Sick and Sore,  
 D Jesus

Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of Pity, Love and Pow'r;  
 He is able,  
 He is willing; doubt no more.

2. Ho! ye Needy, come and welcome,  
 God's Free-Bounty glorify,  
 True Belief and true Repentance,  
 Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,  
 Without Money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
3. Let not Conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of Fitness fondly dream:  
 All the Fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your Need of him;  
 This he gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring Beam.
4. Come ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all;  
 Not the Right'ous,  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
5. Agonizing in the Garden,  
 Lo, your Maker prostrate lies!  
 On the bloody Tree behold him,  
 Hear him cry before he dies,  
 "It is finish'd,"  
 Sinner, will not this suffice?
6. Lo! th'incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood;  
 Venture on him, venture freely,  
 Let no other Trust intrude:  
 None but Jesus,  
 Can do helpless Sinners good.

7. Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,  
Sing the Praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful Seats of Heaven  
Sweetly Echo with his Name,  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may do the same.

## H Y M N LVII.

*The Disciples at Sea.*

1. **C**ONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,  
And venture without him to Sea.  
The Season tempest'ous and dark,  
How griev'd the Disciples must be!  
But tho' he remain'd on the Shore,  
He spent the Night for them in Pray'r;  
They still were as safe as before,  
And equally under his Care.
2. They strove, tho' in vain, for awhile,  
The Force of the Waves to withstand;  
But when they were weary'd with Toil,  
They saw their dear Saviour at hand;  
They gladly receiv'd him on Board,  
His Presence their Spirits reviv'd:  
The Sea became calm at his Word,  
And soon at their Port they arriv'd.
3. Believers now like them are tost  
By Storms of a perilous Deep;  
But cannot be possibly lost  
While Jesus has Charge of the Ship:  
Tho' Billows and Winds are enrag'd,  
And threaten to make them their Sport;  
This Pilot hath firmly engag'd  
To bring them, in Safety, to Port.
4. If sometimes we struggle alone,  
And he is withdrawn from our View,  
It



It makes us more willing to own  
 We nothing without him can do ;  
 Then Satan our Hopes would assail,  
 But Jesus is still within call ;  
 And when our poor Efforts quite fail,  
 He comes in good Time, and does all.

5. Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink,  
 Unless we thy Presence perceive ;  
 O save us ( we cry ) or we sink,  
 We would, but we cannot believe :  
 The Night has been long and severe,  
 The Winds and the Seas are still high ;  
 Dear Saviour, this Moment appear,  
 And say to our Souls, " It is I ! "

## H Y M N LVIII.

### *The Day of Judgment.*

1. **D**AY of Judgment, Day of Wonders !  
 Hark ! the Trumpet's awful Sound,  
 Louder than a Thousand Thunders,  
 Shakes the vast Creation round !  
 How the Summons  
 Will the Sinner's Heart confound !
2. See the Judge our Nature wearing,  
 Cloth'd in Majesty Divine !  
 You who long for his Appearing,  
 Then shall say, " This God is mine ! "  
 Gracious Saviour,  
 Own me in that Day for thine !
3. At his Call the Dead awaken,  
 Rise to Life from Earth and Sea ;  
 All the Pow'rs of Nature shaken  
 By his Look, prepare to thee :  
 Careless Sinner,  
 What will then become of thee ?
4. Hor-



4. Horrors past Imagination,  
Will surprize your trembling Heart,  
When you hear your Condemnation,  
“Hence, accursed Wretch depart!  
“Thou, with Satan  
“And his Angels, have thy Part!”
5. Satan, who now tries to please you  
Left you timely Warning take,  
When that Word is past, will seize you,  
Plunge you in the burning Lake:  
Think, poor Sinner,  
Thy eternal All's at Stake!
6. But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;  
He will say, “Come near ye Blessed,  
“See the Kingdom I bestow:  
“You for ever  
“Shall my Love and Glory Know,”
7. Under Sorrows and Reproaches,  
May this Thought your Courage raise!  
Swiftly God's great Day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be chang'd to Praise:  
We shall Triumph  
When the World is in a Blaze.

## H Y M N LIX.

### *A dying Saint's Farewell.*

1. **D**EAR Friends farewell, I go to dwell  
With Jesus Christ, on High;  
There for to sing, Praise to my King,  
To all Eternity.
2. While I've been here you have been dear,  
I've always found you kind;  
But now thro' Grace, I quit this Place,  
And leave you all behind.

3. Weep not for me, for here you see  
My Trials have been great;  
But now ( 'tis true ) I bid adieu,  
And change my mournful State.
4. 'Twill not be long before the Throng  
Will all together be;  
And you that know the Lord, below,  
Shall then your Saviour see.
5. There we shall join in Songs divine,  
God's holy Name shall Praise;  
And view Christ's Smiles, forget the Toils  
Of these few evil Days.
6. There we shall stand at his right Hand,  
And in his Presence dwell;  
And him adore, for ever more,  
So Brethren, now farewell.

## H Y M N LX.

*God the only Refuge in Trouble.*

1. **D**EAR Refuge of my weary Soul,  
On thee when Sorrows rise;  
On thee, when Waves of Trouble roll,  
My fainting Hope relies.
2. While Hope revives, tho' press'd with Fears,  
And I can say, "My God,"  
Beneath thy Feet I spread my Cares,  
And pour my Woes abroad,
3. To thee I tell each rising Grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;  
Thy Word can bring a sweet Relief,  
For ev'ry Pain I feel.

4. But oh! when gloomy Doubts prevail  
I fear to call thee mine;  
The Springs of Comfort seem to fail,  
And all my Hopes decline.
5. Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only Trust;  
And still my Soul would cleave to thee,  
Tho' prostrate in the Dust.
6. Hast thou not bid me seek thy Face?  
And shall I seek in vain?  
And can the Ear of Sov'reign Grace  
Be deaf when I complain?
7. No, still the Ear of Sov'reign Grace  
Attends the Mourner's Pray'r;  
O may I ever find Access,  
To breathe my Sorrows there.
8. Thy Mercy-Seat is open still;  
Here let my Soul retreat,  
With humble Hope attend thy Will,  
And wait beneath thy Feet.

## H Y M N LXI.

1. **D**EAR Lord, how wond'rous is thy Love  
To such unworthy Worms as we!  
Thou hast sent down the heav'nly Dove,  
To set our Souls at Liberty.
  2. We that were doom'd to Woe and Pain,  
Expos'd to Death of ev'ry kind,  
Thro' Jesus Christ, the Lamb once slain,  
Do Life, and Peace, and Pardon find.
  3. Shall we forget our Saviour's Grace,  
Who dy'd to save our guilty Souls,  
And bring us to his Father's Face,  
Where endless Peace and Pleasure rolls?
- D 4
4. Forbid,

4. Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring Thought,  
May Christ be all in our Esteem;  
Let earthly Things be all forgot,  
And counted Loss, compar'd with him.
5. Lord Jesus, make us bear in Mind  
Thy rich, thy pure redeeming Love,  
Till we shall be for ever join'd  
With those that sing thy Praise above.
6. Then shall we stand before thy Face,  
And Shout with all the ransom'd Throng;  
Our Cry shall be, "Free Grace, Free Grace,"  
While endless Ages roll along.

## H Y M N LXII.

*Assurances of Heaven: or, a Saint prepar'd to die.*

- [1. **D**EATH may dissolve my Body now,  
And bear my Spirit home;  
Why do my Minutes move so slow,  
Nor my Salvation come?
2. With Heav'nly Weapons I have fought  
The Battles of the Lord,  
Finish'd my Course and kept the Faith,  
And wait the sure Reward.]
3. God has laid up in Heav'n for me  
A Crown which cannot fade;  
The right'ous Judge of that great Day  
Shall place it on my Head.
4. Nor hath the King of Grace decreed  
This Prize for me alone;  
But all that love, and long to see  
Th' Appearance of his Son.



5. Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From ev'ry ill Design;  
And to his heav'nly Kingdom take  
This feeble Soul of mine.
6. God is my everlasting Aid,  
And Hell shall rage in vain;  
To him be highest Glory paid,  
And endless Praise. A M E N.

## H Y M N LXIII.

*Death dreadful or delightful.*

1. **D**EATH! 'Tis a melancholy Day,  
To those that have no God,  
When the poor Soul is forc'd away  
To seek her last Abode.
2. In vain to Heav'n she lifts her Eyes,  
But Guilt, a heavy Chain,  
Still drags her downward from the Skies,  
To Darkness, Fire and Pain.
3. Awake, and mourn, ye Heirs of Hell,  
Let stubborn Sinners fear;  
You must be driv'n from Earth, and dwell  
A long for ever there.
4. See how the Pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your Face;  
And thou, my Soul, look downwards too,  
And sing recov'ring Grace.
5. He is a God of Sov'reign Grace,  
That promis'd Heav'n to me;  
And taught my Thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy Spirits be.
6. Prepare me, Lord, for thy right Hand,  
Then come the joyful Day,



Come Death and some celestial Band,  
To bear my Soul away.

## H Y M N LXIV.

1. **D**ESERTERS, to the Camp return,  
Resume your former Post,  
Bewail your Crimes, your Baseness mourn;  
For yet ye are not lost.
2. Your's is a sad, a dang'rous Case,  
Be humble, and repent,  
Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er so base,  
The Moment you relent,
3. Sinners are sav'd by Jesu's Blood,  
How vile so e'er they be;  
Eternal Life's the Gift of God;  
And Gifts are always free.
4. 'Tis not by Works of Right'ousness  
Which any Man has done;  
But God has sent his Son to bless;  
Return, and kiss the Son.

## H Y M N LXV.

1. **D**ID our I M M A N U E L die for us,  
To save such poor rebellious Men?  
Did he display his Pity thus,  
That we might come to G O D again?
2. All human Language wants a Name,  
For this unfathom'd wond'rous Love:  
This pure Immortal fervent Flame,  
Sprang only from the G O D above.
3. What can we add? Our Speech is faint;  
We sink beneath the pond'rous Load:  
This Love no Eloquence can paint;  
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a GOD.

4. O'er-

4. O'erwhelm'd with this Abyss of Love,  
 We stand astonish'd at the Grace,  
 That brought the Saviour from above,  
 To die for all the fallen Race!
5. Did our I M M A N U E L die for us?  
 What more can be by Sounds exprest?  
 For Sinners CHRIST was made a Curse:  
 Eternity must tell the rest.

## H Y M N LXVI.

1. DISCIPLES of Christ  
 Ye Friends of the Lamb;  
 Attend, and assist  
 In singing his Fame:  
 Eternal Thanksgiving  
 The Faithful should pay,  
 The Living, the Living,  
 As we do this Day.
2. A Body of Clay  
 He humbly put on,  
 And then took away  
 The Sin we had done;  
 And in it endured  
 The Wrath to us due,  
 The Curse we incurred,  
 Our Stripes and our Woe.
3. Not only he dy'd,  
 But also arose;  
 Laid Weakness aside,  
 And over his Foes,  
 (Sin, Death and the Devil,)  
 He triumph'd, and o'er  
 This World, and all Evil,  
 Dominion and Pow'r.

4. O merciful Lamb,  
 Who sits on the Throne,  
 We bow at thy Name,  
 The Saviour we own,  
 Deserving our Blessing,  
 And blessing we'll give,  
 Without ever ceasing,  
 So long as we live.

## H Y M N LXVII.

*Dismission.*

1. **D**ISMISS us with thy Blessing Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon thy Word.  
 All that has been amiss forgive;  
 And let thy Truth within us live.
2. Tho' we are guilty thou art good,  
 Wash all our Works in Jesu's Blood.  
 Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul Release;  
 And bid us all depart in Peace.

## H Y M N LXVIII.

*Before Sermon.*

1. **D**OES it not Grief and Wonder move,  
 To think of Israel's dreadful Fall!  
 Who needed Miracles to prove!  
 Whether the Lord were God or Baal!
2. Methinks I see Elijah stand,  
 His Features glow with Love and Zeal,  
 In Faith and Pray'r he lifts his Hand,  
 And makes to Heav'n his great Appeal.
3. "Oh, G O D, if I thy Servant am  
 It is thy Message fills my Heart,  
 Now glorify thy holy Name,  
 And shew this People who thou art."
4. He

4. He spoke, and lo, a sudden Flame  
 Consum'd the Wood, the Dust, the Stone,  
 The People struck, at once proclaim :  
 " The LORD is GOD, the LORD alone."
5. Like him we mourn an awful Day,  
 When more for Baal than God appear;  
 Like him, Believers, let us pray,  
 And may the GOD of Israel hear.
6. Lord ! if thy Servant speaks thy Truth,  
 If he indeed is sent by thee,  
 Confirm the Word to all our Youth,  
 And let them thy Salvation see.
7. Now may the Spirit's holy Fire  
 Pierce ev'ry Heart that hears thy Word;  
 Consume each hurtful vain Desire,  
 And make them know thou art the LORD.

## H Y M N LXIX.

*Believers buried with CHRIST in Baptism.*

1. **D**O we not know that solemn Word,  
 That we are bury'd with the LORD;  
 Baptiz'd into his Death, and then  
 Put off the Body of our Sin?
2. Our Souls receive diviner Breath,  
 Rais'd from Corruption, Guilt, and Death:  
 So from the Grave did CHRIST arise,  
 And lives to GOD above the Skies.
3. No more let Sin or Satan reign,  
 Over our mortal Flesh again:  
 The various Lusts we serv'd before,  
 Shall have Dominion now no more.

## HYMN LXX.

*Every Creature at GOD's Command.*

1. **E**LIJAH's Example declares,  
 Whatever Distress may betide,  
 The Saints may commit all their Cares  
 To him who will always provide,  
 When Rain long withheld from the Earth,  
 Occasion'd a Famine of Bread;  
 The Prophet, secur'd from the Dearth,  
 By Ravens was constantly fed.
2. More likely to rob than to feed,  
 Are Ravens who live upon Prey;  
 But where the LORD's People have Need,  
 His Goodness will find out a Way:  
 This Instance to those may seem strange,  
 Who know not how Faith can prevail;  
 But sooner all Nature shall change,  
 Than one of GOD's Promises fail.
3. Nor is it a singular Case;  
 The Wonder is often renew'd;  
 And many may say to GOD's Praise,  
 By Ravens he sendeth them Food.  
 Thus Worldlings, tho' Ravens indeed,  
 Tho' greedy and selfish their Mind,  
 If GOD has a Servant to feed,  
 Against their own Wills can be kind.
4. Thus Satan, the Raven, unclean,  
 That croaks in the Ears of the Saints,  
 O'er-rul'd by a Power unseen,  
 Administers oft to their Wants;  
 GOD teaches them how to find Food,  
 From all the Temptations they feel;  
 This Raven who thirsts for my Blood,  
 Has help'd me to many a Meal.



5. How safe and how happy are they  
 Who on the good Shepherd rely!  
 He'll give them out Strength for their Day,  
 Their Wants he will surely supply,  
 He Ravens and Lions can tame;  
 All Creatures obey his Command:  
 Then let me rejoice in his Name,  
 And leave all my Cares in his Hand,

## H Y M N LXXI.

*The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST, John i. 1, 3,  
 14. and Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.*

1. **E**'ER the blue Heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
 From Everlasting was the Word;  
 With God he was; the Word was God,  
 And must divinely be ador'd.
2. By his own Pow'r were all Things made;  
 By him supported, all Things stand;  
 He is the whole Creation's Head,  
 And Angels fly at his Command.
3. E'er Sin was born, or Satan fell,  
 He lead the Host of Morning-Stars;  
 (Thy Generation who can tell,  
 Or count the Number of thy Years?)
4. But lo, he leaves those heav'nly Forms;  
 The Word descends and dwells in Clay,  
 That he may hold Converse with Worms,  
 Drest in such feeble Flesh as they.
5. Mortals with Joy beheld his Face,  
 Th' Eternal Father's only Son;  
 How full of Truth! how full of Grace!  
 When thro' his Eyes the Godhead shone!

6. Arch-Angels leave their high Abode,  
 To learn new Myst'ries here, and tell  
 The Love of our descending God,  
 The Glories of E M A N U E L.

### H Y M N LXXIII.

1. **E**TERNAL God, thy Pow'r make known,  
 Make the whole Earth confess  
 That thou art God, and thou alone  
 Dost rule in Right'ousness.
2. May the whole Earth thy Glory see,  
 And thy Salvation know ;  
 And to thy Saints, who wait for thee,  
 Thy Works and Wonders show.
3. Lord Jesus, come, and take thy Pow'r,  
 And rule us by thy Grace :  
 We wait for that expected Hour  
 When we shall see thy Face.
4. Our Souls are longing for the Day  
 When Jesus shall be King ;  
 When he our stubborn Sins shall slay,  
 And we his Praise shall sing.
5. Our Hearts rejoice in Jesu's Name,  
 His Word forbids our Fear ;  
 We love his Gospel to proclaim  
 That all Mankind may hear.
6. But dearest Lord, let us enjoy  
 That everlasting Peace,  
 That nothing ever shall destroy,  
 Nor cause it to decrease.
7. Lord here we wait to know thy Will,  
 And to obey the same,  
 May we our Course on Earth fulfil,  
 In Honour to thy Name.

## H Y M N LXXIII.

*Praise to the Creator.*

1. **E**TERNAL Majesty on High,  
Thou God of Pow'r and Love,  
Thy Hands have spread the starry Sky,  
And form'd the world above.
2. This Globe below shews forth thy Might,  
Thy Goodness and thy Skill;  
The Sun, the Moon, the Day, and Night,  
Thy Pleasure do fulfill.
3. Beasts, Birds, Fish, Insects all declare  
Thou art the mighty God;  
Fire, Hail and Storms, Earth, Water, Air,  
Declare thy Name abroad.
4. Trees, Mountains, Rivers, Rocks and Plains,  
Gardens, and fruitful Lands,  
Proclaim, "The God of Goodness reigns;"  
And will while Nature stands.
5. All Things below, and all above,  
God, Wise, Good, Great proclaim;  
Then let the Children of his Love  
Delight to bless his Name.
6. The heav'nly Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit we adore;  
'Tis now as 'twas when Time begun,  
And shall be evermore.

## H Y M N LXXIV.

*Christ the Beloved described.*

1. **F**AIR Salem's Daughters ask to know  
Why I should love my Jesus so;  
E What

What are his Charms, say they, above  
The Objects of another's Love?

2. Yes, my Beloved, to my Sight  
Shews a sweet Mixture, Red and White;  
All human Beauties, all Divine,  
In my Beloved meet and shine.
3. White is his Soul, from Blemish free;  
Red was his Blood he shed for me;  
The Fairest of ten Thousand Fairs;  
A Sun among ten Thousand Stars.
4. His Head the finest Gold excels;  
There Wisdom in Perfection dwells,  
And Glory, like a Crown, adorns  
Those Temples once beset with Thorns.
5. Compassions in his Heart are found,  
Hard by the Signals of his Wound;  
His Sacred Side no more shall bear  
The cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.
6. His Hands are fairer to behold  
Than Diamonds set in Rings of Gold;  
Those heav'nly Hands that on the Tree  
Where nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
7. Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,  
Loaded with Sins and Agonies,  
Now on the Throne of his Command,  
His Legs like Marble Pillars stand.
8. His Eyes are Majesty and Love,  
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove;  
No more shall trickling Sorrows roll,  
Thro' those dear Windows of his Soul.
9. His Mouth that pour'd out long Complaints  
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting Saints;  
His Countenance more graceful is  
Than Lebanon with all its Trees.

10. All over Glorious is my Lord,  
 Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;  
 His Worth if all the Nations knew  
 Sure ev'ry one would Love him too.

## H Y M N LXXV.

*God glorious, and Sinners saved.*

1. **F** A T H E R, how wide thy Glory shines!  
 How high thy Wonders rise!  
 Known thro' the Earth by Thousand Signs,  
 By 'Thousands thro' the Skies.
2. Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r;  
 Their Motions speak thy skill,  
 And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour  
 We read' thy Patience still.
3. Part of thy Name divinely stands  
 On all thy Creatures writ,  
 They shew the Labour of thy Hands,  
 The Impress of thy Feet.
4. But when we view thy grand Design  
 To save rebellious Worms,  
 Where Wisdom, Pow'r and Goodness shine,  
 In their most glorious Forms.
5. Our Thoughts are lost in rev'rend Awe;  
 We Love, and we adore,  
 The holy Angels never saw  
 So much of G O D before.
6. Here G O D hath made his Nature known,  
 And Thought can never trace,  
 Which of his Glories brightest shone,  
 In our Redeemer's Face.



7. O the sweet Myſt'ries of that Croſs  
Where Jeſus lov'd and dy'd,  
Her nobleſt Life my Spirit draws  
From his dear wounded Side.
8. Now the full Glories of the L A M B  
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;  
Sweet Cherubs learn Emmanuel's Name,  
And try their choiceſt Strains.
9. O may I bear ſome humble Part  
In that immortal Song !  
Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart,  
And Love command my Tongue.

## H Y M N LXXVI.

1. **F**A T H E R, I ſtretch my Hands to thee,  
No other Help I know ;  
If thou withdraw thyſelf from me,  
Ah ! whither ſhall I go ?
2. What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my Breath ?  
What Pain, what Labour to ſecure  
My Soul from endleſs Death !
3. O Jeſu, could I this believe,  
I now ſhould feel thy Pow'r ;  
Now my poor Soul thou would'ſt retrieve,  
Nor let me wait one Hour.
4. Author of Faith, to thee I liſt  
My weary, longing Eyes ;  
O let me now receive that Gift !  
My Soul without it dies !

## H Y M N LXXVII.

1. **F**A T H E R of faithful Abra'm, hear  
Our earneſt Suit for Abra'ms Seed !  
Juſtly

Justly they claim the softest Pray'r  
From us, adopted in their Stead:

Who Mercy through their Fall obtain,  
And Christ by their Rejection gain.

2. Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide  
Through ev'ry Nation under Heav'n,  
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,  
Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n;  
Branded like Cain, they bear the Load,  
Abhorr'd of Men, and curs'd of God.
3. But hast thou finally forsook,  
Forever cast thy own away?  
Wilt thou not bid the Murd'ers look  
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?  
Yes gracious Lord, thy Word is past:  
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.
4. Come then, thou great Deliv'rer come!  
The Veil from Jacob's Heart remove!  
Receive thy ancient People Home;  
That quicken'd by thy dying Love,  
The World may their Reception find,  
Life from the Dead for all Mankind.

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

### *Baptism.*

1. **F**A T H E R of Heav'n, we Thee address  
(Obedience is our View)  
Accept us in thy Son; and bless  
The Work we have to do.
2. Jesus, as Water well appli'd,  
Will make the Body clean;  
So in the Fountain of thy Side,  
Wash thou the Soul from Sin.

3. Celestial Dove, descend from High,  
And on the Water brood;  
And with thy quick'ning Pow'r apply  
The Water and the Blood.
4. Great God, Three-One, again we call  
And our Requests renew,  
Accept in Christ; and bless withall  
The Work we've now to do.

## H Y M N LXXIX.

*The promis'd Land.*

1. **F** A R from these narrow Scenes of Night,  
Unbounded Glories rise,  
And Realms of infinite Delight,  
Unknown to Mortal Eyes.
2. There Pain and sickness never come,  
And Grief no more complains;  
Health triumphs in Immortal Bloom,  
And endless pleasure reigns.
3. No Clouds those blisful Regions know,  
Eor ever bright and fair!  
For Sin, the Source of mortal Woe,  
Can never enter there.
4. There no alternate Night is known,  
Nor Sun's faint sickly Ray;  
But Glory from the sacred Throne  
Spreads everlasting Day.
5. O may the heav'nly Prospect fire  
Our Hearts with ardent Love,  
Till Wings of Faith, and strong Desire,  
Bear ev'ry Thought above.

6. Prepare us, Lord, by Grace Divine;  
 For thy bright Courts on High;  
 Then bid our Spirits rise and join  
 The Chorus of the Sky.

## H Y M N LXXX.

1. **F** R O M all that dwell below the Skies,  
 Let the Creator's Praise arise;  
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,  
 Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.
2. Eternal are thy Mercies, L O R D;  
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word:  
 Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,  
 Till Suns shall set and rise no more.

## H Y M N LXXXI.

*Queen of Sheba.*

1. **F** R O M Sheba a distant Report  
 Of Solomon's Glory and Fame,  
 Invited the Queen to his Court,  
 But all was outdone when she came;  
 She cry'd with a pleasing Surprise,  
 When first she before him appear'd,  
 "How much what I see with my Eyes,  
 "Surpasses the Rumour I heard."
2. When once to Jerusalem come,  
 The Treasure and Train she had brought;  
 The Wealth she possessed at home,  
 No longer had Place in her Thought;  
 His House, his Attendants, his Throne,  
 All struck her with Wonder and Awe;  
 The Glory of Solomon shone  
 In every Object she saw.
3. But Solomon most she admir'd,  
 Whose Spirit conducted the Whole;

His Wisdom, which God had inspir'd,  
 His Bounty and Greatness of Soul;  
 Of all the hard Questions she put,  
 A ready Solution he shew'd;  
 Exceeded her Wish and her Suit,  
 And more than she ask'd him, bestow'd.

4. Thus I when the Gospel proclaim'd  
 The Saviour's great Name in my Ears,  
 The Wisdom for which he is fam'd,  
 The Love which to Sinners he bears;  
 I long'd, and I was not deny'd,  
 That I in his Presence might bow;  
 I saw, and transported I cry'd,  
 "A greater than Solomon Thou!"
5. My Conscience no Comfort could find,  
 By Doubt and hard Questions oppos'd;  
 But he restor'd peace to my Mind,  
 And answer'd each Doubt I propos'd!  
 Beholding me poor and distress'd,  
 His Bounty supply'd all my Wants;  
 My Pray'r could have never express'd  
 So much as this Solomon grants.
6. I heard, and was slow to believe,  
 But now with my Eyes I behold,  
 Much more than my Heart could conceive,  
 Or Language could ever have told:  
 How happy thy Servants must be,  
 Who always before thee appear!  
 Vouchsafe, Lord, this Blessing to me,  
 I find it is good to be here.

## H Y M N LXXXII.

1. **G**ETHSEMANE, thou doleful Place,  
 Near Kedron's Brook, to which the Lamb,  

Who



Who lov'd to be in loneliness,  
 With his Disciples often came,  
 Where out of boundless Love to me,  
 He wrestled in an Agony.

2. There, quite o'erwhelm'd with Grief, he said;  
 " My Soul is sorrowful to Death,"  
 And suff'ring freely in my Stead,  
 He drank the bitter Cup of Wrath;  
 Now on his Knees; then on his Face,  
 He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds and prays.
3. So lov'd me the Eternal God,  
 That he became the Son of Man,  
 And took my Sins' prodigious Load;  
 My Soul admire his gracious Plan!  
 Thy Stripes, thy Guilt and Curse he bore;  
 Believe and thankfully adore.

## H Y M N LXXXIII.

*Praise to the Trinity.*

GLORY, Glory, Glory, Glory,  
 Glory be to God on high;  
 Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,  
 Sing his Praises round the Sky.

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,  
 Glory be to God most kind;  
 Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,  
 Heav'n and Earth, and Sky be join'd.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
 Holy is the Lord of Hosts;  
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
 Worthy is the LAMB of GOD,  
 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,  
 Who lov'd and wash'd us in his Blood.

## H Y M N LXXXIV.

*Evening.*

1. **G**LORY, to thee my God, this Night,  
For all the Blessings of the Light,  
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,  
Under thine own Almighty Wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
Whatever Ills this Day I've done;  
That with the World, myself and thee,  
I, 'ere I sleep, at Peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The Grave as little as my Bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last Day.
4. O may my Soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet Sleep my Eye-Lids close;  
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.
5. Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my Bed his Vigils keep;  
Let no vain Dreams disturb my Rest,  
Nor Pow'rs of Darkness me molest.
6. Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,  
Praise him all Creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H Y M N LXXXV.

*Sick-bed Devotion: Or, Pleading without repining.*

1. **G**OD of my Life, look gently down,  
Behold the Pains I feel;

But

But I am dumb before thy Throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy Will.

2. Diseases are thy Servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command:  
I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word,  
Against thy chaf't'ning Hand.
3. Yet I may plead with humble Cries,  
Remove thy sharp Rebukes:  
My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies,  
Through thy repeated Strokes.
4. Crush'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand,  
We moulder to the Dust;  
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withstand,  
And all our Beauty's lost.
- [5. This mortal Life decays apace,  
How soon the Bubble's broke!  
Adam and all his num'rous Race  
Are vanity and Smoke.]
6. I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my Father's were;  
May I be well prepar'd to go,  
When I the Summons hear.
7. But if my Life be spar'd a while  
Before my last remove,  
Thy Praise shall be my Buis'ness still,  
And I'll declare thy Love.

## HYMN LXXXVI.

1. **G**OD of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe;  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy Blessing to receive:  
Full of Guilt, alas! I am,

But

But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee;  
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

2. Standing now as newly slain,  
 To thee I lift mine Eye,  
 Balm of all my Grief and Pain,  
 Thy Blood is always nigh:  
 Now as yesterday the same  
 Thou art and will for ever be:  
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

3. Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
 Nor can thy Grace procure,  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For I, thou know'st, am poor:  
 Dust and Ashes is my Name,  
 My all is Sin and Misery:  
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

4. No good Word, or Work or Thought,  
 Bring I to buy thy Grace:  
 Pardon I accept unbought,  
 Thy Proffer I embrace:  
 Coming, as at first I came,  
 To take and not bestow on thee:  
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

5. Saviour from thy wounded Side  
 I never will depart,  
 Here will I my Spirit hide,  
 When I am pure in Heart,  
 Till my Place above I claim,  
 This only shall be all my Plea:  
 Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

## H Y M N LXXXVII.

*Light shining out of Darknefs.*

1. **G**OD moves in a Myfterious Way,  
His Wonders to perform;  
He plants his Footfteps in the Sea,  
And rides upon the Storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable Mines  
Of never failing Skill;  
He Treafures up his bright Defigns,  
And works his Sov'reign Will.
3. Ye fearful Saints fresh Courage take;  
The Clouds ye fo much dread  
Are big with Mercy, and fhall break  
In Bleffings on your Head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble Senfe,  
But truft him for his Grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a fmiling Face.
5. His Purpofes will ripen faft,  
Unfolding ev'ry Hour,  
The Bud may have a bitter Tafte,  
But fweet will be the Flow'r.
6. Blind Unbelief is fure to err,  
And fcen his Work in vain;  
God is his own Interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

*A Morning Hymn.*

1. **G**OD of the Morning, at whole Voice  
The chearful Sun makes hafte to rife,  
And like a Giant doth rejoice  
To run his Journey thro' the Skies.
2. From



2. From the fair Chambers of the East  
The Circuit of his Race begins,  
And without Weariness of Rest,  
Round the whole Earth he flies and shines.
3. Oh, like the Sun, may I fulfill  
Th' appointed Duties of the Day,  
With ready Mind and active Will,  
March on and keep my heav'nly Way.
- [4. But I shall rove and lose the Race,  
If G O D my Sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this World's wild Maze,  
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.]
5. L O R D, thy Commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightning our beclouded Eyes;  
Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure :  
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.
6. Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,  
And then receive me to thy Bliss ;  
All my Desires and Hopes beside,  
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

*The Apostles Commission.*

1. " G O preach my Gospel, saith the L O R D,  
" Bid the whole Earth my Grace receive :  
" He shall be sav'd that trust my Word ;  
" He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- [2. " I'll make your great Commission known,  
" And you shall prove my Gospel true,  
" By all the Works that I have done,  
" By all the Wonders ye shall do.

3. " Go

3. " Go heal the Sick, go raise the Dead,  
 " Go cast out Devils in my Name;  
 " Nor let my Prophets be afraid, (pheme.)  
 " Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
4. " Teach all the Nations my Commands;  
 " I'm with you till the World shall end;  
 " All Pow'r is trusted in my Hands,  
 " I can destroy, and can defend."
5. He spake, and light shone round his Head;  
 On a bright Cloud to Heav'n he rode;  
 They to the farthest Nations spread  
 The Grace of their ascended G O D.

## H Y M N XC.

### *Character of Christ.*

1. **G**O worship at EMMANUEL's Feet,  
 See in his Face what Wonders meet!  
 Earth is too narrow to express  
 His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.
- [2. The whole Creation can afford  
 But some faint shadows of my L O R D;  
 Nature, to make his Beauties known,  
 Must mingle Colours not her own.]
- [3. Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?  
 Dear L O R D! our Souls would thus be fed;  
 That Flesh, that dying Blood of thine,  
 Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.]
- [4. Is he a Tree? The World receives  
 Salvation from his healing Leaves:  
 That right'ous Branch, that fruitful Bough,  
 Is David's Root and Offspring too,]

[5. Is

- [5. Is he a Rose? Not Sharon yields  
Such Fragrancy in all her Fields:  
Or if the Lilly he assume,  
The Vallies bless the rich Perfume.]
- [6. Is he a Vine? His heav'nly Root  
Supplies the Boughs with Life and Fruit;  
O let a lasting Union join  
My Soul to CHRIST the living Vine!]
- [7. Is he a Head? Each Member lives,  
And owns the Vital Pow'r he gives;  
The Saints below, and Saints above,  
Join'd by his Spirit and his Love.]
- [8. Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,  
And heal the Plague of Sin and Death;  
These Waters all my Soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted Garments too.]
- [9. Is he a Fire? He'll purge my Dross:  
But the true Gold sustains no Loss:  
Like a Refiner shall he sit,  
And tread the Refuse with his Feet.]
- [10. Is he a Rock? How firm he proves!  
The Rock of Ages never moves;  
Yet the sweet Streams that from him flow  
Attend us all the Desert thro'.]
- [11. Is he a Way? He leads to GOD,  
The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood;  
There would I walk with Hope and Zeal,  
'Till I arrive at Zion's Hill.]
- [12. Is he a Door? I'll enter in;  
Behold the Pastures large and green;  
A Paradise divinely fair,  
None but the Sheep have Freedom there.]

- [13. Is he design'd the Corner-Stone,  
For Men to build their Heav'n upon?  
I'll make him my Foundation too,  
Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.]
- [14. Is he a Temple? I adore  
Th' indwelling Majesty and Pow'r;  
And still to his most Holy Place,  
When e'er I pray, I'll turn my Face.]
- [15. Is he a Star? He breaks the Night,  
Piercing the Shades with dawning Light;  
I know his Glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the Morning Star.]
- [16. Is he a Sun? His Beams are 'Grace,  
His Course is Joy and Right'ousness;  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their Clouds, and dry their Tears.]
- [17. O let me climb those higher Skies,  
Where Storms and Darknes never rise!  
There he displays his Pow'rs abroad,  
And shines and reigns th' Incarnate God.]
18. Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars,  
Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears;  
His Beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him Face to Face.

## H Y M N XCI.

1. **G**RACE! 'tis a charming Sound,  
Harmonious to the Ear!  
Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,  
And all the Earth shall hear.
  2. Grace first contriv'd a Way  
To save rebellious Man;  
And all the Steps, that Grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous Plan.
- F
3. Grace

3. Grace taught my roving Feet  
To tread the heav'nly Road;  
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the Work shall Crown,  
Thro' everlasting Days,  
It lays in Heav'n the topmost Stone;  
And well deserves the Praise,

## H Y M N XCII.

1. **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine Ear,  
My Complaint vouchsafe to hear;  
Sore distressed with Guilt am I,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
2. Wealth and Honour I disdain,  
Earthly Comforts all are vain;  
They can never satisfy,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
3. Lord deny me what thou wilt,  
Only take away my Guilt,  
Mourning at thy Feet I lie;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
4. All Unholy and Unclean,  
I am sinful, vile and mean;  
But to Thee for Mercy fly,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
5. Thou dost freely save the Lost;  
In thy Grace alone I trust;  
Unto Thee I lift my Cry,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
6. O my God, what shall I say?  
Take, o take my Sins away!  
Jesu's Blood to me apply,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.



## H Y M N XCIII.

*Triumph over Death.*

1. **G**REAT God, I own thy Sentence just;  
And Nature must decay;  
I yield my Body to the Dust,  
To dwell with Fellow-Clay.
2. Yet Faith may triumph o'er the Graves,  
And trample' on the Tombs;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.
3. The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
High on a Royal Seat,  
And Death, the last of all his Foes,  
Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.
4. Tho' greedy Worms devour my Skin,  
And gnaw my wasting Flesh,  
When God shall build my Bones again,  
He'll clothe them all afresh.
5. Then shall I see thy lovely Face  
With strong immortal Eyes,  
And feast upon thy unknown Grace,  
With Pleasure and Surprize.

## H Y M N XCIV.

1. **G**REATEST Hig-Priest, Saviour Christ,  
Who for me wast sacrific'd;  
Make my Heart thro' thy blest Passion,  
To thyself a pure Oblation.
2. Thy pure Love accepts of Nought,  
But what by thy Love is wrought;  
What's not of thy own Formation,  
Ne'er attaineth to Salvation.

3. Kill in me what is Unclean,  
Kill in me the Root of Sin;  
Snatch my Heart from its Pollution,  
And th' old Man's entire Confusion.
4. On the Altar lay the Wood,  
And consume old Adam's Brood:  
Source of all celestial Graces,  
I would die in thine Embraces.
5. Lo, at length it shall appear,  
That the Lord has heard my Pray'r;  
Lo, e'en in my present Station,  
He'll be pleas'd with my Oblation.

## H Y M N XCV.

*The Effusion of the Spirit: Or, The Success of the Gospel.*

1. **G**REAT was the Day, the Joy was great  
When the divine Disciples met;  
Whilst on their Heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like Tongues of cloven Flame.
2. What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!  
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to save!  
Furnish'd their Tongues with wond'rous Words,  
Instead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords.
3. Thus arm'd, he sent the Champion forth,  
From East to West, from South to North;  
Go, and assert your Saviour's Cause:  
Go, spread the Myst'ry of his Cross.
4. These Weapons of the holy War,  
Of what Almighty Force they are,  
To make our stubborn Passions bow,  
And lay the proudest Rebel low!
5. Nations,

5. Nations, the Learned and the Rude,  
Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd;  
While Satan rages at his Loss,  
And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.
6. Great King of Grace! my Heart subdue;  
I would be led in Triumph too,  
A willing Captive to my Lord.  
And sing the Vict'ries of his Word.

## H Y M N XCVI.

*Christ a sure Guide.*

1. **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this Barren Land,  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy pow'ful Hand;  
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open now the Crystal Fountain  
Whence the healing Streams do flow,  
Let the fi'ry cloudy Pillar  
Lead me all my Journey through;  
Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
3. When I tread the Verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious Fear subside;  
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's Side;  
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

## H Y M N XCVII.

*A funeral Thought.*

1. **H**ARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound,  
My Ears attend the Cry;

"Ye

“Ye living Men, come view the Ground  
 “Where you must shortly lye.

2. “Princes, this Clay must be your Bed,  
 “In spite of all your Tow’rs!  
 “The Tall, the Wise, the Rev’rend Head,  
 “Must lye as low as ours.”
3. Great God! is this our certain doom?  
 And are we still secure!  
 Still walking downward to our Tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more?
4. Grant us the Pow’r of quick’ning Grace,  
 To fit our Souls to fly,  
 Then, when we drop this dying Flesh  
 We’ll rise above the Sky.

## H Y M N XCVIII.

### *Ascension.*

1. **H**AIL the Day that sees him rise,  
 Ravish’d from our wishful Eyes!  
 CHRIST a while to Mortals giv’n,  
 Re-ascends his Native Heav’n;  
 There the pompous Triumph waits,  
 Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!  
 Wide unfold the radiant Scene!  
 Take the King of Glory in!
2. Him, though highest Heav’n receives,  
 Still he loves the Earth he leaves;  
 Though returning to the Throne,  
 Still he calls Mankind his own;  
 Still for us he intercedes,  
 prevalent his Death he pleads;  
 Near himself prepares our Place,  
 Harbinger of human Race.

3. Master (may we ever say)  
Taken from our Head to day,  
See thy faithful Servants, see,  
Ever gazing up to thee !  
Grant, tho' parted from our Sight,  
High above yon azure Height,  
Grant our Hearts may thither rise  
Foll'wing thee beyond the Skies.
4. Ever upwards let us move,  
Wafted on the Wings of Love ;  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Longing, gasping after Home ;  
There we shall with thee remain,  
Partners of thy glorious Reign ;  
There thy Face unclouded see,  
Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee.

## H Y M N XCIX.

*The Nativity.*

1. **H**ARK, the glad Sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long !  
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,  
And ev'ry Voice a Song.
2. On him the Spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts its sacred Fire ;  
Wisdom and Might, and Zeal, and Love,  
His holy Breast inspire.
3. He comes the Pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's Bondage held ;  
The Gates of Brass before him burst,  
The Iron Fetters yield.
4. He comes, from thickest Films of Vice,  
To clear the mental Ray ;  
And on the Eye-Balls of the Blind  
To pour celestial Day.



5. He comes the broken Heart to bind,  
 The bleeding Soul to cure;  
 And with the Riches of his Grace,  
 T' enrich the humble Poor.

6. Our glad Hofannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
 And Heav'ns Eternal Arches ring  
 With thy beloved Name.

### H Y M N C.

*Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv, 13.*

1. **H**E A R what the Voice from Heav'n pro-  
 From all the pious Dead, (claims  
 Sweet is the Savour of their Names.  
 And soft their sleeping Bed.

2. They die in Jesus, and are blest'd;  
 How kind their Slumbers are!  
 From Suff'rings and from Sin Releas'd,  
 And freed from ev'ry Snare.

3. Far from this World of Toil and Strife,  
 They're present with the Lord;  
 The Labours of their Mortal Life  
 End in a large Reward.

### H Y M N CI.

1. **H**E comes! He comes! The Saviour dear,  
 The Seventh Trumpet speaks him near;  
 His Light'nings flash, his Thunders roll,  
 He's welcome to the faithful Soul;  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome, to the faithful Soul.

2. From Heav'n angelic Voices sound!  
 See the Almighty J E S U S crown'd!

Girt

Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,  
 And Glory decks the Saviour's Face;  
 Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,  
 Glory decks the Saviour's Face.

3. Descending on his Azure Throne,  
 He claims the Kingdom for his own;  
 The Kingdoms all obey his Word,  
 And hail him their Triumphant LORD:  
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,  
 Hail him their Triumphant LORD.
4. Shout all the People of the Sky,  
 And all the Saints of the most High;  
 Our GOD, who now his Right obtains,  
 For ever and for ever reigns;  
 Ever, ever, ever, ever,  
 Ever and for ever reigns.

5. The Father praise, the Son adore,  
 The Spirit blest for ever more;  
 Salvation's glorious Work is done,  
 We welcome the Great THREE IN ONE!  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome the Great THREE IN ONE!

## H Y M N CII.

1. **H**E dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around,  
 A solemn Darkneſs veils the Skies!  
 A sudden Trembling ſhakes the Ground!  
 Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two,  
 For him who groan'd beneath your Load!  
 He ſhed a Thouſand Drops for you,  
 A Thouſand Drops of richer Blood!
2. Come, Sinners, view your Saviour Dead;  
 And weep around his lonely Tomb!  
 Your Hope, your Joy, your All is fled,  
 F 5 For

For ah! your Champion's overcome!  
 A Conflict with the Pow'rs of Hell  
 Your Saviour did for you sustain;  
 He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!  
 Break, Hearts of Flint! the Lamb is slain!

3. Here's Love, and Grief, beyond Degree,  
 The LORD of Glory dies for Men!  
 But lo! what sudden Joys we see,  
 JESUS, the Dead, revives again!  
 The rising GOD forsakes the Tomb;  
 (The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise)  
 Cherubic Legions guard him Home,  
 And shout him welcome to the Skies!
4. Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,  
 And led the Monster, Death, in Chains,  
 Say: "Live for ever, wond'rous King!  
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!  
 Then ask the Monster—"Where's thy Sting?  
 "And where's thy Vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

### H Y M N CIII.

1. **H** O L Y Lamb, who thee receive,  
 Who in thee begin to live,  
 Day and Night they cry to thee,  
 As thou art; so let us be!
2. Jesus see my panting Breast:  
 See I pant in thee to rest!  
 Gladly would I now be clean,  
 Cleanse me now from ev'ry Sin.
3. Fix, oh! fix my wav'ring Mind;  
 To thy Cross my Spirit bind;  
 Earthly Passions far remove:  
 Swallow up our Souls in Love.
4. Dust

4. Dust and Ashes though we be,  
Full of Guilt and Misery,  
Thine we are, thou Son of God:  
Take the Purchase of thy Blood!
5. Who in Heart on thee believes,  
He th' Atonement now receives:  
He with Joy beholds thy Face,  
Triumphs in thy pard'ning Grace,
6. See ye Sinners, see the Flame  
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;  
Marks the new, the living Way,  
Leading to eternal Day!
7. Jesu, when this Light we see,  
All our Souls athirst for thee:  
When thy quick'ning Pow'r we prove,  
All our Hearts dissolve in Love.
8. Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine!  
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,  
Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n.

## H Y M N CIV.

*Hosanna to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.*

1. **H**OSSANNA to the Royal Son  
Of David's ancient Line,  
His Nature's Two, his Person One,  
Mysterious and Divine.
2. The Root of David here we find,  
And Offspring is the same;  
Eternity and Time are join'd  
In our Emmanuel's Name.

3. Blest

3. Blest he that comes to wretched Men  
With peaceful News from Heav'n;  
Hofanna's of the highest Strain  
To Christ, the Lord, be giv'n.
4. Let Mortals ne'er refuse to take  
Th' Hofanna on their Tongues,  
Lest Rocks and Stones should rise, and break  
Their Silence into Songs.

## H Y M N CV.

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times.*

1. **H**OW beauteous are their Feet,  
Who stand on Zion's Hill!  
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,  
And Words of Peace reveal!
2. How charming is their Voice!  
How sweet the Tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,  
"He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our Ears  
That hear this joyful Sound,  
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
4. How blessed are our Eyes  
That see his heav'nly Light;  
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,  
But dy'd without the Sight!
5. The Watchmen join their Voice,  
And tuneful Notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,  
And Desarts learn the Joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his Arm  
Thro' all the Earth abroad:

Let



Let ev'ry Nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

## H Y M N C VI.

*Christ's dying Love: Or, Our Pardon bought at  
a dear Price.*

1. **H**OW condescending, and how kind,  
Was God's Eternal Son!  
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,  
And Pity brought him down.
- [2. When Justice, by our Sins provok'd  
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,  
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,  
Without a murm'ring Word,
3. He sunk beneath his heavy Woes,  
To raise us to his Throne;  
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows,  
But cost his Heart a groan.]
4. This was Compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,  
His Pity ne'er withdrew.
5. Now tho' he reigns exalted High,  
His Love is still as great;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let his Saints forget,
- [6. Here we behold his Bowels roll  
As Kind as when he dy'd,  
And see the Sorrows of his Soul  
Bleed thro' his wounded Side.]
- [7. Here we receive repeated Seals  
Of Jesus' dying Love:  
Hard is the Wretch that never feels  
One soft Affection move.]

8. Here

3. Here let our Hearts begin to melt,  
 While we his Death record,  
 And with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,  
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

## H Y M N CVII.

*The Safety and Protection of the Church; Isa. xxvi.*

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

1. **H**OW honourable is the Place,  
 Where we adoring stand,  
 Zion the Glory of the Earth,  
 And Beauty of the Land!
2. Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend  
 The City where we dwell;  
 The Walls, of strong Salvation made,  
 Defy th' Assaults of Hell.
3. Lift up the Everlasting Gates,  
 The Doors wide open fling;  
 Enter ye Nations that obey  
 The Statutes of our King.
4. Here shall you taste unmingled Joys,  
 And live in perfect Peace;  
 You that have known J E H O V A H 's Name,  
 And ventur'd on his Grace.
5. Trust in the Lord, for ever Trust,  
 And banish all your Fears,  
 Strength in the Lord J E H O V A H dwells;  
 Eternal as his Years.
6. What though the Rebels dwell on high,  
 His Arm shall bring them low;  
 Low as the Caverns of the Grave,  
 Their lofty Head shall bow.

7. On

7. On Babylon our Feet shall tread,  
 In that rejoicing Hour;  
 The Ruins of her Walls shall spread  
 A Pavement for the Poor.

## H Y M N CVIII.

*True Happiness.*

1. **H**OW happy is the Christian's State!  
 His Sins are all forgiv'n;  
 A cheering Ray confirms the Grace,  
 And lifts his Hopes to Heav'n.
2. Tho' in the rugged Path of Life,  
 He heaves the pensive Sigh;  
 Yet trusting in his God he finds  
 Deliv'ring Grace is nigh.
3. If, to prevent his wand'ring Steps,  
 He feels the chaf'ning Rod;  
 The gentle Stroke shall bring him back  
 To his forgiving God.
4. And when the welcome Message comes  
 To call his Soul away;  
 His Soul in Raptures shall ascend  
 To everlasting Day.

## H Y M N CIX.

*A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

1. **H**OW long shall Death the Tyrant reign,  
 And triumph o'er the Just,  
 While the rich Blood of Martyrs slain  
 Lies mingled with the Dust?
2. When shall the tedious Night be gone?  
 When will our Lord appear?  
 Our fond Desires would pray him down,  
 Our Love embrace him here.

3. Let

3. Let Faith arise, and climb the Hills,  
And from afar descry,  
How distant are his Chariot Wheels,  
And tell how fast they fly.
4. Lo, I behold the scatt'ring Shades,  
The Dawn of Heav'n appears,  
The sweet Immortal Morning spreads,  
Its Blushes round the Spheres.
5. I see the Lord of Glory come,  
And flaming Guards around!  
The Skies divide to make him room,  
The Trumpet shakes the Ground.
6. I hear the Voice! "Ye Dead arise;"  
And lo, the Graves obey,  
And waking Saints with joyful Eyes  
Salute th'expected Day.
7. They leave the Dust, and on the Wing  
Rise to the middle Air,  
In shining Garments meet their King.  
And low adore him there.
8. O may my humble Spirit stand  
Among them cloth'd in white!  
The meanest Place at his Right Hand  
Is infinite Delight.
9. How will our Joy and Wonder rise,  
When our returning King  
Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies  
On Love's triumphant Wing.

## H Y M N CX.

*Happy* FRAILTY.

1. **H**OW meanly dwells th'immortal Mind!  
**H**ow vile these Bodies are!

Why

Why was a Clod of Earth, design'd  
T' enclose a heav'nly Star ?

2. Weak Cottage where our Souls reside,  
This Flesh a tott'ring Wall :  
The frightful Breaches gaping wide,  
The Buildings bend to fall.
3. All round it Storms of Sorrow blow,  
And Waves of Trouble roll ;  
Cold Waves, and Winter Storms, beat through,  
And pain the Tenant Soul.
4. "Alas, how frail our State!" said I,  
And thus went mourning on,  
Till sudden from the cleaving Sky  
A Gleam of Glory shone.
5. My Soul all felt the Glory come,  
And breath'd her native Air ;  
Then she remember'd Heav'n her Home,  
And she a Pris'ner here.
6. Straight she began to change her Key,  
And joyful in her Chains,  
She sung the Frailty of her Clay  
In pleasurable Strains.
7. "How weak the Pris'n is where I dwell !  
"This Flesh a tott'ring Wall !  
"The Breaches chearfully foretell,  
"The House must shortly fall.
8. "No more my Friends, shall I complain,  
"Tho' all my Heart-Strings ache,  
"Welcome Disease, and ev'ry Pain,  
"That makes the Cottage shake.
9. "I have a Mansion built above,  
"By the eternal Hand,



“ And should the Earth’s old Basis move,  
 “ My Heav’nly House must stand.

10. “ Yes for ’tis there my Saviour reigns;  
 “ ( I long to see my God )

“ And his immortal Strength sustains  
 “ The Purchase of his Blood.

11. “ Hark, from on High my Saviour calls,  
 “ I come, my Lord, my Love ;

“ Devotion breaks the Prison Walls,  
 “ And speeds my last Remove.”

### H Y M N CXI.

*Instruction from Scripture, Psalm cxix.*

Vers 9.

1. **H**OW shall the Young secure their Hearts,  
 And guard their Lives from Sin?  
 Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts,  
 To keep the Conscience clean.

Vers 130.

2. When once it enters to the Mind,  
 It spreads such Light abroad,  
 The meanest Souls Instruction find.  
 And raise their Thoughts to G O D.

Vers 105.

3. ’Tis like the Sun, a heav’nly Light,  
 That guides us all the Day ;  
 And thro’ the Dangers of the Night,  
 A Lamp to lead our Way.

Vers 99, 100.

4. The Men that keep thy Law with Care,  
 And meditate thy Word,  
 Grow wiser than their Teachers are,  
 And better know the LORD.

Vers

Vers 104, 113.

5. Thy Precepts make me truly wise;  
 I hate the Sinner's Road;  
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
 But love thy Law, my God.

Vers 89, 90, 91.

6. [The starry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,  
 The Earth maintains her Place:  
 And these thy Servants Night and Day,  
 Thy Skill and Pow'r express.
7. But still thy Law and Gospel, LORD,  
 Have Lessons more divine;  
 Not Earth stands firmer than thy Word,  
 Nor Stars so nobly shine.]

Vers. 160, 140. 9, 116.

8. Thy Word is everlasting Truth,  
 How pure is ev'ry Page!  
 That holy Book shall guide our Youth  
 And well support our Age.

## H Y M N CXII.

*Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.*

1. **H**OW sad our State by Nature is!  
 Our Sin how deep it stains!  
 And Satan binds our captive Minds  
 Fast in his slavish Chains.
2. But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace,  
 Sounds from the sacred Word;  
 Ho! ye despairing Sinners come,  
 And trust upon the Lord.
3. My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,  
 And runs to this Relief;  
 I would believe thy Promise Lord;  
 O! help my Unbelief.

- [4. To the dear Fountain of thy Blood,  
Incarnate God ! I fly ;  
Here let me wash my spotted Soul  
From Crimes of deepest dye.
5. Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,  
My reigning Sins subdue ;  
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,  
With all his hellish Crew.]
6. A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm,  
On thy kind Arms I fall :  
Be thou my Strength and Right'ousness,  
My Jesus, and my All.

### H Y M N CXIII.

*G O D Holy, just, and Sovereign.*

1. **H** O W should the Sons of Adam's Race  
Be pure before their G O D !  
If he contend in Right'ousness,  
We fall beneath his Rod.
2. To vindicate my Words and Thoughts  
I'll make no more Pretence ;  
Not one of all my thousand Faults  
Can bear a just Defence.
3. Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wise ;  
What vain Presumers dare  
Against their Maker's Hand to rise,  
Or tempt th' unequal War ?
- [4. Mountains by his Almighty Wrath  
From their old Seats are torn ;  
He shakes the Earth, from South to North,  
And all her Pillars mourn.
5. He bids the Sun forbear to rise ;  
Th' obedient Sun forbears :

His

His hand with Sackcloth spreads the Skies,  
And Seals up all the Stars.

6. He Walks upon the stormy Sea;  
Flies on the stormy Wind;  
There's none can trace his wond'rous Way,  
Or his dark Footsteps find.]

## H Y M N CXIV.

*The Works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.*

**H**OW strong thine Arm is, mighty God!  
Who would not fear thy Name!  
Jesus, how sweet thy Graces are!  
Who would not love the Lamb?

2. He has done more than Moses did,  
Our Prophet and our King;  
From Bonds of Hell he freed our souls,  
And taught our Lips to sing.
3. In the Red-Sea by Moses' Hand  
Th' Egyptian Host was drown'd;  
But his own Blood hides all our Sins,  
And Guilt no more is found.
4. When thro' the Desert Israel went,  
With Manna they were fed;  
Our Lord invites us to his Flesh,  
And calls it living bread.
5. Moses beheld the promis'd Land,  
Yet never reach'd the Place;  
But Christ shall bring his followers home,  
To see his Father's Face.
6. Then shall our Love and Joy be full,  
And feel a warmer flame,  
And sweeter Voices tune the Song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

## H Y M N CXV.

*The Name of Jesus.*

1. **H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a Believers Ear?  
It sooths his Sorrows, heals his Wounds,  
And drives away his Fear.
2. It makes the wounded Spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled Breast;  
'Tis Manna to the hungry Soul;  
And to the Weary Rest.
3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build  
My Shield and hiding Place,  
My never-failing Treas'ry fill'd  
With boundless Stores of Grace.
4. By thee my Pray'rs Acceptance gain,  
Altho' with Sin defil'd;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a Child.
5. Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the Praise I bring.
6. Weak is the Effort of my Heart,  
And cold my warmest Thought,  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought!
7. Till then I would thy Love proclaim  
With ev'ry fleeting Breath;  
And may the Music of thy Name  
Refresh my Soul in Death.



## H Y M N CXVI.

*Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

1. **H**OW vain are all Things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each Pleasure hath its Poison too,  
And ev'ry Sweet a Snare.
2. The brightest Things below the Sky  
Give but a flatt'ring Light ;  
We should suspect some Danger nigh,  
Where we possess Delight.
3. Our dearest Joys, and nearest Friends,  
The Partners of our Blood,  
How they divide our wav'ring Minds,  
And leave but half for God.
4. The Fondness of a Creature's Love  
How strong it strikes the Sense !  
Thither the warm Affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
5. Dear Saviour ! let thy Beauties be  
My Soul's eternal Food ;  
And Grace command my Heart away  
From all created Good.

## H Y M N CXVII.

*The Wonders of redeeming Love.*

1. **H**OW wond'rous are the Works of God,  
Display'd thro' all the World abroad !  
Immensely Great ! Immensely Small !  
Yet one strange Work exceeds them all.

2. He form'd the Sun, fair fount of Light;  
The Moon and Stars to rule the Night;  
But Night, and Stars, and Moon, and Sun,  
Are little Works compar'd with One.
3. He roll'd the Seas and spread the Skies;  
Made Vallies sink and Mountains rise;  
The Meadows cloth'd with Native Green;  
And bade the Rivers glide between.
4. But what are Seas, or Skies, or Hills,  
Or verdant Vales, or gliding Rills,  
To Wonders Man was born to prove?  
The Wonders of redeeming Love!
5. 'Tis far beyond what Words express,  
What Saints can feel, or Angels guess;  
Angels, that Hymn the Great I AM,  
Fall down and veil before the Lamb.
6. The highest Heav'ns are short of this,  
'Tis deeper than the vast Abyss,  
'Tis more than Thought can e'er conceive  
Or Hope expect, or Faith believe.
7. Almighty God sigh'd human Breath,  
The Lord of Life experienc'd Death;  
How it was done we can't discuss;  
But this we know, 'twas done for us.
8. Blest with this Faith then let us raise  
Our Hearts in Love, our Voice in Praise,  
All Things to us must work for Good,  
For whom the Lord hath shed his Blood.
9. Trials may press of ev'ry Sort;  
They may be sore; they must be short;  
We now believe but soon shall view.  
The greatest Glories God can shew.

## H Y M N CXVIII.

1. **I** am, faith Christ, the Way.  
Now if we credit him,  
All other Paths must lead astray  
How fair so'er they seem.
2. I am, faith Christ, the Truth.  
Then all that lacks this Test,  
Proceed it from an Angel's Mouth,  
Is but a Lie at best.
3. I am, faith CHRIST, the Life.  
Let this be seen by Faith,  
It follows without further Strife,  
That all besides is Death.
4. If what those Words aver,  
The holy Ghost apply ;  
The simplest Christian shall not err,  
Nor be deceiv'd nor die.

## H Y M N CXIX.

1. **I** Ask'd the LORD that I might grow  
In Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace ;  
Might more of his Salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his Face.
2. 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray ;  
And he, I trust, has answer'd Pray'r :  
But it has been in such a Way  
As almost drove me to despair.
3. I hop'd that in some favour'd Hour,  
At once he'd grant me my Request ;

And, by his Love's constraining Pow'r,  
Subdue my Sin's and give me Rest.

4. Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden Evils of my Heart,  
And let the angry Pow'rs of Hell  
Assault my Soul in ev'ry Part.
5. Yea more, with his own Hand he seem'd  
Intent to aggravate my Woe;  
Cross'd all the fair Designs I schem'd,  
Blasted my Gourds, and laid me low.
6. L O R D, why is this? I trembling cry'd;  
Wilt thou pursue thy Worm to Death?  
'Tis in this Way, the LORD reply'd,  
I answer Pray'r for Grace and Faith.
7. These inward Trials I employ  
From Self and Pride to set thee free,  
To break thy Schemes of worldly Joy,  
That thou may'st seek thy All in Me.

## H Y M N CXX.

*Paul's Voyage.*

1. **I**F Paul in Cæsar's Court must stand,  
He need not fear the Sea;  
Secur'd from Harm, on ev'ry Hand,  
By the divine Decree.
2. Altho' the Ship wherein he sail'd,  
By dreadful Storms was toss'd;  
The Promise over all prevail'd,  
And not a Life was lost.
3. Jesus! the God whom Paul ador'd,  
Who saves in Time of need;  
Was then confess'd by all on Board,  
A present Help indeed!

4. 'Tho'

4. Tho' neither Sun nor Stars were seen  
Paul knew the Lord was near;  
And Faith preserv'd his Soul serene,  
When others shook with Fear.
5. Believers thus are toss'd about  
On Life's tempestuous Main;  
But Grace assures beyond a Doubt  
They shall their Port attain.
6. They must, they shall appear one Day,  
Before their Saviour's Throne;  
The Storms they meet with by the Way,  
But make his Power known.
7. Their Passage lies across the Brink  
Of many a threat'ning Wave;  
The World expects to see them sink,  
But Jesus lives to save.
8. Lord, tho' we are but feeble Worms,  
Yet since thy Word is past;  
We'll venture thro' a thousand Storms,  
To see thy Face at last.

## H Y M N CXXI.

*Before Baptism.*

1. IF glorious Angels do rejoice  
When Sinners turn to God,  
Let us unite with chearful Voice  
To spread his Praise abroad.
2. When Jesus unto Jordan came,  
And was baptiz'd of John,  
A Voice from Heaven did proclaim  
'Tis my beloved Son.
3. His Ministers he sent about  
To preach the Word of Grace,

And



And to baptize the World throughout,  
Who should his Truth embrace.

4. Lord we have here before your Eyes,  
Some that have set their Hands  
To serve thee, and to be baptiz'd  
As thou didst give Command.

5. Glory to God who reigns above,  
For his abounding Grace,  
In this the Token of his Love  
To us a guilty Race.

6. Let us employ our Tongues to sing  
The Praises of the Lord,  
For calling Sinners home to him  
By his all-powerful Word.

## H Y M N CXXII.

*The Ruin of Antichrist, Isai. 63. Ver. 4. 5, 6, 7.*

1. "I Lift my Banner, saith the Lord,  
"Where Antichrist has stood;  
"The City of my Gospel-Foes  
"Shall be a Field of Blood.
2. "My Heart has studied just Revenge,  
"And now the Day appears,  
"The Day of my Redeem'd is come  
"To wipe away their Tears.
3. "Quite weary is my Patience grown,  
"And bids my Fury go;  
"Swift as the Lightning it shall move,  
"And be as fatal too.
4. "I call for Helpers, but in vain:  
"Then has my Gospel none?

"Well

“Well, mine own Arm has Might enough  
“To crush my Foes alone.

5. “Slaughter and my devouring Sword  
“Shall walk the Streets around;  
“Babel shall reel beneath my Stroke,  
“And stagger to the Ground.”

6. Thy Honour, O victorious King!  
Thine own Right-Hand shall raise,  
While we thy awful Vengeance sing,  
And our Deliverer Praise.

### H Y M N CXXIII.

*Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.*

1. I LOVE the Windows of thy Grace,  
I Thro’ which my Lord is seen,  
And long to meet my Saviour’s Face,  
Without a Glass between.

2. O that the happy Hour were come,  
To change my Faith to Sight!  
I shall behold my Lord at Home,  
In a diviner Light.

3. Haste, my Beloved, and remove  
These interposing Days;  
Then shall my Passions all be Love,  
And all my Pow’rs be Praise.

### H Y M N CXXIV.

*Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i, 12.*

1. I’M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
I Or to defend his Cause,  
Maintain the Honour of his Word,  
The Glory of his Cross.

2. Jesus,

2. Jesus, my God! I know his Name,  
His Name is all my Trust;  
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,  
Nor let my Hope be lost.
3. Firm as his Throne his Promise stands;  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his Hands,  
Till the decisive Hour.
4. Then will he own my worthless Name  
Before his Father's Face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my Soul a Place.

## H Y M N CXXV.

*God is every where.*

1. **I**N all my vast Concerns with thee,  
In vain my Soul would try  
To shun thy Presence, Lord, or flee  
The Notice of thine Eye.
2. Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys  
My Rising and my Rest,  
My public Walks, my private Ways,  
And Secrets of my Breast.
3. My Thoughts lie open to the Lord  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word  
He knows the Sense I mean.
4. O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a Creature hide?  
Within thy circling Arms I lye,  
Beset on ev'ry Side.
5. So let thy Grace surround me still,  
And like a Bulwark Prove,

To

To guard my Soul from ev'ry ill,  
 Secur'd by Sov'reign Love.

## P A U S E.

6. Lord, where shall guilty Souls retire,  
 Forgotten and unknown?  
 In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,  
 In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.
7. Should I suppress my vital Breath  
 To 'scape the Wrath Divine,  
 Thy Voice would Break the Bars of Death,  
 And make the Grave resign.
8. If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light,  
 I fly beyond the West,  
 Thy Hand which must support my Flight,  
 Would soon betray my Rest.
9. If o'er my Sins I think to draw  
 The Curtains of the Night,  
 Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law  
 Would turn the Shades to Light.
10. The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,  
 Are both alike to thee:  
 O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r  
 From which I cannot flee.

## H Y M N CXXVI.

*Prayer for Deliverance answered, Isa. xxvi. 8—20.*

1. **I**N thine own Ways, O God of Love,  
 We wait the Visits of thy Grace;  
 Our Souls Desire is to thy Name,  
 And the Remembrance of thy Face.
2. My Thoughts are searching, Lord for thee;  
 'Mongst the black Shades of lonesome Night;  
 My

My earnest Cries salute the Skies,  
Before the Dawn restores the Light.

3. Look how rebellious Men deride  
The tender Patience of my God ;  
But they shall see thy lifted Hand,  
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.
4. Hark ! the Eternal rends the Sky,  
A mighty Voice before him goes,  
A Voice of Music to his Friends,  
But threat'ning Thunder to his Foes.
5. Come Children, to your Father's Arms,  
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,  
'Till the fierce Storm be overblown,  
And my revenging Fury cease.
6. My Sword shall boast its Thousands slain,  
And drink the Blood of haughty Kings,  
While heav'nly Peace around my Flock  
Stretches its soft and shady Wings.

## H Y M N CXXVII.

*At a Marriage-Solemnity.*

1. **I**T is not good, J E H O V A H said,  
For Man new form'd to be alone ;  
Then of his Rib an Help-meet made,  
And Man and Wife pronounc'd but one.
2. From near his Heart this Rib he took,  
To shew the Favour should be priz'd :  
Not from his Head to overlook ;  
Nor from his Foot to be despis'd.
3. Beneath his Arm to signify  
Wives should Authority disclaim,  
And that Protection and Supply  
Are from the Husbands due to them.

3. Bless



4. Bless, Lord, this newly-married Pair,  
And make the Match a Blessing prove;  
Their Int'rest one, their Joys, their Care,  
Made happy in each other's Love.
5. May each to each an Help-meet be,  
And bend their Necks to Jesu's Yoke:  
Banded to seek Felicity  
With Christ's despised little Flock.
6. Should Olive Plants, around their Board,  
To them the Gift of Heaven be,  
Help them to give them back, dear Lord;  
Help them to bring them up for thee.
7. Jesus we ask thy Presence here;  
O may thy Face upon us shine;  
Thy Goodness more our Hearts can cheer  
Than costliest Food or richest Wine.

## H Y M N CXXVIII.

1. **I** That am drawn out of the Depth,  
Will sing upon the Shore:  
I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,  
Pure Mercy will adore.
2. The Terrors of the living God  
My Soul did so affright;  
I fear'd lest I should be condemn'd  
To an eternal Night.
3. Kind was the Pity of my Friends,  
But could not ease my Smart;  
Their Words indeed did reach my Case,  
But could not reach my Heart.
4. Ah, what was then this World to me,  
To whom God's Word was dark?  
Who in my Dungeon could not see  
One Beam or shining Spark.

H

5. What

5. What then were all the Creatures Smiles,  
When the Creator frown'd?  
My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,  
My Being was my Wound.
6. Tortur'd and rack'd, with hellish Fears,  
Left God the Blow should give;  
Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink,  
Then Mercy bid me live.

## H Y M N CXXIX.

1. I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,  
I My Heart doth sing for Joy:  
And sing I must, a Christ I have:  
O what a Christ have I?
2. Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
The Way to God on High,  
Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types,  
The Truth of Prophecy.
3. Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King:  
A Prophet full of Light,  
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man,  
A King that rules with Might.
4. Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where  
The Altar God doth rest;  
My Christ, he is the Sacrifice,  
My Christ he is the Priest.
5. My Christ he is the Lord of Lords,  
He is the King of Kings;  
He is the Sun of Right'ousness,  
With Healing in his Wings.
6. My Christ, he is the Tree of Life,  
Which in God's Garden grows;

Whose

Whose Fruit does feed, whose Leaves do heal ;  
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

7. Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,  
My Phyfick and my Health,  
My Peace my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,  
My Glory and my Wealth.
8. Christ is my Father, and my Friend,  
My Brother and my Love ;  
My Head, my Hope, my Counfellow,  
My Advocate above.
9. My Christ, he is the Heav'n of Heav'ns,  
My Christ what fhall I call ?  
My Christ is First, my Christ is Laft,  
My Christ is All in All.

## H Y M N CXXX.

1. **I** Want an Heart to pray ;  
To pray, and never ceafe :  
Never to murmur at thy Stay,  
Or with my Suff'rings lefs.
2. This Bleffing above all,  
Always to pray, I want :  
Out of the Deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
3. I want a true Regard,  
A fingle, fteady Aim,  
(Unmov'd by Threatning or Reward—)  
To thee, and thy great Name.
4. A jealous juft Concern,  
For thine immortal Praife ;  
A pure Defire, that all may learn  
And glorify thy Grace.

5. I want with all my Heart  
 Thy Pleasure to fulfil;  
 To know myself, and what thou art,  
 And what thy perfect Will.

6. I want, I know not what;  
 I want my Wants to see:  
 I want, alas! what want I not,  
 When thou art not in me?

## H Y M N CXXXI.

*The Good that I would I do not.*

1. **I** Would, but cannot sing,  
 Guilt has untun'd my Voice;  
 The Serpent sin's envenom'd Sting  
 Has poison'd all my Joys.
2. I know the Lord is nigh,  
 And would, but cannot pray;  
 For Satan meets me when I try,  
 And frights my Soul away.
3. I would, but can't repent  
 Tho' I endeavour oft;  
 This stony Heart can ne'er relent  
 'Till Jesus makes it soft.
4. I would, but cannot Love,  
 Tho' woo'd by Love Divine;  
 No Arguments have Pow'r to move  
 A Soul so base as mine.
5. I would, but cannot rest  
 In God's most holy Will;  
 I know what he appoints is best,  
 Yet murmur at it still.
6. Oh could I but believe!  
 Then all would easy be;

I would,

I would, but cannot; Lord relieve,  
My Help must come from thee!

7. But if indeed I would,  
Tho' I can nothing do;  
Yet the Desire is something good,  
For which my Praise is due.
8. By Nature prone to Ill,  
Till thine appointed Hour  
I was as destitute of Will,  
As now I am of Pow'r.
9. Wilt thou not Crown, at length,  
The Work thou hast begun?  
And with a Will, afford me Strength  
In all thy Ways to run.

## H Y M N CXXXII.

*Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in CHRIST.*

1. JEHOVAH speaks, let Isr'el hear,  
Let all the Earth rejoice and fear,  
While God's eternal Son proclaims,  
His Sov'reign Honours and his Names:
2. "I am the Last, and I the first,  
"The SAVIOUR-GOD, and GOD the Just;  
"There's none besides pretends to shew  
"Such Justice and Salvation too.
- [3. "Ye that in Shades of Darkneſs dwell,  
"Just on the Verge of Death and Hell,  
"Look up to me from distant Lands,  
"Light, Life and Heav'n, are in my Hands.
4. "I by my holy Name have ſworn,  
"Nor ſhall the Word in vain return,  
"To me ſhall all Things bend the Knee,  
"And ev'ry Tongue ſhall ſwear to me.]



5. "In me alone shall Men confess  
 "Lies all their Strength and Right'ousness;  
 "But such as dare despise my Name,  
 "I'll clothe them with eternal Shame.
6. "In me the LORD, shall all the Seed  
 "Of Isr'el from their Sins be freed,  
 "And by their shining Graces prove  
 "Their Int'rest in my pard'ning Love."

### H Y M N CXXXIII.

*On one Stone shall be seven Eyes.*

1. **J**ESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,  
 Who his Blood for Sinners spilt;  
 Is the Stone by God appointed,  
 And the Church is on him built:  
 He delivers  
 All who trust him from their Guilt.
2. Many Eyes at once are fixed  
 On a Person so Divine;  
 Love, with awful Justice mixed,  
 In his great Redemption shine:  
 Mighty Jesus!  
 Give me leave to call thee mine.
3. By the Father's Eye approved,  
 Lo, a Voice is heard from Heav'n,  
 "Sinners, this is my Beloved,  
 "For your Ransom freely giv'n:  
 "All Offences,  
 "For his sake shall be forgiv'n."
4. Angels with their Eyes pursu'd him  
 When he left his glorious Throne;  
 With Astonishment they view'd him,

Put the Form of Servant on;  
 Angels worship'd  
 Him who was on Earth unknown.

5. Satan and his Host amazed,  
 Saw this Stone in Zion laid;  
 Jesus, tho' to Death abased,  
 Bruis'd the subtil Serpent's Head:  
 When to save us,  
 On the Cross his Blood he shed.

6. When a guilty Sinner sees him.  
 While he looks his Soul is heal'd;  
 Soon this Sight from Anguish frees him,  
 And imparts a Pardon seal'd:  
 May this Saviour  
 Be to all our Hearts reveal'd!

7. With Desire and Admiration,  
 All his Blood-Bought Flock behold,  
 Him who wrought out their Salvation,  
 And inclos'd them in his Fold:  
 Yet their warmest  
 Love and praises are too cold.

8. By the Eye of carnal Reason  
 Many view him with Disdain;  
 How will they abide the Season  
 When he'll come with all his Train;  
 To escape him  
 Then they'll wish, but wish in vain.

9. How their Hearts will melt and tremble  
 When they hear his awful Voice!  
 But his Saints he'll then assemble,  
 As his Portion, and his Choice:  
 And receive them  
 To his everlasting Joys.

## H Y M N CXXXIV.

1. **J** E S U S drinks the bitter Cup,  
 The Wine-Press treads alone!  
 Tears the Graves and Mountains up  
 By his expiring Groan :  
 Lo the Pow'rs of Heav'n he shakes,  
 Nature in Convulsion lies ;  
 Earth's profoundest Center quakes,  
 The great Redeemer dies.
2. Dies the glorious Cause of all,  
 The true eternal Pan ;  
 Falls to raise us from our Fall,  
 To Ransom sinful Man.  
 Well may Sol withdraw his Light,  
 With the Suff'rer sympathize ;  
 Leave the World in sudden Night,  
 While his Creator dies.
3. O my God, he dies for me ;  
 I feel the Mortal Smart !  
 See him hanging on a Tree !  
 A Sight that breaks my Heart !  
 Oh that all to thee might turn !  
 Sinners ye may love him too ;  
 Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn  
 For him who bled for you !
4. Weep o'er your Desire and Hope,  
 With Tears of humblest Love !  
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,  
 And reigns enthron'd above.  
 Lives our Head, to die no more,  
 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n ;  
 Worship'd as he was before,  
 Th' immortal King of Heav'n.

## H Y M N CXXXV.

CHRIST and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii and ix.

1. **J**ESUS, in thee our Eyes behold  
A thousand Glories more  
Than the rich Gems and polish'd Gold  
The Sons of Aaron wore.
2. They first their own Burnt-off'rings brought,  
To purge themselves from Sin ;  
Thy Life was pure without a Spot,  
And all thy Nature clean.
- [3. Fresh Blood, as constant as the Day,  
Was on their Altar spilt ;  
But thy one Off'ring takes away  
For ever all our Guilt.]
- [4. Their Priesthood ran thro' sev'ral Hands,  
For Mortal was their Race :  
Thy never changing Office stands,  
Eternal as thy Days.]
- [5. Once in the Circuit of a Year,  
With Blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the Veil appears  
Before the golden Throne.
6. But CHRIST by his own pow'rful Blood  
Ascends above the Skies,  
And in the Presence of our GOD  
Shews his own Sacrifice.]
7. **J**ESUS, the King of Glory, reigns  
On Zion's heav'nly Hill ;  
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his Priesthood still.

3. He ever lives to intercede  
 Before his Father's Face:  
 Give him, my Soul, thy Cause to plead,  
 Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

## H Y M N CXXXVI.

*Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.*

1. **J**ESU, Lovèr of my Soul,  
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,  
 While the nearer Waters roll,  
 While the Tempest still is high:  
 Hide me, oh, my Sav'our hide,  
 Till the Storm of Life is past:  
 Safe into the Haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my Soul at last.
2. Other Refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless Soul on thee,  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and Comfort me;  
 All my Trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my Help from thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless Head  
 With the Shadow of thy Wing.
3. Thou, oh Christ, art all I want,  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise the Fallen, clear the Faint,  
 Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind,  
 Just and Holy is thy Name,  
 I am all Unright'ousness!  
 Vile and full of Sin I am,  
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace.
4. Plenteous Grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my Sin;  
 Let the healing Streams abound,  
 Make, and keep me pure within;  
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee,                      Spring



Spring thou up within my Heart,  
Rise to all Eternity.

## H Y M N CXXXVII.

1. **J** E S U S, my All to Heav'n is gone,  
He whom I fix my Hopes upon;  
His Track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow Way, till him I view.
2. The Way the holy Prophets went,  
The Road that leads from Banishment;  
The King's Highway of Holiness,  
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.
3. No Stranger may proceed therein,  
No Lover of this World and Sin;  
No Lyon, no devouring Care,  
No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.
4. No; nothing may go up thereon  
But trav'ling Souls, may I be one:  
Wayfaring Men to Canaan bound,  
Shall only in this Way be found.
5. This is the Way I long have fought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My Grief a Burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from Sin.
6. The more I strove against its Pow'r,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;  
Until I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, Soul, I am the Way."
7. Lo glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,  
Will take me to thee as I am;  
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but Love would I receive.
8. Then will I tell to Sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,  
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"

H Y M N

## H Y M N CXXXVIII.

1. **J**ESUS, the only Thought of thee,  
With Sweetness fills my Breast;  
But sweeter far it is to see,  
And on thy Beauty feast.
2. No Sound, no Harmony so gay,  
Can Art of Music frame;  
No Thoughts can reach, no Words can say  
The Sweets of thy blest Name.
3. Jesus our Hope, when we repent,  
Sweet Source of all our Grace;  
Sole Comfort in our Banishment,  
O! what, when Face to Face!
4. Jesus! that Name inspires my Mind  
With Springs of Life and Light;  
More than I ask in thee I find,  
And lavish in Delight.
5. No Art, or Eloquence of Man,  
Can tell the Joys of Love;  
Only the Saints can understand  
What they in Jesus prove.
6. Thee then I'll seek retir'd apart,  
From World and Business free;  
When these shall knock I'll shut my Heart,  
And keep it all for thee.
7. Before the Morning Light I'll come,  
With Magdalene to find  
In Sighs and Tears, my Jesu's Tomb,  
And there refresh my Mind.
8. My Tears upon his Grave shall flow,  
My Sighs the Garden fill;

Then

Then at his Feet myself I'll throw,  
And there I'll seek his Will.

9. Jesus, in thy bless'd Steps I'll tread,  
And walk in all thy Ways:  
I'll never cease to weep and plead,  
Till I'm restor'd to Grace.
10. O King of Love, thy blessed Fire  
Does such sweet Flames excite;  
That first it raises our Desire,  
Then fills us with Delight.
11. Thy lovely Presence shines so clear  
Thro' ev'ry Sense and Way,  
That Souls which once have seen thee near,  
See all Things else decay.
12. Come then dear Lord, possess my Heart,  
Chase thence the Shades of Night;  
Come pierce it with thy flaming Dart,  
And ever-shining Light.
13. Then I'll for ever Jesus sing,  
And with the Saints rejoice;  
And both my Heart and Tongue shall bring  
Their Tribute to my dearest King,  
In never-ending Joys. Amen.

## H Y M N CXXXIX.

*Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.*

1. **J**ESUS, the Man of constant Grief,  
A Mourner all his Days;  
His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud,  
And turn'd his Joy to Praise.
2. Father, I thank thy wond'rous Love,  
That hath reveal'd thy Son,

To

To Men unlearned ; and to Babes  
Has made thy Gospel known.

3. The Myſt'ries of redeeming Grace  
Are hidden from the Wiſe ;  
While Pride and carnal Reaſ'nings join  
To ſwell and blind their Eyes.
4. Thus doth the Lord of Heav'n and Earth  
His great Decrees fulfil,  
And orders all his Works of Grace  
By his own Sov'reign Will.

## H Y M N CXL.

1. **J** E S U, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary Sinner's Friend :  
Come to my Help, pronounce the Word,  
Bid my Corruptions end.
2. Thou canſt o'ercome this Heart of mine,  
Thou canſt Victorious prove ;  
For everlaſting Strength is thine,  
And everlaſting Love.
3. Thy pow'rful Spirit can ſubdue  
Unconquerable Sin ;  
Cleanſe my foul Heart, and make it new,  
And write thy Law within.
4. Bound down with twice ten thouſand Ties,  
Yet let me hear thy Call ;  
My Soul in Confidence ſhall riſe,  
Shall riſe and break thro' all.
5. Speak, and 'the Deaf ſhall hear thy Voice,  
The Blind his Sight receive,  
The Dumb in Songs of Praise rejoice,  
The Heart of Stone believe.

6. The Æthiop then shall change his Skin,  
 The Dead shall feel thy Pow'r;  
 The loathsome Leper shall be clean,  
 And I shall Sin abhor.

## H Y M N CXLI.

*Christ our Righteousness.*

1. **J** E S U, thy Blood and Right'ousness,  
 My Beauty are, my glorious Dress;  
 Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,  
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head.
2. When from the Dust of Death I rise,  
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies;  
 E'en then shall this be all my Plea,  
 "Jefus hath L I V' D, hath D Y' D for me."
3. Bold shall I stand in that great Day,  
 For who ought to my Charge shall lay?  
 Fully thro' these absolv'd I am  
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.
4. Thus Abraham the Friend of God,  
 Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,  
 Saviour of Sinners thee proclaim;  
 Sinners of whom the Grief I am.
5. This spotless Robe the same appears,  
 When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years;  
 No Age can change its glorious Hue,  
 The Grace of Christ is ever new.
6. O Jefu Christ, all Praise to thee,  
 That thou a Man vouchsaf'd to be;  
 And for each Soul, which thou hast made,  
 Hast an eternal Ransom paid.
7. I do believe if Sinners Race  
 Ten Thousand Times more num'rous was;  
 Yet,



Yet, still the Devil had his Full,  
'Tis without Right he keeps one Soul.

8. Ah, give to all thy Servants, Lord,  
With Pow'r to speak thy quick'ning Word,  
That all who to thy Wounds will flee,  
May find eternal Life in thee.
9. Thou God of Might, thou God of Love,  
Let all the World thy Mercy prove;  
Now let thy Word o'er all prevail,  
Now take the Spoils of Death and Hell.
10. O let the Dead now hear thy Voice;  
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice;  
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, OUR RIGHT'OUSNESS.

## H Y M N CXLII.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

1. **J** O I N all the glorious Names  
Of Wisdom, Love and Pow'r,  
That ever Mortals knew,  
That Angels ever bore:  
All are too mean  
To speak his Worth,  
Too mean to set  
My SAVIOUR forth.
2. But, O what gentle Terms,  
What condescending Ways  
Doth our REDEEMER use  
To teach his heav'nly Grace!  
Mine eyes with Joy  
And Wonder see  
What Forms of Love  
He bears for me.

[3. Array'd

- [3. Array'd in Mortal Flesh,  
He like an ANGEL stands,  
And holds the Promises  
And Pardons in his Hands:  
Commiffion'd from  
His Father's Throne,  
To make his Grace  
To Mortals known.]
- [4. Great PROPHE T of my GOD,  
My Tongue would blefs thy Name;  
By thee the joyful News  
Of our Salvation came ;  
The joyful News  
Of Sins forgiv'n,  
Of Hell fubdu'd,  
And Peace with Heav'n.]
- [5. Be thou my COUNSELLOR,  
My PATTERN, and my Guide ;  
And thro' this Defart Land  
Still keep me near thy Side.  
O let my Feet  
Ne'er run aftray ;  
Nor rove, nor feek  
The crooked Way !
- [6. I love my SHEPHERD'S Voice,  
His watchful Eyes fhall keep  
My wand'ring Soul among  
The Thoufands of his Sheep :  
He feeds his Flock,  
He calls their Names,  
His Bosom bears  
The tender Lambs.]
- [7. To this dear Surety's Hand  
Will I commit my Caufe ;  
He answers and fulfills,

His Father's broken Laws,  
 Behold my Soul  
 At Freedom fet;  
 My Surety paid  
 The dreadful Debt.]

[8. Jesus, my great HIGH PRIEST,  
 Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;  
 My guilty Conscience seeks  
 No Sacrifice beside.  
 His pow'rful Blood  
 Did once atone;  
 And now it pleads  
 Before the Throne.]

[9. My ADVOCATE appears  
 For my Defence on High;  
 The Father bows his Ears,  
 And lays his Thunder by,  
 Not all that Hell  
 Or Sin can say,  
 Shall turn his Heart,  
 His Love away.]

[10. My dear Almighty LORD;  
 My CONQU'RROR and my KING,  
 Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,  
 Thy reigning Grace I sing.  
 Thine is the Pow'r;  
 Behold I fit  
 In willing Bonds  
 Beneath thy Feet.]

[11. Now let my Soul arise,  
 And tread the Tempter down:  
 My CAPTAIN leads me forth  
 To Conquest and a Crown,  
 A feeble Saint  
 Shall win the Day,  
 Tho' Death and Hell  
 Obstruct the Way.]

12. Should

12. Should all the Hosts of Death,  
 And pow'rs of Hell unknown,  
 Put their most Dreadful Forms  
 Of Rage and Mischief on,  
 I shall be safe;  
 For Christ displays  
 Superior Pow'r  
 And guardian Grace.

### H Y M N CXLIII.

1. JOY is a Fruit that will not grow  
 In Natures barren Soil;  
 All we can boast, 'till Christ we know,  
 Is Vanity and Toil.
2. But where the Lord has planted Grace,  
 And made his Glories known;  
 There Fruits of Heav'nly Joy and Peace  
 Are found, and there alone.
3. A bleeding Saviour, seen by Faith,  
 A Sense of Pard'ning Love,  
 A Hope that triumphs over Death,  
 Give Joys like those above.
4. To take a Glimpse within the Vail,  
 To Know that God is mine;  
 Are Springs of Joy that never fail,  
 Unspeakable Divine.
5. These are the Joys that satisfy,  
 And sanctify the Mind;  
 Which make the Spirit mount on High,  
 And Leave the World behind.
6. No more Believers, mourn your Lot,  
 But if you are the Lord's,

Resign to them that know him not,  
Such Joys as Earth affords.

## H Y M N CXLIV.

*The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*

1. **J** OY to the World ; the Lord is come ;  
Let Earth receive her King ;  
Let ev'ry Heart prepare him Room,  
And Heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns,  
Let Men their Songs employ :  
While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and Plains  
Repeat the sounding Joy.
3. No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,  
Nor Thorns infest the Ground ;  
He comes to make his Blessings flow  
Far as the Curse is found.
4. He rules the World with Truth and Grace,  
And makes the Nations prove  
The Glories of his Right'ousness,  
And Wonders of his Love.

## H Y M N CXLV.

*My Grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Corin. 12. v. 9.*

1. **K** IND are the Words that Jesus speaks,  
To cheer the drooping Saint ;  
“My Grace sufficient is for you,  
“Tho' Nature's pow'rs may faint.”
2. My Grace its Glories shall display,  
And make your Grievs remove ;

“Your



“Your Weakness shall the Triumph tell  
Of boundless Pow’r and Love.”

3. What though my Griefs are not remov’d,  
Yet why should I despair?  
While my kind Saviour’s Arms Support  
I can the Burden bear.
4. Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord!  
’Tis good to trust thy Name:  
Thy Pow’r, thy Faithfulness and Love  
Will ever be the same.
5. Weak as I am, yet thro’ thy Grace  
I all Things can perform;  
And smiling Triumph in thy Name,  
Amid’st the raging Storm.

## H Y M N CXLVI.

*Praying for Relations.*

1. **K**IND Souls, who for the Mis’ries moan  
Of those who seldom mind their own;  
But treat your Zeal with cold disdain,  
Resolv’d to make his Labours vain.
2. You whose sincere Affection tends,  
To help your dear, ungrateful Friends,  
Who think you Foes, or Mad, or Fools,  
Because you fain would save their Souls.
3. Though deaf to ev’ry Warning giv’n,  
They scorn to walk with you to Heav’n;  
But often think, and sometimes say,  
They’ll never go if that’s the Way.
4. Though they the Spir’t of God resist,  
Or ridicule your Faith in Christ;  
Tho’ they blaspheme, oppose, condemn;  
And hate you for your Love to them.

5. One secret Way is left you still,  
To do them Good against their Will:  
Here they can no Obstruction give;  
You may do this without their Leave,
6. Fly to the Throne of Grace by Pray'r,  
And pour out all your Wishes there:  
Effectual fervent Pray'r prevails,  
When ev'ry other Method fails,

## H Y M N CXLVII.

*On Mortality.*

1. **K**IND Souls reflect a while with me,  
Upon our wretched State,  
How frail our Life, how short our Time,  
Our Miseries, how great.
2. How short the Pleasures Earth affords,  
How transient, and how few,  
Compar'd with Heav'n's eternal Joys,  
And Pleasures ever new.
3. Come let us leave the Things of Earth,  
(Whose Pleasures Poisons are,)  
And haste away to Canaans Land,  
And try our Int'rest there.
4. Make the extended Skies your Tomb,  
Let Heav'n record your Worth,  
For know: Vain Mortals all must die,  
As Natures sickliest Birth.
5. Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,  
A nobler Choice I frame,  
Then here to be esteemed great,  
Or gain an earthly Name.

6. But

6. But in thy Book of Life Divine,  
 My God ! inscribe my Name ;  
 There let it fill some humble Place,  
 Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb.
7. My God ! this Witness let me have,  
 Till I resign my Breath,  
 And chearfully my Soul shall wait  
 " Till it is free'd from Death."

## H Y M N CXLVIII.

1. **K**NOW, ye that are of Adam's Race,  
 That God hath call'd you by his Grace ;  
 And has proclaim'd his Gospel loud,  
 For to give Warning to the Proud.
2. Ye youthful Virgins stop, and pause,  
 And think upon your Sav'ours Laws ;  
 Let not your Life which God has lent,  
 Alone in Vanity be spent.
3. Awake to Thought ! ye tender Souls,  
 And think, alas ! we are but Fools,  
 To spend our Time, which ends in Strife,  
 And lose this glorious Scene of Life.
4. Your Life to God must be resign'd ;  
 Your Mind in Jesus be confin'd ;  
 For Word and Action must agree,  
 If Jesus Christ shall set you free.
5. That Servant Form you must put on,  
 And think that Christ's before me gone,  
 He is the Way, the Truth and Life,  
 Therefore forsake this World of Strife.

## H Y M N CXLIX.

*A Welcome to Christian Friends.*

1. **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
 A hearty Welcome here receive ; May

May we together now partake  
The Joys which only he can give !

2. To you and us by Grace 'tis giv'n,  
To know the Saviour's precious Name ;  
And shortly we shall meet in Heav'n,  
Our Hope, our Way, our End, the same.
3. May he, by whose kind Care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our Communications sweet,  
And cause our Hearts to burn with Love !
4. Forgotten be each worldly Theme,  
When Christians see each other thus ;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
Who liv'd and dy'd and rose for us.
5. We'll talk of all he did and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;  
The Path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.
6. Thus, as the Moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder and adore ;  
Lord, hasten on the glorious Day,  
When we shall meet to part no more !

## H Y M N CL.

*Blessings of the Gospel.*

1. **L**ET ev'ry Mortal Ear attend,  
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,  
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds,  
With an inviting Voice.
2. Come all ye hungry starving Souls,  
That feed upon the Wind,  
And vainly strive, with earthly Toys,  
To fill an empty Mind.
3. Eter-

3. Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd  
A Soul-reviving Feast;  
And bids your longing Appetites  
The rich Provision taste.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging Thirst  
With Springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of Love and Mercy here  
In a rich Ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like Floods of Milk and Wine.
6. Dear God! the Treasures of thy Love  
Are everlasting Mines;  
Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our Sins.
7. The happy Gates of Gospel Grace  
Stand open Night and Day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our Wants away.

## H Y M N C L I.

*Our own Weakness, and CHRIST our Strength, 2 Cor.  
xii. 7, 8, 9, 10.*

1. **L** E T me but hear my Saviour say,  
Strength shall be equal to the Day;  
Then I rejoice in deep Distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.
2. I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own Pow'r may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then I am strong,  
Grace is my Shield, and Christ my Song.
3. I can do all Things, or can bear  
All Suff'rings, if my Lord be there;



Sweet Pleasures mingle with the Pains,  
While his Left Hand my Head sustains.

4. But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the Work alone;  
When new Temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our Weakness is.
5. So Sampson, when his Hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his Cost;  
Shook his vain Limbs with sad Surprise,  
Made feeble Fight, and lost his Eyes.

## H Y M N CLII.

*Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver,*

1. **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor Death nor Danger fear;  
But we'll confess, O Lord to thee,  
What feeble Things we are.
2. Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay:  
A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land,  
And fades the Grass away.
3. Our Life contains a thousand Springs.  
And dies if one be gone;  
Strange! that a Harp of thousand Strings  
Should keep in Tune so long!
4. But 'tis our God supports our Frame,  
The God that built us first;  
Salvation to th' Almighty Name,  
That rear'd us from the Dust.
- [5. He spoke, and strait our Hearts and Brains,  
In all their Motions rose,  
Let Blood, said he, flow round the Veins,  
And round the Veins it flows.
6. While

6. While we have Breath, or use our Tonges,  
Our Maker we'll adore;  
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.]

H Y M N CLIII.

*Christian Love.*

1. **L**ET Party Names no more  
The Christian World o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free  
Are one in Christ their Head.
2. Among the Saints on Earth,  
Let mutual Love be found;  
Heirs of the same Inheritance,  
With mutual Blessings crown'd.
3. Let Envy and ill-Will  
Be banish'd far away;  
Those should in strictest Friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
4. Thus will the Church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where Streams of pleasure ever flow.  
And ev'ry Heart is Love.

H Y M N CLIV.

*Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2-7-12.*

- L**ET Pharisees of high Esteem  
Their Faith and Zeal declare,  
All their Religion is a Dream,  
If Love be wanting there.
2. Love suffers long with patient Eye,  
Nor is provok'd in Haste,

She

She lets the present Inj'ry die,  
And long forgets the Past.

[3. Malice and Rage, those Fire's of Hell,  
She quenches with her Tongue ;  
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,  
Though she endures the Wrong.]

[4. She ne'er desires, nor seeks to know  
The Scandals of the Time ;  
Nor looks with Pride on those below,  
Nor envies those that climb.]

5. She lays her own advantage by  
To seek her Neighbour's Good ;  
So God's own Son came down to die,  
And bought our Lives with Blood.

6. Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r,  
In all the Realms above ;  
There Faith and Hope are known no more,  
But Saints for ever love.

## H Y M N CLV.

*Striving to praise Christ.*

1. **L**ET us, the Sheep by Jesus Nam'd  
Our Shepherd's Mercy bless ;  
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,  
Shew forth our Thankfulness.

2. Not unto us, to thee alone,  
Be Praise and Glory giv'n ;  
Here shall thy Praises be begun,  
But carry'd on in Heav'n.

3. The Hosts of Spirits now with thee,  
Eternal Anthems sing ;  
To imitate them here, lo ! we  
Our Hallelujahs bring.

4. Had

4. Had we our Tongues like them inspir'd,  
Like theirs our Songs should rise ;  
Like them we never should be tir'd,  
But love the Sacrifice.
5. Till we this veil of Flesh lay down,  
Accept our weaker Lays ;  
And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,  
We'll join in nobler Praise.

## H Y M N CLVI.

*Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

1. **L** E T Zion and her Sons rejoice,  
Behold the promis'd Hour ;  
Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,  
And comes t'exalt his Pow'r.
2. Her Dust and Ruins that remain,  
Are precious in our Eyes ;  
Those Ruins shall be built again,  
And all that Dust shall rise.
3. The L O R D will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in Glory there ;  
Nations shall bow before his Name,  
And Kings attend with Fear.
4. He sits a Sov'reign on his Throne,  
With Pity in his Eyes :  
He hears the dying Pris'ners groan,  
And sees their Sighs arise.
5. He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,  
And when his Saints complain,  
It shan't be said, " That praying Breath  
" Was ever spent in vain."

6. This

6. This shall be known when we are dead,  
 And left on long Record,  
 That Ages yet unborn may read,  
 And trust, and praise the L O R D.

## H Y M N CLVII.

### *Judgment.*

1. **L**O! he cometh, countless Trumpets  
 Blow before the bloody Sign;  
 Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,  
 See the Crucified Shine.  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!
2. Now his Merit, by the Harpers,  
 Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds;  
 Now resplendent shine his Nail-Prints,  
 Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds;  
 They who pierc'd him, they who  
 pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,  
 Shall at his Appearance wail.
3. Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain,  
 Heav'n and Earth shall flee away;  
 All who hate him, must, ashamed,  
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day:  
 Come to Judgment, come to Judgment,  
 Stand before the Son of Man.
4. Saints who love him, view his Glory  
 Shining in his bruised Face,  
 His dear Person on the Rainbow;  
 Now his Peoples Head shall raise:  
 Happy Mourners, happy Mourners,  
 happy Mourners,  
 Lo! in Clouds he comes, he comes!
5. Now Redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn Pomp appear;

All



All his People once rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the Air:  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

6. View him smiling, now determin'd  
 Ev'ry Evil to destroy;  
 All the Nations now shall sing him  
 Songs of everlasting Joy:  
 O come quickly, O come quickly,  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah! come! Lord come.

### H Y M N CLVIII.

*A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.*

1. **L**O, what a glorious Sight appears  
 To our believing Eyes!  
 The Earth and Seas are pass'd away,  
 And the old rolling Skies.
2. From the third Heav'n, where God resides,  
 That holy, happy Place,  
 The new Jerusalem comes down,  
 Adorn'd with shining Grace.
3. Attending Angels shout for Joy,  
 And the bright Armies sing,  
 "Mortals behold the sacred Seat  
 "Of your descending King!
4. "The God of Glory down to Men  
 "Removes his bless'd abode;  
 "Men, the dear Objects of his Grace,  
 "And he the loving God.
5. "His own soft Hand shall wipe the Tears  
 "From ev'ry Weeping Eye;  
 "And Pains, and Groans, and Grievs, and Fears,  
 "And Death itself shall die."

6. How

6. How long, dear Saviour, O how long!  
Shall this bright Hour delay?  
Fly swiftly round, ye Wheels of Time,  
And bring the welcome Day.

H Y M N CLIX.

1. **L**O, what an entertaining Sight  
Are Brethren that agree,  
Brethren, whose chearful Hearts unite  
In Bands of Piety!
2. When Streams of Love, from Christ the Spring,  
Descend to ev'ry Soul;  
And heav'nly Peace with balmy Wing  
Shades and bedews the whole.
3. 'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet  
On Aaron's rev'rend Head,  
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,  
And o'er his Garments spread.
4. 'Tis pleasant as the Morning Dews,  
That fall on Zion's Hill,  
Where God his mildest Glory shews,  
And makes his Grace distill.

H Y M N CLX.

1. **L**ORD Christ reveal thy holy Face,  
And send the Spirit of thy Grace  
To fill our Hearts with fervent Zeal,  
To learn thy Truth, and do thy Will.
2. Lord lead us in thy holy Ways,  
And teach our Lips to tell thy Praise;  
Increase our Faith, and raise the same  
To Taste the sweetness of thy Name.
3. Till we with Angels join to sing  
Eternal Praise to thee, our King; Till

Till we behold thy Face most bright  
In Joy and everlasting Light.

4. To God the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be Honour, Praise and Glory giv'n  
Ay all on Earth and all in Heav'n.

## H Y M N CLXI.

*Dismission.*

1. **L** O R D, dismiss us with thy Blessing;  
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace;  
Let us each, thy Love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming Grace:  
O refresh us, &c.  
Trav'ling thro' this Wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and Adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful Sound;  
May the Fruits of thy Salvation  
In our Hearts and Lives abound!  
Ever faithful, &c.  
To the Truth may we be found!
3. So whene'er the Signal's given  
Us from Earth to call away,  
Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,  
Glad the Summons to obey  
May we ever, &c.  
Reign with CHRIST in endless Day!

## H Y M N CLXII.

*Original and actual Sin confessed.*

1. **L** O R D, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;

Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall  
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant Breath,  
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death :  
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.
3. [Great God, create my Heart anew,  
And form my Spirit pure and true ;  
O make me wise betimes, to spy  
My Danger and my Remedy.]
4. Behold I fall before thy Face ;  
My only Refuge is thy Grace ;  
No outward Forms can make me clean,  
The Leprosy lies deep within.
5. No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,  
Nor Hyssop Branch, nor sprinkling Priest,  
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,  
Can wash the dismal Stain away.
6. JESUS, my God, thy Blood alone  
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;  
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow,  
No Jewish Types could cleanse me so.
7. While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,  
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest nor Ease ;  
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,  
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

### H Y M N CLXIII.

1. **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love,  
When Men of Spite against me join,  
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2. Their

2. Their Hope and Portion lie below,  
'Tis all the Happiness they know,  
'Tis all they seek; they take their Shares,  
And leave the rest among their Heirs.
3. What Sinners value, I resign;  
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
I shall behold thy blissful Face,  
And stand compleat in Right'ousness.
4. This Life's a Dream, an empty Show:  
But the bright World to which I go,  
'Hath Joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?
5. O glorious Hour! O blest Abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God!  
And Flesh and Sin no more controul  
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.
6. My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,  
'Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound;  
Then burst the Chains with sweet Surprise  
And in my SAVIOUR's Image rise.

## H Y M N CLXIV.

### *The Mysteries of Providence.*

1. **L**ORD, how Myste'ious are thy Ways!  
How blind are we, how mean our Praise!  
Thy Steps can Mortal Eyes explore?  
'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.
2. Thy deep Decrees from Creature Sight,  
Are hid in Shades of awful Night;  
Amid the Lines, with curious Eye,  
Not Angel Minds presume to pry.



3. Great G o d, I would not ask to see,  
What in Futurity shall be ;  
If Light and Bliss attend my Days,  
Then let my future Hours be Praise.
4. Is Darknefs and Distrefs my Share ?  
Then let me trust thy guardian Care ;  
Enough for me, if Love Divine  
At length through ev'ry Cloud shall shine.
5. Yet this my Soul desires to know,  
Be this my only Wish below ;  
"That Christ is mine!—this great Request  
Grant, bounteous God—and I am blest.

## H Y M N CLXV.

*Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.*

1. **L**ORD, how secure my Conscience was,  
And felt no inward Dread !  
I was alive without the Law,  
And thought my Sins were dead.
2. My Hope of Heav'n were firm and bright,  
But since the Precept came  
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,  
I find how vile I am,
- [3. My Guilt appear'd but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect., holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal Law.
4. Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,  
My Sins reviv'd again,  
I had provok'd a dreadful God,  
And all my Hopes were slain.]
5. I'm like a helpless Captive sold,  
Under the Pow'r of Sin ;

I cannot

I cannot do the Good I would,  
Nor keep my Conscience clean.

6. My God, I cry with ev'ry Breath  
For some kind Pow'r to save,  
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,  
And thus redeem the Slave.

H Y M N CLXVI.

1. **L**ORD; I believe a Rest remains  
To all thy People known,  
A Rest where pure Enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art lov'd alone.
2. A Rest where all our Souls Desire  
Is fixt on Things above;  
Where Fear and Sin, and Grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect Love.
3. Oh that I now the Rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now Saviour, now the Pow'r bestow,  
And let me cease from Sin!
4. Remove this Hardness from my Heart,  
This Unbelief remove:  
To me the Rest of Faith impart,  
The Sabbath of thy Love.
5. I would be thine; thou know'st I would,  
And have thee all my own:  
Thee, Oh! my All-Sufficient Good,  
I want, and thee alone.
6. Thy Name to me, thy Nature grant!  
This, only this, be giv'n:  
Nothing beside my God I want,  
Nothing in Earth or Heav'n.

7. Come, Oh my Saviour, come away,  
Into my Soul descend!  
No longer from thy Creature stay,  
My Author and my End!
8. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me thine Abode!  
Let all I am in thee be lost,  
Let all be lost in God.

## H Y M N CLXVII.

*For the Lord's Day Morning.*

1. **L** O R D in the Morning thou shalt hear  
My Voice ascending High;  
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine Eye.
2. Up to the Hills where CHRIST is gone  
To plead for all his Saints,  
Presenting at his Father's Throne  
Our Songs and our Complaints.
3. Thou art a G O D before whose Sight  
The Wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,  
Nor dwell at thy Right Hand.
4. But to thy House will I resort,  
To taste thy Mercies there;  
I will frequent thine Holy Court,  
And Worship in thy Fear.
5. O may thy Spirit guide my Feet  
In Ways of Right'ousness!  
Make ev'ry Path of Duty straight,  
And plain before my Face.

## H Y M N CLXVIII.

*Longing for the House of God.*

1. **L** O R D of the Worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The Dwellings of thy Love,  
Thy earthly Temples are!  
To thine Abode  
My Heart aspires,  
With warm Desires  
To see my G O D.
2. The Sparrow for her Young,  
With Pleasure seeks a Nest;  
And wand'ring Swallows long  
To find their wonted Rest:  
My Spirits faints  
With equal Zeal,  
To rise and dwell  
Among thy Saints.
3. O happy Souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy Men that pay  
Their constant Service there!  
They praise thee still;  
And happy they  
That love the Way  
To Zion's Hill!
4. They go from Strength to Strength,  
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in Heav'n appears:  
O glorious Seat,  
When G O D our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing Feet!

## H Y M N CLXIX.

1. **L** O R D, thou hast planted me a Vine  
In fertile Soil and Air :  
Now tend and water me as thine,  
And make me still thy Care.
2. My Christ I'm wholly thine, direct  
My Goings, for I'm dark ;  
O may my constant Aims be right !  
Thine Honour be my Mark !
3. Shall Simon bear thy Cross alone,  
And other Saints be free ?  
Each Saint of thine shall find his Own,  
And there is One for me.
4. Whene'er it falls unto my Lot,  
Let it not frighten me ;  
Nor drive me from my gracious G O D,  
But bring me home to thee.
5. O happy Christians, be not loth  
To have a coarser Fare ;  
Saints that have had no Table-Cloth  
Had Christ at Dinner there.
6. To do or suffer I am pleas'd,  
So long as Christ stands by ;  
Support me with thy constant Aid,  
Lest all thy Graces die.
7. Thy Way is to the Upright Strength ;  
Lord, make it so to me,  
That never tiring with the Length,  
My Soul may reach to thee.



## H Y M N CLXX.

*An Evening Psalm.*

1. **L** O R D, thou wilt hear me when I pray,  
 I am for ever thine;  
 I fear before thee all the Day,  
 Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my weary Head,  
 From Cares and Business free,  
 'Tis sweet Conversing on my Bed  
 With my own Heart and Thee.
3. I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice,  
 And when my Work is done,  
 Great G O D ! my Faith and Hope relies  
 Upon thy Grace alone.
4. Thus, with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,  
 I'll give mine Eyes to Sleep;  
 Thy Hand in safety keeps my Days,  
 And Will my Slumbers keep.

## H Y M N CLXXI.

*The Presence of G O D worth dying for.*

1. **L** O R D, 'tis an infinite Delight  
 To see thy lovely Face,  
 To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight,  
 And feel thy vital Rays.
2. This Gabriel knows; and sings thy Name  
 With Raptures on his Tongue;  
 Moses the Saint 'enjoys the same,  
 And Heav'n repeats the Song.
3. While the bright Nation sounds thy Praise  
 From each eternal Hill,  
 Sweet Odours of exhaling Grace  
 The happy Region fill.

4. Thy Love; a Sea without a Shore,  
Spreads Life and Joy abroad;  
O 'tis a Heav'n worth dying for  
To see a smiling G o d.
5. Shew me thy Face, and I'll away  
From all inferior Things;  
Speak, L O R D, and here i quit my Clay,  
And stretch my airy Wings.
6. Sweet was the Journey to the Sky  
The wond'rous Prophet try'd;  
"Climb up the Mount (says God) and die;"  
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.
7. Softly his fainting Head he lay  
Upon his Maker's Breast;  
His Maker kiss'd his Soul away,  
And laid his Flesh to rest.
8. In God's own Arms he left the Breath  
That God's own Spirit gave;  
His was the noblest Road to Death,  
And his the sweetest Grave.

## H Y M N CLXXII.

*The Frailty and Shortness of Life.*

1. **L** O R D, what a feeble Piece  
Is this our Mortal Frame?  
Our Life, how poor a Trifle 'tis,  
That scarce deserves the Name!
2. Alas, the brittle Clay  
That built our Body first!  
And ev'ry Month and ev'ry Day,  
Tis mouldering back to Dust.
3. Our Moments fly apace,  
Nor will our Minutes stay:

Just

Just like a Flood our hasty Days  
Are sweeping us away.

4. Well, if our Days must fly,  
We'll keep their End in Sight,  
We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,  
And let them speed their Flight.
5. They'll waft us sooner o'er  
This Life's tempestuous Sea:  
Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore  
Of blest Eternity.

### H Y M N CLXXIII.

*The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.*

1. **L**ORD, what a thoughtless Wretch was I,  
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
To see the Wicked plac'd on high,  
In Pride and Robes of Honour shine!
2. But, O their End, their dreadful End!  
Thy Sanctuary taught me so -  
On slipp'ry Rocks I see the  
And fiery Billows roll
3. Now let them boast  
I'll never envy  
There they may  
Till they pl'
4. Their fanc  
Just  
T'

## H Y M N CLXXIV.

1. **L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy Feet we humbly bow:  
Oh! do not our Suit disdain,  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
  2. Lord, on thee our Souls depend,  
In Compassion now descend:  
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,  
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.
  3. In thine own appointed Way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay;  
Lord we know not how to go  
'Till a Blessing thou bestow.
  4. Send some Message from thy Word,  
That may Joy and Peace afford;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full Salvation to each Heart.
  5. Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the Time of Joy return;  
Those who are cast down, lift up,  
Strong in Faith and Hope!
- seek and find  
and kind;  
ptive free,  
ee!

Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways,  
Of Folly, Sin and Shame,]

- [3. 'Tis not by Works of Right'ousness,  
Which our own Hands have done ;  
But we are fav'd by Sov'reign Grace ;  
Abounding through his Son.]
4. 'Tis from the Mercy of our God  
That all our Hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the Water and the Blood  
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin.
5. 'Tis through the Purchase of his Death,  
Who hung upon the Tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry Bones as we.
6. Rais'd from the Dead we live anew ;  
And justify'd by Grace,  
We shall appear in Glory too,  
And see our Father's Face.

## H Y M N CLXXVI.

*Blessed be ye Poor, Luke vi. 20.*

1. **L** O R D, when I hear thy Children talk,  
(And I believe 'tis often true)  
How with Delight thy Ways they walk,  
And gladly thy Commandments do.
2. In my own Breast I look, and read  
Accounts so very diff'rent there,  
That had I not thy Blood to plead,  
Each Sight would sink me to Despair.
3. Needy, and naked, and unclean,  
Empty of Good, and full of Ill,  
A lifeless Lump of loathsome Sin,  
Without the Pow'r to act or will.

4. I feel



4. I feel my fainting Spirits droop ;  
My wretched Leanness I deplore,  
'Till gladden'd with a Gleam of Hope  
From this, "The Lord has blest'd the Poor."
5. Then while I make my sacred Moan,  
Upwards I cast my Eyes and see,  
Though I have nothing of my own,  
My Treasure is immense in thee.
6. Still may I keep thy Love in View,  
Lean there ; nor envy those that run ;  
Still trust to—not what I can do,  
But what thyself hast for me done.
7. My Treasure is thy precious Blood ;  
Fix there my Heart : And for the rest,  
Under thy forming Hands, my God,  
Give me that Frame which thou lik'st best.

## H Y M N CLXXVII.

1. **L**O ! he comes with Clouds descending ;  
Once for guilty Sinners slain !  
Thousand Thousand Saints attending,  
Swell the Triumph of his Train :  
Hallelujah !  
Alleluiah ! Amen.
2. Ev'ry Eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty ;  
Those who set at Nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true MESSIAH see.
3. Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain,  
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away ;

All

All who hate him must confounded  
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day;  
 Come to Judgment!  
 Come to Judgment! come away!

4. Now Redemption long expected,  
 See in solemn Pomp appear!  
 All his Saints by Man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the Air!  
 Hallelujah!  
 See the Day of God appear!
5. Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;  
 Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral Doom!  
 The new Heav'n and Earth t' inherit,  
 Take thy pining Exiles Home:  
 All Creation  
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!
6. Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal Throne!  
 Saviour, take the pow'r and Glory:  
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own!  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

## H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

*Mercy comes to the Miserable.*

1. **M**ERCY is welcome News indeed,  
 To those that guilty stand:  
 Wretches that feel what Help they need,  
 Will bless the helping Hand.
2. Who rightly would his Alms dispose,  
 Must give them to the Poor;

None

None but the wounded Patient knows  
That Comfort of his Cure.

3. We all have sinn'd against our GOD;  
Exception none can boast:  
But he that feels the heaviest Load,  
Will prize Forgiveness most.
4. No Reck'ning can we rightly keep;  
For who the Sums can know?  
Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep;  
And some five Hundred owe.
5. But let our Debts be what they may,  
However great or small;  
As soon as we have nought to pay,  
Our L O R D forgives us all.
6. 'Tis perfect Poverty alone,  
That sets the Soul at large;  
While we can call one Mite our own,  
We have no full Discharge.

## H Y M N CLXXIX.

1. **M**ESSIAH, full of Grace  
Redeem'd by thee we plead  
The Promise made to Abra'ms Race  
To Souls for Ages dead.
2. Their Bones are quite dry'd up  
Throughout the Vale appear;  
Cut off and lost their last faint Hope  
To see thy Kingdom here.
3. Open their Graves, and bring  
The Outcasts forth to own  
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,  
Their true anointed One.

4. To save the Race forlorn  
Thy glorious Arm display :  
And shew the World a Nation born,  
A Nation in a Day!

H Y M N CLXXX.

*A living and a dead Faith, collected from several  
Scriptures.*

1. **M**istaken Souls! that dream of Heav'n,  
And make their empty boast,  
Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n,  
While they are Slaves to Lust.
2. Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,  
If Faith be cold and dead,  
None but a living Pow'r unites  
To Christ the living Head.
3. 'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart;  
'Tis Faith that works by Love;  
That bids all sinful Joys depart,  
And lifts the Thoughts above.
4. 'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell  
By a celestial Pow'r;  
This is the Grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive Hour.
- [5. Faith must obey her Father's Will  
As well as trust his Grace,  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own Holiness.
6. When from the Curse he sets us free,  
He makes our Natures clean,  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The Minister of Sin.
7. His Spirit purifies our Frame,  
And seals our Peace with God ;

Jefus and his Salvation came  
By Water and by Blood.]

## H Y M N CLXXXI.

1. **M**OURNING, and drooping, here I lie  
Upon this earthly Clod,  
While heav'nly Things invite my Eye,  
And bring me to my God.
2. Transported with a glorious View  
Of God's eternal Love,  
Unto this World I bid adieu,  
And long to be above.
3. There all the Saints in Harmony  
Do stand for evermore,  
And to a vast Eternity,  
Their glorious Lord adore.
4. Hark! Hark! Methinks I hear the Sound;  
Methinks the Angels sing;  
The glorious Melody goes round,  
Which makes the Heav'ns to ring.
5. The Saints above do sing a Song  
(In a melodious Strain)  
Which doth to God alone belong,  
And to the Lamb once slain.
6. Wonder and Love, and Joy, and Praise,  
Fill all their happy Souls,  
While the vast Flood of sov'reign Grace  
Through all the Region rolls.
7. The Saints all cloth'd in white array,  
Their Saviour's Praise declare;  
Through the bright Realms of endless Day,  
There's not one Mourner there.
8. But oh, the Glory of the Place,  
No Mortal Tongue can tell!                      Where



Where they behold their Saviour's Face,  
And in his Prefence dwell.

9. Oh, how they each perform their Parts,  
Thro' all the happy Train!  
This glorious Song inspires their Hearts,  
Worthy the Lamb, once slain!

10. Amen, they cry, Amen, Amen,  
Thy Ways oh God are true;  
Blessing, and Glory, Wisdom, and  
Thanksgiving is thy Due.

11. Honour and Pow'r, and endless Might,  
Be giv'n to thee, oh Lord!  
In this sweet Song they all unite,  
And sing with one Accord.

12. Oh, how the bending Seraphs join  
To praise the God above!  
While all the Saints, in Notes Divine,  
Do sing redeeming Love.

13. Worthy, oh Lord, worthy art thou;  
To wear the glorious Crown;  
So all the Saints in Glory bow,  
And cast their Di'dems down.

14. The Song eternally goes round,  
To him that made the Sky,  
I'm lost, I'm lost, to view the Bound  
Of vast Eternity.

15. When there have past more Million Years  
Than Sands upon the Shore;  
The Saints above will have no Fears  
That the blest Space is o'er,

16. If all the Drops in Oceans wide  
Were to be number'd o'er,

And then by Millions multiply'd,  
And twice as many more.

17. And then as many Years should pass  
As Water Drops in all;  
Or Grains of Sand, or Spires of Grass,  
Upon this earthly Ball.

18. Then adds as many Millions more  
As Stars that fill the Sky;  
Then all that Number doubled o'er  
Can't meet Eternity.

19. Eternity will still remain;  
'Twill be Eternity;  
The Song of God the THREE IN ONE  
Will last eternally.

20. Who can describe the Blessedness  
Of Pleasure ever new?

I long the Glory to possess,  
And bid all Sin adieu.

21. Farewell my Friends, I long to go:  
Adieu Death, Sorrow, Pain,  
Adieu to Fears, Adieu to Woe;  
And welcome endless Gain.

22. Oh, how my Soul doth long to quit  
This Earth, and soar away!  
Oh Jesus, if it is most fit,  
Let not thy Chariot stay.

23. Come take my longing Spirit up,  
To dwell with thee above;  
I long with thee, my Lord, to sup,  
On everlasting Love.

24. The Time seems long till thou dost bring  
My Soul unto that Place,  
Where I thy Praise shall ever sing,  
And rest in thine Embrace.

## H Y M N CLXXXII.

*Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

1. **M**Y drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so,  
Awake my sluggish Soul!  
Nothing has half thy Work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
2. The little Ants for one poor Grain,  
Labour, and tug and strive,  
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t'obtain,  
How negligent we live?
3. We, for whose sake all Nature stands,  
And Stars their Courses move;  
We, for whose Guard the Angel Bands  
Come flying from above.
4. We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our Good,  
How carelets to secure that Crown,  
He purchas'd with his Blood!
5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our Parts!  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,  
And sit and warm our Hearts.
6. Then shall our active Spirits move,  
Upwards our Souls shall rise:  
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,  
We'll fly and take the Prize.

## H Y M N CLXXXIII.

*Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.*

1. **M**Y God, accept my early Vows,  
Like Morning Incense in thine House;

And let my nightly Worship rise,  
Sweet as the Ev'ning Sacrifice.

2. Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, LORD,  
From ev'ry rash and heedless Word;  
Nor let my Feet incline to tread  
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.
3. O may the Right'ous, when I stray,  
Smite and reprove my wand'ring Way!  
Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my Head.
4. When I behold them prest with Grief,  
I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;  
And by my warm Petitions prove,  
How much I prize their faithful Love.

## H Y M N CLXXXIV.

1. **M**Y God I am thine;  
'Tis Comfort Divine,  
To know that the Sav'our of Sinners is mine,
2. In the heav'nly Lamb  
Thrice happy I am;  
My Heart doth rejoice at the Sound of his Name.
3. True Pleasures abound  
In the rapt'rous Sound,  
Whoever hath found it, hath Paradise found.
4. My Jesus to know,  
And feel his Blood flow,  
'Tis Life everlasting, 'tis Heaven below.
5. Yet onward I haste  
To the heav'nly Feast:  
That, that is the Fulness; but this is the Taste.

6. And

6. And this I shall prove,  
 'Till glad I remove  
 To the Heaven of Heavens in Jesus's Love.

## H Y M N CLXXXV.

*Human Weakness owned.*

1. **M**Y Lord, how great's the Favour!  
 That I a Sinner Poor,  
 Can thro' thy Blood's sweet Savour  
 Approach thy Mercy's Door:  
 And find an open Passage  
 Unto the Throne of Grace;  
 There wait the welcome Message,  
 That bids me go in Peace.

2. Lord, I'm an helpless Creature,  
 Full of the deepest Need;  
 Throughout defil'd by Nature  
 Stupid, and inly dead:  
 My Strength is perfect Weakness,  
 And all I have is Sin;  
 My Heart is all Uncleaness,  
 A Den of Thieves within.

3. In this forlorn Condition,  
 Who shall afford me Aid?  
 Where shall I find Compassion  
 But in the Church's Head?  
 Jesus thou art all Pity,  
 O take me to thine Arms,  
 And exercise thy Mercy,  
 To save me from all Harms.

4. I'll never cease repeating  
 My numberless Complaints;  
 But ever be intreating  
 The glorious King of Saints,



'Till I attain the Image  
 Of him I inly love;  
 And pay my grateful Homage  
 With all the Saints above.

5. Then I, with all in Glory,  
 Will thankfully relate  
 Th' amazing, pleasing Story  
 Of Jesu's Love so great;  
 In this blest Contemplation  
 I ever shall be well;  
 And prove such Consolation,  
 As none below can tell.

## H Y M N CLXXXVI.

*A Thought of Death and Glory.*

1. **M**Y Soul come meditate the Day,  
 And think how near it stands,  
 When thou must quit this House of Clay,  
 And fly to unknown Lands.
- [2. And you mine Eyes, look down and view  
 The hollow gaping Tomb:  
 This gloomy Prison waits for you,  
 Whene'er the Summons come.]
3. Oh! could we die with those that die,  
 And place us in their stead;  
 Then would your Spirits learn to fly,  
 And converse with the Dead.
4. Then should we see the Saints above  
 In their own glorious Forms,  
 And wonder why our Souls should love  
 To dwell with mortal Worms.
5. How we should scorn these Cloathes of Flesh,  
 These Fetters, and this Load;

And

And long for Ev'ning to undress,  
That we may rest with God.

6. We should almost forsake our Clay  
Before the Summons come,  
And pray, and wish our Souls away  
To their eternal Home.

## H Y M N CLXXXVII.

*A Song of Praise for the Holy Ghost.*

1. **M**Y Soul doth magnify the Lord,  
My Spirit doth rejoice  
In God my Saviour, and my God;  
I hear his joyful Voice.
2. I need not go abroad for Joys,  
I have a Feast at Home;  
My Sighs are turned into Songs,  
The Comforter is come.
3. Down from above the blessed Dove,  
Is come into my Breast,  
To witness God's eternal Love;  
This is my heav'nly Feast.
4. This makes me Abba Father cry,  
With Confidence of Soul;  
This makes me cry, my Lord, my God,  
And that without Controul.
5. There is a Stream that issues forth  
From God's eternal Throne,  
And from the Lamb, a living Stream;  
Clear as the Crystal Stone.
6. The Stream doth water Paradise,  
It makes the Angels sing;  
One Cordial Drop revives my Heart,  
Hence all my Joys do spring.

7. Such Joys as are unspeakable,  
And full of Glory too;  
Such hidden Manna, hidden Pearls,  
As Worldlings do not know.
8. Eye has not seen, nor Ear hath heard,  
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd  
What thou Lord hast laid up for thine,  
And hast to me reveal'd.
9. I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,  
I taste thy sweetest Love :  
My Soul doth leap, but Oh, for Wings;  
The Wings of Noah's Dove.
10. Then would I fly far hence away,  
Leaving this World of Sin;  
Then would my Lord put forth his Hand,  
And kindly take me in.
11. Then would my Soul with Angels Feast,  
On Joys which always last ;  
Blest be my God, the God of Joy,  
Who gives me here a Taste.

## H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

*Submission to Afflictive Providences.*

1. **N**AKED as from the Earth we came,  
And crept to Life at first,  
We to the Earth return again,  
And mingle with our Dust.
2. The dear Delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short Favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.

3. 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the Grave:  
He gives, (and blessed be his Name!)  
He takes but what he gave.
4. Peace, all our angry Passions then!  
Let each rebellious Sigh  
Be silent at his Sov'reign Will,  
And ev'ry Murmur die.
5. If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,  
Its Praises shall be spread,  
And we'll adore the Justice too  
That strikes our Comforts dead.

## H Y M N CLXXXIX.

*Heaven Invisible and Holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev.  
xxi, 27.*

1. **N** O R Eye has seen, nor Ear has heard,  
Nor Sense nor Reason known,  
What Joys the Father has prepar'd  
For those that love the Son.
2. But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a Heav'n to come:  
The Beams of Glory in his Word  
Allure and guide us home.
3. Pure are the Joys above the Sky,  
And all the Region Peace;  
No wanton Lips, nor envious Eye,  
Can see or taste the Bliss.
4. Those holy Gates for ever bar  
Pollution, Sin, and Shame;  
None shall obtain Admittance there,  
But Foll'wers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's Book of Life,  
 There all their Names are found;  
 The Hypocrite in vain shall strive  
 To tread the heav'nly Ground.

## H Y M N CXC.

*The Misery of being without God in this World: Or,  
 Vain Prosperity.*

1. **N**O, I shall envy them no more,  
 Who grow profanely Great,  
 Tho' they increase their golden Store,  
 And rise to wond'rous Height.
2. They taste of all the Joys that grow  
 Upon this earthly Clod!  
 Well, they may search the Creature thro',  
 For they have ne'er a God.
3. Shake off the Thoughts of dying too,  
 And think your Life your own;  
 But Death comes hast'ning on to you,  
 To mow your Glory down.
4. Yes, you must bow your stately Head,  
 Away your Spirit flies,  
 And no kind Angel near your Bed,  
 To bear it to the Skies,
5. Go now, and boast of all your Stores,  
 And tell how bright they shine;  
 Your heaps of glitt'ring Dust are yours,  
 And my Redeemer's mine.

## H Y M N CXCI.

*Charity and Uncharitableness.*

1. **N**O T diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Dress,  
 Compose the Kingdom of our LORD:  
 But Peace and Joy and Right'ousness,  
 Faith and Obedience to his Word.
2. When



2. When weaker Christians we despise  
We do the Gospel mighty Wrong:  
For God, the Gracious and the Wise,  
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.
3. Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,  
Meekness and Love our Souls pursue;  
Nor shall our Practice give Offence  
To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

## H Y M N CXII.

*The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of John  
the Baptist: Or, Light and Salvation of Jesus  
Christ, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.*

1. **N**OW be the God of Isra'el bless'd,  
Who makes his Truth appear:  
His mighty Hand fulfils his Word,  
And all the Oaths he swears.
2. Now he bedews old David's Root  
With Blessings from the Skies;  
He makes the Branch of Promise grow,  
The promis'd Horn arise.
- [3. John was the Prophet of the Lord,  
To go before his Face,  
The Herald which our Saviour-God  
Sent to prepare his Ways.
4. He makes the great Salvation known,  
He speaks of pardon'd Sins;  
While Grace Divine, and heav'nly Love  
In its own Glory shines.
5. "Behold the Lamb of God he cries,  
"That takes our Guilt away;

"I saw

“I saw the Spirit o’er his Head

“On his Baptizing Day.]

6. “Be ev’ry Vale exalted high,

“Sink ev’ry Mountain low;

“The Proud must stoop, and humble Souls

“Shall his Salvation know.

7. “The Heathen Realms with Israel’s Land

“Shall join in sweet Accord;

“And all that’s born of Man shall see

“The Glory of the Lord.

8. “Behold the Morning-Star arise,

“Ye that in Darknefs sit;

“He marks the Path that leads to Peace,

“And guides our Doubtful Feet.”

## H Y M N CXCI.

### *Redeeming Love.*

1. **N**OW begin the heav’nly Theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesu’s Name;  
Ye, who Jesu’s Kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye, who see the Father’s Grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour’s Face;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and blefs redeeming Love.

3. Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,  
Banish all your guilty Fears;  
See your Guilt and Curse remove,  
Cancell’d by redeeming Love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin;  
Now from Bliss no longer rove,  
Stop—and taste redeeming Love.

5. Welcome

5. Welcome all by Sin oppress'd,  
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming Love.
6. He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,  
His tremendous Fees and ours,  
From their cursed Empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming Love.
7. Hither then your Music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful String;  
Mortals join the Hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming Love.

## H Y M N CXCIV.

*Love and Hatred.*

1. **N**OW by the Bowels of my GOD,  
His sharp Distress, his sore Complaints,  
By His last Groans, his dying Blood,  
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.
2. Clamour and Wrath and War be gone,  
Envy and Spite for ever cease;  
Let bitter Words no more be known  
Among the Saints, the Sons of Peace.
3. The Spirit like a peaceful Dove  
Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife;  
Why should we vex and grieve his Love,  
Who seals our Souls to heav'nly Life?
4. Tender and kind be all our Thoughts;  
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run:  
So GOD forgives our num'rous Faults,  
For the dear Sake of CHRIST his Son.

## H Y M N CXC.V.

*New Year's Day.*

1. **N** O W, gracious Lord, thine Arm reveal,  
And make thy Glory known;  
Now let us all thy Presence feel,  
And soften Hearts of Stone!
2. Help us to venture near thy Throne,  
And plead a Saviour's Name;  
For all that we can call our Own,  
Is Vanity and Shame.
3. From all the Guilt of former Sin  
May Mercy set us free;  
And let the Year we now begin,  
Begin and End with thee.
4. Send down thy Spirit from above,  
That Saints may love thee more;  
And Sinners now may learn to love  
Who never lov'd before.
5. And when before thee we appear  
In our Eternal Home;  
May growing Numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our Room.

## H Y M N CXC.VI.

*An Evening Song.*

1. **N** O W from the Altar of my Heart,  
Let Incense Flames arise,  
Assist me Lord to offer up  
Mine Evening Sacrifice.
2. Awake, my Love; awake, my Joy;  
Awake, my Heart and Tongue;

Sleep

Sleep not when Mercies loudly call ;  
Break forth into a Song.

3. Man's Life's a Book of History,  
The Leaves thereof are Days;  
The Letters Mercies closely join'd,  
The Title is thy Praise.
4. This Day was God my Sun and Shield,  
My Keeper and my Guide ;  
His tender Care o'er me was shown,  
His Mercies multiply'd.
5. Minutes and Mercies multiply'd  
Have made up all this Day ;  
Minutes came quick ; but Mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.
6. New Time, new Favour and new Joys,  
New Songs of Praise require ;  
Till I shall praise thee as I would,  
Accept my Hearts Desire.
7. Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set  
New Time upon my Score,  
Thee shall I praise for all my Time,  
When Time shall be no more.

## H Y M N CXC VII.

1. **N**OW from the Garden to the Cross,  
Let us attend the Lamb of God ;  
Be all Things else accounted Dross,  
Compar'd with Sin atoning Blood.
2. See how the patient Jesus stands,  
Insulted in his lowest Case ;  
Sinners have bound th' Almighty's Hands ;  
And spit in their Creator's Face.
3. With Thorns his Temples gor'd and gash'd,  
Send Streams of Blood from ev'ry Part ;  
M His



His Back's with knotted Scourges lash'd ;  
But sharper Scourges tear his Heart.

4. Nail'd naked to th' accursed Wood ;  
Expos'd to Earth, and Heav'n above,  
A Spectacle of Wounds and Blood ;  
A Prodigy of injur'd Love !

5. Hark how his doleful Cries affright  
Affected Angels, while they view ;  
His Friends forsook him in the Night ;  
And now his God forsakes him too.

6. Oh what a Field of Battle's here !  
Vengeance and Love their Pow'rs oppose :  
Never was such a mighty Pair ;  
Never were two such desp'rate Foes.

7. Behold that pale, that languid Face,  
That drooping Head, those cold dead Eyes !  
Behold, in Sorrow and Disgrace,  
Our conqu'ring Heroe hangs and dies !

8. Ye that assume his sacred Name,  
Now tell me, what can all this mean ?  
What was it bruis'd God's harmless Lamb !  
What was it pierc'd his Soul, but Sin ?

9. Blush, Christian, blush ; let Shame abound,  
If Sin affects thee not with Woe,  
Whatever Spirit's in thee found,  
Christ's Spirit thou didst never know.

## H Y M N CXCVIII.

*Love on a Cross, and a Throne.*

1. **N**OW let my Faith grow strong, and rise,  
And view my LORD in all his Love ;  
Look back to hear his dying Cries,  
Then mount and see his Throne above.

2. See

2. See where he languish'd on the Cross ;  
Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd ;  
See where he sits to plead my Cause,  
By his Almighty Father's Side.
3. If I behold his bleeding Heart,  
There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns,  
He triumphs o'er the killing Smart,  
And buys my Pleasure with his Pains.
4. Or if I climb th' eternal Hills,  
Where the dear CONQU'ROUR sits enthron'd,  
Still in his Heart Compassion dwells,  
Near the Memorials of his Wound.
5. How shall a pardon'd Rebel show  
How much I love my SAVIOUR GOD ?  
LORD here I banish ev'ry Foe,  
I hate the Sins that cost thy Blood.
6. I hold no more Commerce with Hell,  
My dearest Lusts shall all depart ;  
But let thine Image ever dwell  
Stamp'd as a Seal upon my Heart,

## H Y M N CXCIX.

### *The Agonies of Christ.*

1. **N**OW let our Pains be all forgot,  
Our Hearts no more repine ;  
Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
2. In lively Figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of Love ;  
Each of us Hope, he dy'd for me,  
And then our Griefs remove.

- [3. Our humble Faith here takes her Rise,  
While sitting round his Board;  
And back to Calvary she flies,  
To view her groaning Lord.
4. His Soul, what Agonies it felt  
When his own God withdrew;  
And the large Load of all our Guilt  
Lay heavy on him too.
5. But the Divinity within  
Supported him to bear:  
Dying, he conquer'd Hell and Sin,  
And made his Triumph there.]
6. Grace, Wisdom, Justice, join'd and wrought  
The Wonders of that Day!  
No Mortal Tongue, nor Mortal Thought,  
Can equal Thanks repay.
7. Our Hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our Voices raise;  
Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love,  
And all our Lives be Praise.

## H Y M N CC.

### *Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.*

1. **N**OW let our mournful Songs record  
The dying Sorrows of our Lord,  
When he complain'd in Tears of Blood,  
As one forsaken of his God.
2. The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shook their Heads and laugh'd in Scorn;  
"He rescu'd others from the Grave,  
"Now let him try himself to save.

3. "This is the Man did once pretend  
 "God was his Father and his Friend;  
 "If God the blessed lov'd him so,  
 "Why doth he fail to help him now?"
4. Barbarous People ! Cruel Priests !  
 How they stood round like Savage Beasts;  
 Like Lions gaping to devour,  
 When God had left him in their Pow'r.
5. They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,  
 Till Streams of Blood each other meet;  
 By Lot his Garments they divide,  
 And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.
6. But God, his Father, heard his Cry;  
 Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;  
 The Nations learn his Right'ousness,  
 And humble Sinners taste his Grace.

## H Y M N CCI.

*Parting with Friends.*

1. **N**OW Lord, tho' we must part awhile,  
 Upon the heav'nly Road;  
 Yet let thy Face upon us smile,  
 And keep us near our God.
2. And if on Earth again we meet,  
 Lord let us meet with thee;  
 And let thy gracious Presence sweet  
 From Bondage set us free.
3. This, only this we humbly crave,  
 While Earth is our Abode,  
 That we with Christ and Saints may have  
 Communion on the Road.
4. For since our Fellowship below,  
 Affords such Joy and Love,

We long its full Extent to know,  
When we shall meet above.

5. Let this, O Lord excite us on,  
To keep the narrow Way,  
Till we shall meet around thy Throne,  
With all the Heirs of Day.
6. Come Holy Ghost, our Souls inspire!  
Maintain this Flame of Love,  
Till we shall join that glorious Choir  
Of Worshippers above.

H Y M N CCH.

1. **N**OW may the Spirit's holy Fire,  
Descending from above,  
His waiting Family inspire  
With Joy, and Peace, and Love!
2. Thee we the Comforter confess;  
Unless thou'rt present here;  
Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,  
We utter heartless Pray'r.
3. Wake heav'nly Wind, arise and come,  
Blow on the drooping Field;  
Our Spices then shall breath Perfume,  
And Fragrant Incense yield.
4. Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip  
That shall proclaim thy Word:  
And bid each awful Hearer keep  
Attention to the Lord.
5. Hasten the restitution Day,  
Which now Corruption shrouds;  
New Heavens, and new Earth display,  
With Jesus in the Clouds.



## H Y M N CCIII.

*A Sight of Heaven in Sicknefs.*

**O**F T have I fat in fecret Sighs,  
 To feel my Flefh decay,  
 Then groan'd aloud with frighted Eyes,  
 To view the tott'ring Clay.

2. But I forbid my Sorrows now,  
 Nor dares the Flefh complain;  
 Difeafes bring their Profit too;  
 The Joy o'ercomes the Pain.

3. My chearful Soul now all the Day  
 Sits waiting here and fings;  
 Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay,  
 And practifes her Wings.

4. Faith almoft changes into Sight,  
 While from afar ſhe ſpies,  
 Her fair Inheritance, in Light  
 Above created Skies.

5. Had but the Priſon Walls been ſtrong,  
 And firm without a Flaw,  
 In Darknefs ſhe had dwelt too long,  
 And leſs of Glory ſaw:

6. But now the everlaſting Hills  
 Thro' ev'ry Chink appear,  
 And ſomething of the Joy ſhe feels  
 While ſhe's a Priſ'ner here:

7. The Shines of Heav'n ruſh ſweetly in  
 At all the gaping Flaws;  
 Viſions of endleſs Blifs are ſeen  
 And Native Air ſhe draws.

8. O may these Walls stand tott'ring still,  
 The Breaches never close!  
 If I must here in Darkness dwell,  
 And all this Glory lose!

9. Or rather let this Flesh decay,  
 The ruins wider grow,  
 Till glad to see th'enlarged Way,  
 I stretch my Pinions through,

## H Y M N CCIV.

### *The* STONY HEART.

1. **O** H, for a Glance of heav'nly Day,  
 To take this stubborn Stone away:  
 And thaw with Beams of Love Divine  
 This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine!
2. The Rocks can rent; the Earth can quake;  
 The Seas can roar; the Mountains shake;  
 Of Feeling all Things shew some Sign;  
 But this unfeeling Heart of mine.
3. To hear the Sorrows thou hast felt,  
 Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt;  
 But I can read each moving Line,  
 And nothing move this Heart of mine.
4. Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear,  
 (Amazing Thought!) which Devils fear;  
 Goodness and Wrath in vain combine,  
 To stir this stupid Heart of mine.
5. But something yet can do the Deed;  
 And that dear Something much I need;  
 Thy Spirit can from Dross refine;  
 And move and melt this Heart of mine.

## H Y M N CCV.

1. **O**H, that I had a Bosom Friend,  
To tell my Secrets to !  
On whose Advice I might depend,  
In ev'ry Thing I do.
2. How do I wander up and down,  
And no one pities me ;  
I seem a Stranger quite unknown,  
A Son of Misery.
3. None lends an Ear to my Complaint,  
Nor minds my Cries and Tears ;  
None comes to help me, though I faint,  
Nor my vast Burthen bears.
4. While others live in Mirth and Ease,  
And feel no want nor Woe ;  
Through this dark, howling Wilderness,  
I full of Sorrow go.
5. Oh ! faithless Soul, to reason thus,  
And murmur without End ;  
Did Christ expire upon the Cross ?  
And is not he thy Friend ?
6. Why dost thou envy carnal Men !  
And think their State so blest ?  
How great Salvation hast thou seen ?  
And Jesus is thy Rest.
7. What can this lower World afford,  
Compar'd with Gospel Grace,  
Thy Happiness is in the Lord,  
And thou shalt see his Face.
8. Can present Grievs be counted great,  
Compar'd with future Woes ?  
Will transient Pleasures seem so sweet,  
Compar'd with endless Joys ?

9. How soon will God withdraw the Scene,  
And burn the World he made?  
Then Woe to carnal careless Men:  
My Soul lift up thy Head.
10. Thy Saviour is thy real Friend,  
Constant, and true, and good:  
He will be with thee to the End,  
And bring thee safe to God.
11. What then my Soul hast thou to fear!  
Or why should'st thou repine?  
Look up, behold Redemption's near;  
Rejoice, for Heav'n is thine.
12. Why O my Soul, art thou so sad?  
When will thy Sighs be o'er?  
Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad,  
Rejoice for Evermore.

## H Y M N CCVI.

*The two Debtors.*

1. **O** N C E a Woman silent stood  
While Jesus sat at Meat;  
From her Eyes she pour'd a Flood  
To wash his Sacred Feet:  
Shame and Wonder, Joy and Love,  
All at once possess'd her Mind,  
That she e'er so vile could prove,  
Yet now Forgiveness find.
2. "How came this vile Woman here?  
"Will Jesus notice such?  
"Sure, if he a Prophet were,  
"He would disdain her touch!"  
Simon thus, with scornful Heart,  
Slighted one whom Jesus lov'd;

But

But her Saviour took her Part,  
And thus his Pride reprov'd:

3. "If two Men in Debt were bound,  
"One less, the other more;  
"Fifty, or five hundred Pound,  
"And both alike were Poor;  
"Should the Lender both forgive,  
"When he saw them both distress'd;  
"Which of them would you believe  
"Engag'd to love him best?
4. "Surely he who most did owe,"  
The Pharisee reply'd;  
Then our Lord, "By judging so,  
"Thou dost for her decide:  
"Simon, if like her you knew  
"How much you Forgiveness need;  
"You like her had acted too,  
"And welcom'd me indeed!
5. "When the Load of Sin is felt,  
"And much Forgiveness known;  
"Then the Heart of course will melt,  
"Tho' hard before as Stone;  
"Blame not then her Love and Tears,  
"Greatly she in Debt has been;  
"But I have remov'd her Fears,  
"And pardon'd all her Sin."
6. When I read this Woman's Case,  
Her Love and humble Zeal;  
I confess, with Shame of Face,  
My Heart is made of Steel;  
Much has been forgiv'n to me,  
Jesus paid my heavy Score;  
What a Creature must I be,  
That I can love no more!



## H Y M N CCVII.

1. **O** N C E more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's Name:  
Record his Mercies, ev'ry Heart;  
Sing, ev'ry Tongue, the same.
2. Hoard up his sacred Word,  
And feed thereon and grow:  
Go on, and seek to know the Lord;  
And practise what you know.

## H Y M N CCVIII.

*A Morning Song.*

1. **O** N C E more my Soul, the rising Day  
Salutes thy waking Eyes;  
Once more my Voice, thy Tribute pay  
To him that rules the Skies.
2. Night unto Night his Name repeats,  
The Day renews the Sound,  
Wide on the Heav'n on which he sits  
To turn the Seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my Mortal Frame,  
My Tongue shall speak his Praise;  
My Sins would rouse his Wrath to Flame,  
And yet his Wrath delays.
4. [On a poor Worm thy Pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand;  
Thy Justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But Mercy held thine Hand.
5. A thousand wretched Souls are fled  
Since the last setting Sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my Thread,  
And yet my Moments run.]

6. Dear

6. Dear God, let all my Hours be thine,  
 Whilst I enjoy thy Light;  
 Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant Night.

## H Y M N CCIX.

*New Year's Day.*

1. **O**NCE more the constant Sun, revolving  
 round his Sphere, [Year;  
 His steady Course has run, and brings another  
 He rises, sets, but goes not back;  
 Nor ever quits his destin'd Track.
2. Hence let Believers learn to keep a forward Pace;  
 Be this our main Concern, to finish well our Race.  
 Backslidings shun, with Patience press  
 Towards the Sun of Right'ousness.
3. What now shall be our Task? or rather what  
 our Pray'r?  
 What good Things shall we ask, to prosper this  
 New Year?  
 With one Accord our Hearts we'll lift;  
 And ask our LORD some New Year's Gift.
4. No trifling Gift or small should Friends of  
 C H R I S T desire;  
 Rich L O R D, bestow on all pure Gold, well  
 try'd by Fire;  
 Faith that stands fast; when Devils roar;  
 And Love which lasts for Evermore.

## H Y M N CCX.

*Before Preaching.*

1. **O**NCE more we come before our God,  
 Once more his Blessing ask;  
 Oh,

Oh, may not Duty seem a Load !  
Nor Worship prove a task.

2. Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send  
From Heav'n, in Jesu's Name,  
To make our waiting Minds attend,  
And put our Souls in Frame.
3. May we receive the Word we hear ;  
Each in an honest Heart ;  
Hoard up the precious Treasure there,  
And never with it part.
4. To seek thee all our Hearts dispose,  
To each thy Blessing suit,  
And let the Seed thy Servant sows  
Produce a copious Fruit.
5. Bid the refreshing North Wind wake ;  
Say to the South Wind, blow ;  
Let ev'ry Plant the Pow'r partake,  
And all the Garden grow.
6. Revive the parch'd with heav'nly Show'rs,  
The Cold with Warmth Divine ;  
And as the Benefit is ours,  
Be all the Glory thine.

### H Y M N CCXI.

1. **O**N thee, O God of Purity,  
I wait for hallowing Grace ;  
None without Holiness shall see  
The Glories of thy Face :  
In Souls Unholy, and Unclean,  
Thou never canst Delight ;  
Nor shall they, while unfav'd from Sin,  
Appear before thy Sight.
  2. But as for me, with humble Fear,  
I will approach thy Gate ;
- Though

Though most unworthy to draw near,  
 Or in thy Courts to wait:  
 I trust in thine unbounded Grace,  
 To all so freely giv'n;  
 And worship t'ward thy Holy Place,  
 And lift my Soul to Heav'n.

3. Lead me in all thy right'ous Ways,  
 Nor suffer me to slide;  
 Point out the Path before my Face,  
 My God be thou my Guide!  
 O may I ne'er to Evil yield,  
 Defended from above,  
 And kept, and cover'd with the Shield  
 Of thine Almighty Love.

## H Y M N CCXII.

### *Pardoning Grace.*

1. **O**UT of the Depths of long Distress,  
 The Borders of Despair,  
 I sent my Cries to seek thy Grace,  
 My Groans to move thine Ear.
2. Great! God! should thy severer Eye,  
 And thine impartial Hand,  
 Mark and revenge Iniquity,  
 No mortal Flesh could stand.
3. But there are Pardons with my God  
 For Crimes of high Degree;  
 Thy Son hath bought them with his Blood,  
 To draw us near to thee.
4. [I wait for thy Salvation L O R D,  
 With strong Desires I wait;  
 My Soul, invited by thy Word,  
 Stands watching at thy Gate.]
5. [Just

5. [Just as the Guards that keep the Night  
Long for the Morning Skies,  
Watch the first Beams of breaking Light,  
And meet them with their Eyes :
6. So waits my Soul to see thy Grace,  
And more intent than they,  
Meets the first Op'nings of thy Face,  
And finds a brighter Day.]
7. [Then in the L O R D let Isra'l trust,  
Let Isra'l seek his Face ;  
The L O R D is Good as well as Just,  
And plenteous in his Grace.
8. There's full Redemption at his Throne  
For Sinners long enslav'd ;  
The great Redeemer is his Son,  
And Isra'l shall be sav'd.]

## H Y M N CCXIII.

## A D O R I N G J E S U S.

1. **O** Come let us join,  
Together combine ;  
To praise our dear Sav'our, our Master Divine.
2. Him let us adore,  
Who cover'd with Gore,  
Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.
3. He worthy is bless'd,  
By Spirits at Rest ;  
Who once in this Desert his Godhead confess'd.
4. The Heavenly Spheres,  
Who saw him in Tears,  
Yea, ev'ry strong Angel his person reveres.
5. The



5. The Prophets who told  
His Suff'rings of old,  
Sing now sweet Thanksgiving on Pfalt'ries of Gold.

6. The Fathers to whom  
He shew'd he would come,  
Now in his Pavillion take up their long Home.

7. The Spirits of Men,  
Who for him were slain,  
From Abel the Right'ous, share now in his Reign.

8. Th' Apostles who stood,  
Resisting to Blood,  
For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

9. The Confessor's too,  
Them prostrating low,  
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.

10. Oh Church of the Lamb,  
Here met do the same,  
With Saints, and with Angels, bless Jesus's Name.

11. My Soul bear a Part,  
For ransom'd thou art,  
By Jesu's Blood shedding, his Burial, and Smart.

12. To him that was slain,  
The scorn'd Nazarene,  
Be Glory, and Honour, let all say Amen.

## H Y M N CCXIV.

1. **O** Come, thou wounded Lamb of God;  
Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood!  
Give us to know thy Love, then Pain  
Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

2. Take our poor Hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee;  
Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of Love for ever there.

3. How can it be thou heav'nly King,  
That thou should Man to Glory bring!  
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,  
And give them an immortal Crown!
4. Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought;  
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stannum'ring Tongues to tell  
Thy Love Immense, unsearchable.
5. First-born of many Brethren, thou.  
To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;  
Help us to thee our all to give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

## H Y M N CCXV.

1. **O** For an Heart to love my God!  
An Heart from Sin set free;  
An Heart that always feels the Blood,  
So freely shed for me!
2. An Heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's Throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
3. An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,  
Believing, true and clean;  
Which neither Life nor Death can part  
From him that dwells within.
4. An Heart in ev'ry Thought renew'd,  
And fill'd with Love Divine;  
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,  
A Copy, Lord! of thine.
5. Thy tender Heart is still the same,  
And melts at Human Woe;

Send

Send down thy Grace, O blessed Lamb!  
That I thy Love may know.

6. Thy holy Nature Lord! impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new Name upon my Heart,  
Thy new best Name of Love.

## H Y M N CCXVI.

*Victory over Death.* 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1. **O** For an over-coming Faith  
To cheer my dying Hours,  
To Triumph o'er the Monster Death,  
And all his frightful Pow'rs!
2. Joyful, with all the Strength I have,  
My quiv'ring Lips should sing,  
Where is thy boasted Vict'ry Grave?  
And where the Monster's Sting?
3. If Sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,  
Death hath no Sting besides;  
The Law gives Sin its damning pow'r;  
But Christ, my Ransom, dy'd.
4. Now to the God of Victory  
Immortal Thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,  
Through Christ our living Head.

## H Y M N CCXVII.

1. **O** For a sweet inspiring Ray,  
To animate our feeble Strains,  
From the bright Realms, of endless Day,  
The blissful Realms, where Jesus reigns!
2. There low before his glorious Throne,  
Adoring Saints and Angels fall,

And with delightful Worship own  
His Smile their Bliss, their Heav'n, their all.

3. Immortal Glories crown his Head,  
While tuneful Hallelujahs rise:  
And Love, and Joy, and Triumph spread  
Thro' all th' Assemblies of the Skies.
4. He Smiles, and Seraphs tune their Songs,  
To boundless Rapture while they Gaze;  
Ten thousand thousand joyful Tongues  
Resound his everlasting Praise.
5. There all the Ransom'd of the Lamb  
Shall join at last the Heav'nly Choir;  
O may the Joy-inspiring Theme,  
Awake our Faith, our warm Desire!
6. Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit seal  
Our Int'rest in that blissful Place,  
Till Death remove this mortal Veil,  
And we behold thy lovely Face.

## H Y M N CCXVIII.

*Adoring Christ.*

1. **O** For a Thousand Tongues to sing,  
My dear Redeemer's Praise,  
The Glories of my God and King,  
The Triumphs of his Grace.
2. Jesus, the Name that charms our Fears,  
That bids our Sorrows cease;  
'Tis Music in the Sinner's Ears,  
'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.
3. He breaks the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin,  
He sets the Pris'ners free;  
His Blood can make the foulest clean,  
His Blood avail'd for me.

4. He

4. He speaks, and list'ning to his Voice,  
New Life the Dead receive;  
The mournful, broken Hearts rejoice;  
The humble Poor believe.
5. Hear him, ye Deaf; his Praise ye Dumb,  
Your loosen'd Tongues employ;  
Ye Blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye Lame, for Joy.

H Y M N CCXIX.

*Man frail, and God Eternal.*

1. **O** UR God, our Help in Ages past,  
Our Hope for Years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,  
And our eternal Home.
2. Under the Shadow of thy Throne  
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,  
And our Defence is sure.
3. Before the Hills in Order stood,  
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,  
From Everlasting thou art God,  
To endless Years the same.
4. Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,  
"Return, ye Sons of Men,"  
All Nations rose from Earth at first,  
And turn to Earth again.
5. A thousand Ages in thy Sight  
Are like an Ev'ning gone;  
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,  
Before the rising Sun.
6. [ The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,  
With all their Lives and Cares,  
Are carry'd downwards by the Flood,  
And lost in foll'wing Years.



7. Time, like an ever rolling Stream,  
Bears all its Sons away :  
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream  
Dies at the op'ning Day.
8. Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand,  
Pleas'd with the Morning Light ;  
The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand  
Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.]
9. Our God, our Help in Ages past,  
Our Hope for Years to come,  
Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,  
And our eternal Home.

H Y M N CCXX.

1. **O** H Jesu, our Lord,  
Thy Name be ador'd,  
For all the rich Blessings convey'd by thy Word.
2. In Spirit we trace  
Thy Wonders of Grace,  
And chearfully join in a Concert of Praise.
3. The Ancient of Days  
His Glory displays,  
And shines on his Chosen with cherishing Rays.
4. The Trumpet of God  
Is sounding abroad,  
The Language of Mercy, Salvation through Blood.
5. Thrice happy are they  
Who hear and obey,  
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel Day.
6. The People who know  
Their Sav'or below,  
With burning Affection to worship him glow.
7. Their

7. Their Anguish and Smart,  
And Sorrow depart,  
Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on their Heart.

8. This Blessing be mine,  
Through Favour Divine;  
But oh, my Redeemer, the Glory be thine.

9. The Work is of Grace,  
Thine, thine be the Praise;  
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy Ways.

H Y M N CCXXI.

*Agnus Dei.*

1. **O** Lamb of God our Saviour !  
Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow !  
Thy suff'ring meek Behaviour  
Paid what thou didst not borrow.  
Thy bearing our Transgression  
Secur'd us from Damnation.  
Have Mercy upon us, O Jesu ! O Jesu !
2. O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.  
Acknowledge thou us, O Jesu ! O Jesu !
3. O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.  
O grant us thy Peace, O Jesu ! O Jesu !

H Y M N CCXXII.

1. **O** Lord, thou know'st my Soul's Desires,  
And thou canst give me perfect Ease;  
Thou art the God my Heart admires,  
There's nothing but thy Love can please.
2. Give me, O Lord, the Happiness  
To sit and hear thy gracious Voice;  
Come, Saviour, come, my Soul possess,  
And make my mourning Heart rejoice.

3. Lord, I would praise thy holy Name,  
Thou art my everlasting Friend ;  
Thou hast not put my Soul to Shame ;  
Preserve me safe unto the End.
4. Thou art my Strength, and my Support,  
My Hope, my everlasting Aid :  
To thee I always would resort,  
And trust in thee when I'm afraid.
5. Thy Name affords my Soul Relief,  
When I with Sorrows am oppress'd ;  
When I am full of Woe and Grief,  
Thy Word doth give my Spirit rest.
6. Teach me to do thy holy Will,  
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name ;  
O lead me to thy heav'nly Hill,  
Where stands the new Jerusalem.
7. Where not the Lord of Hosts my Strength,  
I should have sunk in deep Despair ;  
But now, I trust I shall at length  
Arrive at Canaan's Harbour fair :
8. There shall I rest for evermore,  
Fearless of Storms, and raging Seas,  
And sit upon the heav'nly Shore,  
And dwell at everlasting Ease.

### H Y M N CLXXIII.

1. **O** Lord ! to whom for Help I call;  
Thy Miracles repeat ;  
With pitying Eye behold me fall  
A Leper at thy Feet.
2. Loathsome and foul, and self abhorr'd,  
I sink beneath my Sin ;  
But, if thou wilt, a gracious Word  
Of thine, can make me clean.
3. Thou

3. Thou see'st me Deaf to thy Commands,  
Open O Lord! mine Ear;  
Bid me stretch out my wither'd Hands,  
And lift them up in Pray'r.
4. Silent (alas! thou know'st how long!)  
My Voice I cannot raise;  
But Oh! when thou shalt loose my Tongue,  
The Dumb shall sing thy Praise.
5. Lame at the Pool I still am found,  
Give, and my Strength employ;  
Light as an Heart I then shall bound,  
The Lame shall leap for Joy.
6. Blind from my Birth to Guilt and thee,  
And dark I am within,  
The Love of God I cannot see,  
Nor Sinfulness of Sin.
7. But thou, they say, art passing by,  
O let me find thee near!  
Jesus, in Mercy hear my Cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear!
8. Long have I waited in the Way,  
For thee, the Heav'nly Light;  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
"Sinner, receive thy Sight."

## H Y M N CCXXIV.

*A Sinner's Prayer.*

1. **O** my Lord, what must I do?  
Only thou the Way canst shew;  
Thou canst save me in this Hour,  
I have neither Will nor Pow'r  
God if over all thou art,  
Greater than the sinful Heart;

Let it now on me be shown,  
Take away the Heart of Stone.

2. Take away my darling Sin,  
Make me willing to be clean ;  
Make me willing to receive  
What thy Goodness waits to give :  
Force me, Lord, with all to part,  
Tear all Idols from my Heart ;  
Let thy Pow'r on me be shown,  
Take away the Heart of Stone.

3. Jesu, mighty to renew,  
Work in me, to will and do ;  
Turn my Nature's rapid Tide,  
Stem the Torrent of my Pride,  
Stop the Whirlwind of my Will,  
Bid Corruptions, Lord, be still ;  
Now thy Love Almighty shew,  
Make e'en me a Creature new.

4. Arm of God, thy Strength put on,  
Bow the Heavens and come down ;  
All mine Unbelief o'erthrow,  
Lay th'aspiring Mountain low ;  
Conquer thy worst Foe in me ;  
Get thyself the Victory,  
Save the vilest of the Race,  
Force me to be fav'd by Grace.

## H Y M N CCXXV.

*For the last Day of the Year.*

1. **O** Praise the Lord of Heav'n,  
Whose Mercy never fails ;  
Six Troubles come, and also Sev'n,  
But still his Grace prevails.

2. The



2. The Year that's almost past  
His Goodness did proclaim;  
His Love doth now and always last,  
Give Glory to his Name.
3. How Wond'rous are his Ways  
Which he to us makes known!  
We join to sing our Maker's Praise;  
And worship him alone.
4. When we the Year begun  
We rais'd our chearful Songs;  
And surely when its Course is run  
To God our Praise belongs.
5. His Mercies still are new,  
Let us extol his Love,  
May we this blessed Theme pursue  
Till we shall meet above.

## H Y M N CCXXVI.

*Breathing after Holiness.*

1. **O** That the Lord would guide my Ways  
To keep his Statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me Grace  
To know and do his Will!
2. O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy Law upon my Heart!  
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,  
Nor act the Liar's part.
3. From Vanity turn off my Eyes;  
Let no corrupt Design,  
Nor covetous Desires arise  
Within this Soul of mine.
4. Order my Footsteps by thy Word,  
And make my Heart sincere;

Let

Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,  
But keep my Conscience clear.

5. My Soul hath gone too far astray,  
My Feet too often slip :  
Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,  
Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.
6. Make me to walk in thy Commands,  
'Tis a delightful Road ;  
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands  
Offend against my God.

## H Y M N CCXXVII.

*Sin and Sorrows laid before God.*

1. **O** that I knew the secret Place  
Where I might find my God !  
I'd spread my Wants before his Face,  
And pour my Woes abroad.
2. I'd tell him how my Sins arise,  
What Sorrows I sustain,  
How Grace decays, and Comfort dies,  
And leaves my Heart in Pain.
3. I'd say how Flesh and Sense rebel,  
What inward Foes Combine,  
With this vain World and Pow'rs of Hell,  
To vex this Heart of mine.
4. He knows what Arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'd plead for his own Mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's Blood.
5. My God will pity my Complaints,  
And heal my broken Bones ;  
He takes the Meaning of his Saints,  
The Language of their Groans.
6. Arise

6. Arise my Soul from deep Distress,  
And banish ev'ry Fear ;  
He calls thee to his Throne of Grace,  
To spread thy Sorrows there.

H Y M N CCXXVIII.

1. **O** TELL me no more  
Of this World's vain Store ;  
The Time for such Trifles with me now is o'er.
2. A Country I've found  
Where true Joys abound ;  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.
3. The Souls that believe,  
In Paradise live ;  
And me in that Number will Jesus receive.
4. My Soul don't delay,  
He calls thee away ;  
Rise, follow thy Sav'our, and bless the glad Day.
5. No Mortal doth know  
What he can bestow ; (go.  
What Light, Strength, and Comfort, do after him
6. Lo, onward I move,  
And but Christ above,  
None guesses how wond'rous my Journey will prove.
7. Great Spoils I shall win,  
From Death, Hell, and Sin ;  
'Midst outward Afflictions, shall feel Christ within.
8. Perhaps for his Name  
(Poor Dust as I am)  
Some Works I shall finish with glad loving Aim.
9. I still (which is best )  
Shall in his dear Breast  
(As at the Beginning) find Pardon and Rest.
10. And

10. And when I'm to die,  
Receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot say why.

11. But this I do find,  
We two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in Glory, and leave me behind.

12. Lo this is the Race  
I'm running through Grace,  
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's Face.

13. And now I'm in Care,  
My Neighbours may share;  
These Blessings to seek them will none of you dare!

14. In Bondage, oh why,  
And Death will you lie,  
When one here assures you free Grace is so nigh?

## H Y M N CCXXIX.

*Lamenting the Loss of first Love.*

1. **O** That my Soul were now as fair  
As it hath sometimes been!  
Devoid of that distracting Care  
Without, and Fear within!

2. There was a Time when I could tread  
No Circle but of Love:  
That joyous Morning now is fled,  
How heavily I move!

3. Unhappy Soul, that thou should'st force,  
Thy Saviour to depart,  
When he was pleas'd with so course  
A Lodging in thy Heart!

4. How sweetly I enjoy'd my God!  
With how divine a Frame!

I thought,

I thought, on ev'ry Plant I trod,  
I read my Saviour's Name.

5. I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,  
So sweetly we agreed,  
And thou no Stranger wast to me  
Till I became a Weed.
6. The Tempter robb'd me, and I must  
I fear be ever poor;  
May this suffice, to roll in Dust  
Before thy Temple Door!
7. My dearest Lord, my Heart flames not  
With Love that sacred Fire;  
But since my Love has wore that Blot  
Repentance runs the high'r.
8. O might those Days return again,  
How welcome they should be!  
Shall my Petition be in vain,  
Since Grace is ever free?
9. Lord of my Soul, return, return,  
To chase away this Night;  
Let not thine Anger ever burn;  
God once was my Delight.

## H Y M N CCXXX.

1. **O** Thou, whose tender Mercy hears  
Contrition's humble Sigh:  
Whose Hand Indulgent, wipes the Tears  
From Sorrow's weeping Eye.
2. See! low before the Throne of Grace  
A wretched Wand'rer mourn;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy Face?  
Hast thou not said, Return?

3. And



3. And shall my guilty Fears prevail  
To drive me from thy Feet?  
O let not this dear Refuge fail,  
This only safe Retreat.
4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,  
Without one cheering Ray,  
Thro' Dangers, Fears, and gloomy Night,  
How desolate my Way!
5. O shine on this benighted Heart,  
With Beams of Mercy shine;  
And let thy healing Voice impart  
A taste of Joys Divine.
6. Thy Presence only can bestow  
Delights which never cloy;  
Be this my Solace here below,  
And my eternal Joy.

## H Y M N CCXXXI.

### *A lovely Carriage.*

1. **O** 'Tis a lovely Thing to see  
A Man of prudent Heart;  
Whose Thoughts, and Lips, and Life agree  
To act a useful Part.
2. When Envy, Strife, and Wars begin  
In little angry Souls,  
Mark how the Sons of Peace come in,  
And quench the kindling Coals.
3. Their Minds are humble, mild and meek,  
Nor let their Fury rise;  
Nor Passion moves their Lips to speak,  
Nor Pride exalts their Eyes.
4. Their Fame is Prudence mixt with Love;  
Good Works fulfil their Day;  
They

They join the Serpent with the Dove,  
But cast the Sting away.

5. Such was the Saviour of Mankind,  
Such Pleasures he pursu'd ;  
His Flesh and Blood were all refin'd,  
His Soul divinely good.

6. Lord can these Plants of Virtue grow  
In such a Soul as mine !

Thy Grace can form my Nature so,  
And make my Heart like thine.

## H Y M N CCXXXII.

*The Pilgrimage of the Saints, Or, Earth and Heaven.*

O H ! what a wretched Land is this,  
That yields us no Supply,  
No chearing Fruits, no wholesome Trees,  
Nor Streams of living Joy ?

2. But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground,  
And Mortal Poisons grow,  
And all the Rivers that are found  
With dang'rous Waters flow.

3. Yet the dear Path to thine Abode  
Lies thro' this horrid Land ;  
Lord ! we would keep that heav'nly Road,  
And run at thy Command.

[4. Our Souls shall tread the Defart thro'  
With undiverted Feet ;  
And Faith and flaming Zeal subdue  
The Terrors that we meet.]

[5. A Thousand Savage Beasts of Prey  
Around the Forest roam ;  
But Judah's Lion guards the Way,  
And guides the Strangers Home.]

O

[6. Long

- [6. Long Nights and Darkneſs dwells below,  
With ſcarce a twinkling Ray;  
But the bright World to which we go  
Is everlaſting Day.]
- [7. By glimm'ring Hopes, and gloomy Fears,  
We trace the ſacred Road,  
Thro' diſmal Deeps and dang'rous Snares,  
We make our Way to God.]
8. Our Journey is a thorny Maze,  
But we march upwards ſtill;  
Forget theſe Troubles of the Ways,  
And reach at Zion's Hill.
- [9. See the kind Angels at the Gates,  
Inviting us to come!  
There Jeſus the Fore-Runner waits,  
To welcome Trav'lers Home!]
10. There on a green and flow'ry Mount,  
Our weary Souls ſhall fit,  
And with transporting Joys recount  
The Labours of our Feet.
- [11. No vain Diſcourſe ſhall fill our Tongue,  
Nor Trifles vex our Ear;  
Infinite Grace ſhall be our Song,  
And God rejoice to hear.]
12. Eternal Glory to the King  
That brought us ſafely through;  
Our Tongue ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,  
And endless Praise renew.

## H Y M N CCXXXIII.

*Chriſt Withdrawn.*

1. O What ſhall I do to retrieve  
The Love for a Seaſon beſtow'd;

'Tis

'Tis better to die than to live  
 Exil'd from the Presence of God :  
 With Sorrow distracted and Doubt,  
 With palpable Horror oppress'd,  
 The City I wander about,  
 And seek my Repose in his Breast.

2. Ye Watchmen of Israel, declare  
 If ye my Beloved have seen,  
 And point to that heavenly fair  
 Surpassing the Children of Men :  
 My Lover and Lord from above,  
 Who only can quiet my Pain,  
 Whom only I languish to love,  
 O where shall I find him again ?
3. The Joy and Desire of mine Eyes,  
 The End of my Sorrow and Woe ;  
 My Hope, and my heavenly Prize,  
 My Height of Ambition below :  
 Once more if he shew me his Face,  
 He never again shall depart,  
 Detain'd in my closest Embrace,  
 Conceal'd in the Depth of my Heart.

## H Y M N CCXXXIV.

*Submission under bereaving Providences, Psalm xlv. 10.*

1. **P**EACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand  
 That blast's our Joys in Death ;  
 Changes the Visage once so dear,  
 And gathers back the Breath.
2. 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
 Of all the Worlds above,

Whose steady Counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their Purpose move.

3. 'Tis he, whose Justice might demand  
Our Souls a Sacrifice ;  
Yet scatters with unwearied Hand,  
A thousand rich Supplies.
4. Our Covenant God and Father he,  
In CHRIST our bleeding LORD ;  
Whose Grace can heal the bursting Heart  
With one reviving Word.
5. Fair Garlands of immortal Bliss  
He weaves for every Brow,  
And shall rebellious Passions rise,  
When he corrects us now?
6. Silent we own Jehovah's Name,  
We kiss the scourging Hand ;  
And yield our Comforts and our Life  
To thy Supreme Command.

## H Y M N CCXXXV.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

1. **P**LUNG'D in a Gulf of dark Despair,  
We wretched Sinners lay,  
Without one cheering Beam of Hope,  
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.
2. With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless Grief ;  
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)  
He ran to our Relief.
3. Down from the shining Seats above,  
With joyful Haste he fled ;  
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,  
And dwelt among the Dead.

4. Oh !



4. Oh ! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills  
 Their lasting Silence break ;  
 And all harmonious human Tongues  
 The Saviour's Praises speak.
5. Angels assist our mighty Joys,  
 Strike all your Harps of Gold ;  
 But when you raise your highest Notes,  
 His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CCXXXVI. *Esau.*

1. **P** O O R Esau repented too late,  
 That once he his Birth-Right despis'd ;  
 And sold, for a Morfel of Meat,  
 What could not too highly be priz'd :  
 How great was his Anguish when told  
 The Blessing he sought to obtain,  
 Was gone with the Birth-Right he sold,  
 And none could recall it again !
2. He stands as a Warning to all,  
 Wherever the Gospel shall come ;  
 O hasten and yield to the Call,  
 While yet for Repentance there's Room !  
 Your Season will quickly be past,  
 Then hear, and obey it to-day ;  
 Lest when you seek Mercy at last,  
 The Saviour should frown you away.
3. What is it the World can propose ?  
 A Morfel of Meat at the best !  
 For this are you willing to lose  
 A share in the Joys of the Blest ?  
 Its Pleasures will speedily end ;  
 Its Favour and Praise are but Breath :  
 And what can its Profits befriend  
 Your Soul in the Moment of Death ?
4. If Jesus for these you despise,  
 And Sin to the Saviour prefer,

In vain your Entreaties and Cries,  
 When summon'd to stand at his Bar :  
 How will you his Presence abide ?  
 What Anguish will torture your Heart  
 The Saints all enthron'd by his Side,  
 And you be compell'd to depart !

5. Too often, dear Saviour, have I  
 Preferr'd some poor Trifle to thee ;  
 How is it thou dost not deny  
 The Blessing and Birth-Right to me ?  
 No better than Esau I am,  
 Tho' Pardon and Heaven be mine ;  
 To me belongs nothing but Shame,  
 The Praise and the Glory be thine.

## H Y M N CCXXXVII:

*God shining into the Heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.*

1. **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless Might,  
 With uncreated Glories bright !  
 His Presence gilds the Worlds above ;  
 Th' unchanging Source of Light and Love.
2. Our rising Earth his Eye beheld,  
 When in substantial Darkness veil'd ;  
 The shapeless Chaos, Nature's Womb,  
 Lay buried in the horrid Gloom.
3. "Let there be Light," J E H O V A H said,  
 And Light o'er all its Face was spread ;  
 Nature array'd in Charms unknown,  
 Gay with its New-born Lustre shone.
4. He sees the Mind, when lost it lies  
 In Shades of Ignorance and Vice ;  
 And darts from Heav'n a vivid Ray,  
 And changes Midnight into Day.
5. Shine, mighty God, with Vigour shine  
 On this benighted Heart of mine ;      And

And let thy Glories stand reveal'd,  
As in the Saviour's Face beheld.

6. My Soul reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,  
Thy radiant Image shall display,  
While all my Faculties unite  
To praise the LORD, who gives me Light.

## H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

*Pray without ceasing.* 1 Thes. v. 17.

1. **P**R A Y 'R was appointed to convey  
The Blessings God designs to give,  
Long as they live should Christians pray;  
For only while they pray they live.
2. The Christian's Heart his Pray'r indites;  
He speaks as prompted from within,  
The Spirit his Petition writes;  
And Christ receives, and gives it in.
3. And wilt thou in dead Silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy Pray'r?  
My Soul thou hast a Friend on High;  
Arise and try thy Interest there.
4. If Pains afflict, or Wrongs oppress;  
If Cares distract, or Fears dismay;  
If Guilt deject, if Sin distress;  
The Remedy's before thee, pray.
5. 'Tis Pray'r supports the Soul that's weak;  
Tho' Thought be broken, Language lame,  
Pray; if thou can'st, or can'st not, speak;  
But pray with Faith in Jesu's Name.
6. Depend on him; thou can'st not fail,  
Make all thy Wants and Wishes known;  
Fear not; his Merits must prevail;  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

## H Y M N CCXXXIX.

1. **P**RECIOUS Bible, what a Treasure  
Does the Word of God afford ?  
All I want for Life and Pleasure,  
Food or Med'cine, Shield or Sword ;  
Let the World account me Poor,  
Having this, I want no more.
2. Food to which the World a Stranger,  
Here, my hungry Soul enjoys  
Of Excess, there is no Danger,  
Tho' it fills, it never cloy ;  
On a dying Christ I feed,  
Here is Meat and Drink indeed.
3. When my Faith is faint and sickly,  
Or when Satan wounds my Mind,  
Cordials to revive me quickly,  
Healing Med'cines here I find ;  
To the Promises I flee,  
Each affords a Remedy.
4. In the Hour of dark Temptation,  
Satan cannot make me yield ;  
For the Word of Consolation,  
Is to me a mighty Shield.  
While the Scripture Truths endure,  
From his Pow'r I am Secure.

## H Y M N CCXL.

*Gravity and Decency.*

1. **R**EDEEMED ones the Heirs of God,  
So dearly bought with JESU'S Blood !  
Are they not born to heav'nly Joys,  
And shall they stoop to earthly Toys ?

2. Can

2. Can Laughter feed th'immortal Mind?  
Were Spirits of celestial Kind  
Made for a Jest, for Sport and Play,  
To wear out Time, and waste the Day?
3. Doth vain Discourse, or empty Mirth,  
Well suit the Honours of their Birth?  
Shall they be fond of gay Attire,  
Which Children love, and Fools admire?
4. What if we wear the richest Vest,  
Peacocks and Flies are better drest,  
This Flesh, with all its gaudy Forms,  
Must drop to Dust, and feed the Worms.
5. LORD, raise our Hearts and Passions higher;  
Touch our vain Souls with sacred Fire:  
Then, with a Heav'n-directed Eye  
We'll pass these glitt'ring Trifles by.
6. We'll look on all the Toys below  
With such Disdain as Angels do;  
And wait the Call that bids us rise  
To Mansions promis'd in the Skies.

## H Y M N CCXLI.

*Rejoice evermore.*

1. **R** E J O I C E evermore  
With Angels above,  
In Jesus's Pow'r,  
In Jesus's Love;  
With glad Exaltation  
Your Triumph proclaim,  
Ascribing Salvation  
To God and the Lamb.
2. Thou, Lord, our Relief  
In Trouble hast been,  
Hast sav'd us from Grief,  
Hast sav'd us from Sin,



The Pow'r of thy Spirit  
 Can set our Hearts free:  
 And we shall inherit  
 All Fulness in thee.

3. All Fulness of Peace,  
 All Fulness of Joy,  
 And spiritual Bliss  
 That never can cloy,  
 To us it is given  
 In Jesus to know,  
 A Kingdom of Heaven,  
 A Heaven below.
4. No longer we join  
 Where Sinners invite,  
 Nor envy the Swine  
 Their brutish Delight;  
 Their Joy is all Sadness,  
 Their Mirth is all vain,  
 Their Laughter is Madness,  
 Their Pleasure is Pain.
5. O may they at last  
 With Sorrow return,  
 The Pleasure to taste,  
 For which they were born!  
 Our Jesus receiving,  
 Our Happiness prove,  
 The Joy of believing,  
 The Heaven of Love.

## H Y M N CCXLII.

1. **R**EJOICE, the LORD is King,  
 Your GOD and King adore;  
 Mortals give Thanks and sing,  
 And Triumph evermore:  
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice;  
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice!
2. JESUS

2. J E S U S the S A V I O U R reigns,  
The G O D of Truth and Love ;  
When he had purg'd our Stains,  
He took his Seat above :  
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice :  
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.
3. His Kingdom can not fail,  
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n ;  
The Keys of Death and Hell  
Are to our J E S U S giv'n :  
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice :  
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.
4. He sits at GOD's right Hand,  
Till all his Foes submit  
And bow to his Command,  
And fall beneath his Feet :  
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice :  
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.
5. He all his Foes shall quell,  
Shall all our Sins destroy ;  
And ev'ry Bosom swell,  
With pure Seraphic Joy :  
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice :  
Rejoice ; again I say, rejoice.
6. Rejoice in glorious Hope,  
J E S U S the Judge shall come,  
And take his Servants up  
To their eternal Home :  
We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice :  
The Trump of GOD shall sound, rejoice.

## H Y M N CCXLIII.

*Spiritual Mindedness ; or, inward Religion, James i. 29.*

1. **R** E L I G I O N is the chief Concern  
Of Mortals here below ; May

May I its great Importance learn,  
Its sov'reign Virtue know.

2. More needful this, than glitt'ring Wealth,  
Or ought the World bestows;  
Not Reputation, Food or Health,  
Can give us such Repose.
3. Religion should our Thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful Bloom;  
'Twill fit us for declining Age,  
And for the awful Tomb.
4. O may my Heart, by Grace renew'd,  
Be my Redeemer's Throne;  
And be my stubborn Will subdu'd,  
His Government to own.
5. Let deep Repentance, Faith and Love,  
Be join'd with godly Fear:  
And all my Conversation prove  
My Heart to be sincere.
6. Preserve me from the Snares of Sin,  
Thro' my remaining Days;  
And in me let each Virtue shine  
To my Redeemer's Praise.
7. Let lively Hope my Soul inspire;  
Let warm Affections rise:  
And may I wait, with strong Desire,  
To mount above the Skies.

## H Y M N CCXLIV.

*Mortality and Hopes.*

1. **R**EMEMBER, LORD, our mortal State,  
How frail our Life! how short the Date!  
Where is the Man that draws his Breath  
Safe from Disease, secure from Death?

2. LORD

2. LORD while we see whole Nations die,  
Our Flesh and Sense repine and cry;  
“Must Death for ever rage and reign?  
“Or hast thou made Mankind in vain?
3. “Where is thy Promise to the Just?  
“Are not thy Servants turn’d to Dust?”  
But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs  
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.
4. That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,  
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,  
And clears the Honours of thy Word:  
Awake, our Souls! and bless the LORD.

## H Y M N CCXLV.

*The Gospel.*

1. **R** E P E N T, ye Sons of Men, repent;  
Hear the good Tidings God has sent,  
Of Sinners sav’d, and Sins forgiv’n,  
And Beggars rais’d to reign in Heav’n,  
Beggars, Beggars, Beggars, Beggars, Beggars,  
Rais’d to reign in Heav’n.
2. God sent his Son to die for us,  
Die to redeem us from the Curse,  
He took our Weakness; bore our Load;  
And dearly bought us with his Blood,  
Dearly, dearly, &c.
3. In Guilts dark Dungeon when we lay;  
Mercy cry’d, “Spare;” and Justice, “Slay;”  
But Jesus answer’d, “Set them free;  
“And pardon them; and punish me,”  
Pardon, pardon, &c.
4. Salvation is of God alone;  
Life Everlasting in his Son:  
And he, that gave his Son to bleed,  
Will freely give us all we need,  
Freely, freely, &c.

5. Believe

5. Believe the Gospel, and rejoice,  
Sing to the Lord with chearful Voice;  
His Goonefs praise, his Wonders tell,  
Who ranfom'd all our Souls from Hell,  
Ranfom'd, Ranfom'd, &c.

## H Y M N CCXLVI.

1. **R**ISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,  
Thy better Portion trace;  
Rife from tranfitory Things,  
Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place.  
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,  
Time fhall foon this Earth remove;  
Rife my Soul, and hafte away  
To Seats prepar'd above.
2. Rivers to the Ocean run,  
Nor ftay in all their Courfe;  
Fire afcending feeks the Sun,  
Both fpeed them to their Source;  
So a Soul that's born of GOD,  
Pants to view his glorious Face;  
Upward tends to his Abode,  
To reft in his Embrace.
3. Fly the Riches, fly me Cares;  
While I that Coaft explore;  
Flatt'ring World, with all thy Snares,  
Solicit me no more.  
Pilgrims fix not here their Home;  
Strangers tarry but a Night,  
When the laft dear Morn is come,  
They'll rife to joyful Light.
4. Ceafe, ye Pilgrims, ceafe to mourn,  
Preſs onward to the Prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the Skies;

Yet



Yet a Season, and you know  
 Happy Entrance will be giv'n,  
 All our Sorrows left below,  
 And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

## H Y M N CCXLVII.

1. **R**ISE, Zion, shine, thy Light is come,  
 The glorious Day's begun,  
 These Beams we see so bright that be,  
 Dart from the glorious Sun.
2. Of Right'ousness, that rising is ;  
 The Day doth dawn apace ;  
 The Songs of Praise we hear a Days  
 Of Christ and his free Grace.
3. Are Tokens plain, the Lamb once slain  
 Is hast'ning to his Throne ;  
 The Bride doth say, come, haste away,  
 My dear beloved One.
4. The Saints rejoice, the Turtle's Voice  
 Is heard within our Land :  
 The Hundred forty four Thousand  
 Shall soon with Jesus stand.
5. And they shall sing, to Christ their King,  
 Their Songs in such a Strain,  
 That learn can none but those alone  
 Who with the Lord shall reign.
6. Ye taught Ones of the Lord, sing Praise  
 To th' Lamb the Throne upon ;  
 'Tis only he taught you and me  
 To sing the Lamb's new Song.

## H Y M N CCXLVIII.

Rock *smitten* ; or, the Rock of Ages, *Isaia xxvi, 4.*

1. **R**OCK of Ages, shelter me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee!      Let

Let the Water and the Blood,  
 From thy wounded Side which flow'd,  
 Be of Sin the double Cure,  
 Cleanse me from its Guilt and Pow'r.

2. Not the Labour of my Hands,  
 Can fulfil thy Law's Demands;  
 Could my Zeal no Respite know,  
 Could my Tears for ever flow,  
 All for Sin could not atone,  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
3. Nothing in my Hand I bring,  
 Simply to thy Cross I cling;  
 Naked come to thee for Dress,  
 Helpless look to thee for Grace;  
 Black' I to the Fountain fly,  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
4. While I draw this fleeting Breath,  
 When my Eye-Strings break in Death,  
 When I soar to Worlds unknown,  
 See thee on thy Judgment Throne,  
 Rock of Ages, shelter me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

## H Y M N CCXLIX.

**S**ALVATION, oh, the joyful Sound  
 'Tis Pleasure to our Ear!  
 A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,  
 A Cordial for our Fear.

Glory, Honour, Praise and Power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, (Lord.  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! praise the

Bury'd

Bury'd in Sorrow, and in Sin,  
 At Hell's dark Door we lay ;  
 But we arise by Grace Divine  
 To see an heav'nly Day.  
 Glory, Honour, &c.

Salvation, let the Echo fly,  
 The spacious Earth around ;  
 While all the Armies of the Sky  
 Conspire to raise the Sound.  
 Glory, Honour, &c.

## H Y M N CCL.

*An happy Moment.*

1. **S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy Merit,  
 Sprinkled with redeeming Blood ;  
 And my weary troubled Spirit  
 Now finds rest in thee, my God :  
 I am safe, and I am happy,  
 While in thy dear Arms I lie ;  
 Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,  
 When the Saviour is so nigh.

2. Now I'll sing of Jesu's Merit,  
 Tell the World of his dear Name ;  
 That if any want his Spirit,  
 He is still the very same :  
 He that asketh, soon receiveth,  
 He that seeks is sure to find ;  
 Come, for whosoe'er believeth,  
 He will never cast behind.

3. Now our Advocate is pleading  
 With his Father, and our God ;  
 Now for us he's interceeding,  
 As the Purchase of his Blood :  
 Now methinks I hear him praying,

P

Father,

Father, save them, I have dy'd ;  
 And the Father answers, saying,  
 They are freely justify'd.

## H Y M N CCLI.

1. **S**AVIOUR of Men, we bless thy Name,  
 For thou art good for evermore ;  
 Thy Pow'r and Grace we would proclaim,  
 And thine eternal Love adore.
2. Thy Glory shall for ever stand,  
 Thy Truth remains both firm and sure :  
 Our Souls we venture in thine Hand,  
 And there we know we are secure.
3. Tho' Troubles come and Sorrows rise,  
 We will not fear for God's our Aid ;  
 Ill Tidings cannot these surprize,  
 Who are upon Jehovah stay'd.
4. Glory to Christ our faithful Friend ;  
 ( He is the Lord whom Angels fear )  
 On him we always would depend,  
 And in his Right'ousness appear.
5. We love the Lord our God most High,  
 His Grace demands our noblest Song ;  
 All Praise to Christ who came to die,  
 To him all Glory doth belong.

## H Y M N CCLII.

1. **S**A W ye not the Cloud arise,  
 Little as an Human Hand ?  
 Now it spreads along the Skies,  
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty Land,  
 Lo the Promise of a Show'r  
 Drops already from above,  
 But the Lord shall shortly pour  
 All the Spirit of his Love.

2. Sons of God your Saviour praise,  
 He a Door hath open'd wide,  
 He hath giv'n the Word of Grace  
 Jesu's Word is glorify'd:  
 Jesu's mighty to redeem,  
 He alone the Work hath wrought,  
 Worthy is the Work of him,  
 Who all Things to Being brought.
3. When he first the Work begun  
 Small and feeble was his Day,  
 Now the Word doth swiftly run,  
 Now it spreads its glorious Way;  
 More and more it shines and grows,  
 Ever mighty to prevail;  
 Sin's strong Holds it now o'erthrows,  
 Shakes the trembling Gates of Hell.

## H Y M N CCLIII.

*For a sick Person.*

1. **S**EE, gracious Lord, with pitying Eyes,  
 Beneath thy Hand a Suff'rer lies,  
 Thy Mercy, not thine Anger proves;  
 And sick he is whom Jesus loves.
2. His to thine own Afflictions join,  
 Accept, exalt, end count them thine;  
 Thy Passion which remains fulfill,  
 And suffer in thy Members still.
3. His Sickness feel, endure his Pain,  
 His Burden bear, his Cross sustain;  
 Grieve in his Grievs, and sigh his Sighs,  
 And breathe his Wishes to the Skies.
4. Enter his Heart, possess him whole,  
 Inspire and actuate his Soul;  
 Himself no longer let it be  
 That suffers or that lives but thee.



5. Thyself through Suff'rings perfect made,  
Conform him thus to thee his Head;  
Refine, and raise his Virtue high'r;  
When try'd and purify'd by Fire.
6. So when his Eyes behold thee near,  
And thou his hidden Life appear;  
Bright in thy Likeness shall he shine,  
And glorious All, and all Divine.

## H Y M N CCLIV.

*W i n t e r.*

1. **S**EE how rude Winter's Icy Hand  
Has stript the Trees, and seal'd the Ground;  
But Spring shall soon his Ragé withstand,  
And spread new Beauties all around.
2. My Soul a sharper Winter mourns,  
Barren and lifeless I remain,  
When will the gentle Spring return,  
And bid my Graces grow again?
3. Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise,  
'Tis thine the frozen Heart to move;  
Oh! hush these Storms, and clear my Skies,  
And let me feel thy vital Love.
4. Dear Lord, regard my feeble Cry,  
I faint and droop 'till thou appear;  
Wilt thou permit thy Plant to die?  
Must it be Winter all the Year?
5. Be still, my Soul, and wait his Hour,  
With humble Pray'r, and patient Faith,  
'Till he reveals his gracious Pow'r,  
Repose on what his Promise saith.
6. He, by whose all commanding Words,  
Seasons their changing Course maintain;

In ev'ry Change a Pledge affords,  
That none shall seek his Face in vain.

## H Y M N CCLV.

*The last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5—8.*

1. **S**EE where the great incarnate God  
Fills a Majestick Throne,  
While from the Skies his awful Voice  
Bears the last Judgment down.
- [2. "I am the First, and I the Last,  
"Through endless Years the same ;  
"I AM is my Memorial still,  
"And my eternal Name.
3. "Such Favours as a God can give,  
"My royal Grace bestows ;  
"Ye thirsty Souls come taste the Stream;  
"Where Life and Pleasure flows.]
- [4. "The Saint that triumphs o'er his Sins,  
"I'll own him for a Son ;  
"The whole Creation shall reward  
"The Conquests he has won.
5. "But bloody Hands, and Hearts unclean,  
"And all the lying Race,  
"The faithless and the scoffing Crew  
"That spurn at offer'd Grace.
6. "They shall be taken from my Sight,  
"Bound fast in Iron Chains,  
"And headlong plung'd into the Lake  
"Where Fire and Darkness reigns."]
7. O may I stand before the Lamb,  
When Earth and Seas are fled !  
And hear the Judge pronounce my Name  
With Blessing on my Head !

8. May I with those forever dwell,  
 Who here where my Delight,  
 While Sinners banish'd down to Hell,  
 No more offend my Sight.

## H Y M N CCLVI.

*Let the Wicked forsake his Way, &c. Isai. 55, 7.*

1. **S**INNERS, the Voice of God regard;  
 'Tis Mercy speaks to Day;  
 He calls you by his sov'reign Word,  
 From Sin's destructive Way.
2. Like the rough Sea, that cannot rest,  
 You live devoid of Peace;  
 A thousand Stings within your Breast,  
 Deprive your Souls of Ease.
3. Your Way is dark, and leads to Hell;  
 Why will you persevere?  
 Can you in endless Torments dwell,  
 Shut up in black Despair?
4. Why will you in the crooked Ways  
 Of Sin and Folly go?  
 In Pain you travel all your Days,  
 To reap Immortal Woe!
5. But he that turns to God shall live,  
 Thro' his abounding Grace;  
 His Mercy will the Guilt forgive  
 Of those that seek his Face.
6. Bow to the Sceptre of his Word,  
 Renouncing ev'ry Sin;  
 Submit to him your sov'reign LORD,  
 And learn his Will Divine.
7. His LOVE exceeds your highest Thoughts;  
 He pardons like a God;

He

He will fo  
Thro' a

H

1. SHALL  
Thy S  
Or undisma  
Be a true.
2. Aw'd by a M  
Conceal th  
How then be  
To stand, o
3. Shall I, to fo  
Softens thy Tra  
To gain Earths  
The Cross end
4. What then is he,  
Whose Wrath or  
A Man, an Heir of  
To Sin, a Bubble o
5. Yea, let Man rage! find  
Thy shadowing Wings a  
Since in all Pain thy tender  
Will still my sweet Refreshm
6. Saviour of Men! thy searching E,  
Does all my inmost Thoughts desc  
Doth Ought on Earth my Wishes raise,  
Or the World's Favour, or its Praise.
7. The Love of Christ does me constrain  
To seek the wand'ring Souls of Men;  
With Cries, Intreaties, Tears, to save,  
To snatch them from the gaping Grave.
8. For this let Men revile my Name;  
No Cross I shun, I fear no Shame:

ne Pain !  
strain.

esent,  
be spent ;  
ord !  
ne ador'd !

od of Pow'r !  
Thunders roar,  
be :  
rough thee.

### III.

*an vain and Mor-*  
21.

of Flesh and Blood,  
Creator, God !  
presume to be  
or Just than he ?

, Trust in none .  
s round his Throne ;  
when compar'd with his,  
Holy, Just, nor Wise.

much meaner Things are they  
spring from Dust, and dwell in Clay !  
ch'd by the Finger of thy Wrath,  
We faint and vanish like the Moth.

from Night to Day, from Day to Night,  
We die by Thousands in thy Sight ;  
Bury'd in Dust whole Nations lie  
Like a forgotten Vanity.

5. Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow ;  
How frail are we ! how glorious thou !  
No more the Sons of Earth shall dare  
With an eternal God Compare. HYMN



## H Y M N CCLIX.

CHRIST *the Wisdom of God*, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

- I. S H A L L Wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her Speech be heard?  
The Voice of God's eternal Word,  
Deserves it no Regard?
2. "I was his chief Delight,  
"His everlasting Son,  
"Before the first of all his Works,  
"Creation, was begun.
- [3. "Before the flying Clouds,  
"Before the solid Land,  
"Before the Fields, before the Flood,  
"I dwelt at his Right Hand.
4. "When he adorn'd the Skies,  
"And built them, I was there,  
"To order when the Sun should rise,  
"And marshal ev'ry Star.
5. "When he pour'd out the Sea,  
"And spread the flowing Deep,  
"I gave the Flood a firm Decree  
"In its own Bounds to keep.]
6. "Upon the empty Air  
"The Earth was balanc'd well;  
"With Joy I saw the Mansion where  
"The Sons of Men should dwell.
7. "My busy Thoughts at first  
"On their Salvation ran,  
"E'er Sin was born, or Adam's Dust  
"Was fashion'd to a Man.
8. "Then come, receive my Grace,  
"Ye Children, and be wise;

“Happy the Man that keeps my Ways,  
 “The Man that shuns them dies.”

## H Y M N CCLX.

*The Brazen Serpent: or, Looking to Jesus.*

1. **S**O did the Hebrew Prophet raise  
 The brazen Serpent high;  
 The Wounded felt immediate Ease,  
 The Camp forbore to die.
2. “Look upward in the dying Hour,  
 “And live,” the Prophet cries,  
 But CHRIST performs a nobler Cure,  
 When Faith lifts up her Eyes.
3. High on the Cross the Saviour hung,  
 High in the Heav’ns he reigns;  
 Here Sinners, by th’ old Serpent stung,  
 Look and forget their Pains.
4. When God’s own Son is lifted up,  
 A dying World revives;  
 The Jew beholds the glorious Hope,  
 Th’ expiring Gentile lives.

## H Y M N CCLXI.

*Holiness and Grace.*

1. **S**O let our Lips and Lives express,  
 The holy Gospel we profess;  
 So let our Works and Virtues shine,  
 To prove the Doctrine all Divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,  
 The Honours of our SAVIOUR-GOD;  
 When the Salvation reigns within,  
 And Grace subdues the Pow’r of Sin.
3. Our Flesh and Sense must be deny’d,  
 Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;  
 Whilst

Whilst Justice Temp'rance, Truth and Love,  
Our inward Piety approve.

4. Religion bears our Spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed Hope,  
The bright Appearance of the LORD,  
And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

## H Y M N CCLXII.

*The Christian Warfare.*

1. **S**TAND up, my Soul, shake of thy Fears,  
And gird the Gospel Armour on;  
March to the Gates of endless Joy,  
Where thy great Captain, Saviour's gone.
2. Hell and thy Sins resist thy Course,  
But Hell and Sins are vanquish'd Foes;  
Thy Jesus nail'd 'em to the Cross,  
And sung the Triumph when he rose.]
- [3. What though the Prince of Darkness rage,  
And waste the Fury of his Spite;  
Eternal Chains confine him down  
To fiery Deeps, and endless Night.
4. What though thy inward Lusts rebel;  
'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;  
The Weapons of victorious Grace  
Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.]
5. Then let my Soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly Gate,  
There Peace and Joy Eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring Robes for Conq'rors wait.
6. There shall I wear a starry Crown,  
And Triumph in Almighty Grace,  
While all the Armies of the Skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

H Y M N

## H Y M N CCLXIII.

*To the Holy Ghost.*

1. **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit stay;  
 Tho' I have done thee such despite:  
 Cast not a Sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting Flight.
2. Tho' I have most unfaithful been  
 Of all, whoe'er thy Grace receiv'd,  
 Ten Thousand Times thy Goodness seen,  
 Ten Thousand Times thy Goodness griev'd.
3. But O! the chief of Sinners spare,  
 In Honour of my great High Priest;  
 Nor in thy right'ous Anger swear  
 T' exclude me from my People's Rest.
4. If yet thou canst my Sins forgive,  
 Ev'n now O LORD, relieve my Woes;  
 Me to thy Rest of Love receive,  
 And bless me with a calm Repose.
5. Ev'n now my weary Soul release,  
 And raise me by thy gracious Hand;  
 Guide me into thy perfect Peace,  
 And bring me to the promis'd Land.

## H Y M N CCLXIV.

1. **S**TILL out of the deepest Abbyſs  
 Of Trouble I mournfully cry,  
 And pine to recover my Peace,  
 To see my Redeemer, and die.  
 I cannot, I cannot forbear  
 These passionate Longings for Home:  
 O when will my Spirit be there?  
 O when will the Messenger come?

2. Thy

2. Thy Nature I long to put on,  
Thine Image on Earth to regain,  
And then in the Grave to lay down  
My Burden of Body and Pain;  
O JESUS in pity draw near,  
And lull me to sleep on thy Breast;  
Appear, to my Rescue appear,  
And gather me into thy Rest.
3. To take a poor Fugitive in,  
The Arm of thy Mercy display,  
And give me to rest from all Sin,  
And bear me triumphant away:  
Away from a World of Distress,  
Away to the Mansions above,  
The Heaven of seeing thy Face,  
The Heaven of feeling thy Love.

## H Y M N CCLXV.

*Christian Virtues; or, The Difficulty of Conversion.*

1. **S**TRAIT is the Way, the Door is strait,  
That leads to Joys on High;  
<sup>'Tis</sup> but a few that find the Gate,  
While Crouds mistake and die.
2. Beloved Self must be deny'd,  
The Mind and Will renew'd,  
Passion suppress'd and Patience try'd,  
And vain Desires subdu'd.
- [3. Flesh is a dang'rous Foe to Grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, Pride abas'd,  
Lest they destroy our Souls.
4. The Love of Gold be banish'd hence,  
(That vile Idolatry)  
And ev'ry Member, ev'ry Sense,  
In sweet Subjection lye.
5. The



5. The Tongue, that most unruly Pow'r,  
Requires a strong restraint;  
We must be watchful ev'ry Hour,  
And pray, but never faint.]
6. Lord! can a feeble, helpless Worm  
Fulfill a Task so hard!  
Thy Grace must all my Works perform,  
And give thee free Reward.

## H Y M N CCLXVI.

*The divided Heart lamented.*

1. **S**TRANGE that so much of Heav'n and Hell  
Should in one Bosom meet;  
Lord, can thy Spirit ever dwell  
Where Satan has a Seat?
2. Now I am all transform'd to Love,  
And could expire in Praise;  
Then soon not all the Joys above  
One chearful Note can raise.
3. When I with pensive Thoughts review  
The Mazes I have trod,  
Astonish'd at the Grace that drew  
My wand'ring Soul to God.
4. Oh with what ardent Zeal I Vow  
A rectitude within!  
What Indignation fires me now,  
At the mear Thoughts of Sin!
5. But vain Amusements, hurrying Cares,  
Trifles of Loss or Gain,  
Or carnal Joys, or worldly Fears,  
Seduce my Heart again.
6. By faithful Hopes, and golden Dreams,  
I'm nurtur'd or betray'd,

Still

Still tofs'd between the two Extremes,  
Too vain, or too dismay'd.

7. Decide the dubious awful Case,  
By some assuring Sign ;  
And oh may thy all conqu'ring Grace  
Declare that I am thine !

## H Y M N CCLXVII.

*A Psalm for the Lord's Day.*

1. **S**WEET is the Work, my God my King,  
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing;  
To shew thy Love by morning Light.  
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.
2. Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,  
No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast ;  
O may my Heart in Tune be found  
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound !
3. My Heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his Works, and bless his Word ;  
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy Counsels ! how Divine !
4. Fools never raise their Thoughts so high ;  
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die ;  
Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath  
Blast them in everlasting Death.
5. But I shall share a glorious Part  
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,  
And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed  
Like holy Oil to chear my Head.
6. Sin (my worst Enemy before)  
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more :

My inward Foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my Peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
And ev'ry Pow'r find sweet Employ  
In that eternal World of Joy.

## H Y M N CCLXVIII.

*The Vanity of Men as Mortal.*

1. **T**E A C H me the Measure of my Days,  
Thou Maker of my Frame ;  
I would Survey Life's narrow Space,  
And learn how frail I am.
2. A Span is all that we can boast,  
An Inch or two of Time ;  
Man is but Vanity and Dust  
In all his Flow'r and Prime.
3. See the vain Race of Mortals move  
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,  
They Rage and Strive, Desire and Love,  
But all the Noise is vain.
4. Some walk in Honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden Ore,  
They toil for Heirs they know not who,  
And strait are seen no more.
5. What should I wish or wait for then  
From Creatures Earth and Dust ?  
They make our Expectations vain,  
And disappoint our Trust.
6. Now I forbid my carnal Hope,  
My fond Desires recall ;

I give

My fond Desires recall ;  
 I give my mortal Int'rest up.  
 And make my God my all.

## H Y M N CCLXIX.

*The Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

1. **T**H A T awful Day will surely come,  
 Th' appointed Hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn Test.
2. Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys,  
 Thou Sov'reign of my Heart,  
 How could I bear to hear thy Voice  
 Pronounce the Sound, Depart?
- [3. The Thunder of that dismal Word  
 Would so torment my Ear,  
 'Twould tear my Soul asunder, Lord,  
 With most Tormenting Fear.]
- [4. What, to be banish'd from my Life,  
 And yet forbid to die ?  
 To linger in eternal Pain,  
 Yet Death for ever fly ? ]
5. O wretched State of deep Despair,  
 To see my God remove,  
 And fix my doleful Station where  
 I must not taste his Love.
6. Jesus, I throw my Arms around,  
 And hang upon thy Breast ;  
 Without a gracious Smile from Thee,  
 My Spirit cannot rest.
7. O ! tell me that my worthless Name  
 Is graven on thy Hands,

Shew me some Promise in thy Book  
Where my Salvation stands !

- [8. Give me one kind assuring Word  
To sink my Fears again ;  
And chearfully my Soul shall wait  
Her Threescore Years and Ten. ]

## H Y M N. CCLXX.

*The Believer's Safety.*

1. **T**H A T Man no Guard or Weapon needs,  
Whose Heart the Blood of Jesus knows ;  
But safe may pass , if Duty leads,  
Thro' burning Sands or Mountain Snows.
2. Releas'd from Guilt he feels no Fear,  
Redemption is his Shield and Tow'r ;  
He sees his Saviour always near  
To help in ev'ry trying Hour.
3. Tho' I am weak, and Satan strong,  
And often to Assault me tries ;  
When Jesus is my Shield and Song,  
Abash'd the Wolf before me flies.
4. His Love possessing, I am blest,  
Secure whatever Change may come ;  
Whither I go to East or West,  
With him I still shall be at Home.
5. If plac'd beneath the Northern Pole,  
Tho' Winter reigns with Vigor there ;  
His gracious Beams would cheer my Soul,  
And make a Spring throughout the Year.
6. Or if the Desert's Sun-burnt Soil,  
My lonely Dwelling e'er should prove,  
His Presence would support my Toil,  
Whose smile is Life, whose Voice is Love.



## H Y M N CCLXXI.

Noah *preserved in the Ark, and Believers in*  
CHRIST, 1 Pet. iii, 20. 21.

1. **T**HE Deluge, at th' Almighty's Call,  
In what impetuous Streams it fell !  
Swallow'd the Mountains in its Rage,  
And swept a guilty World to Hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest Sons of Pride,  
Fled from the close pursuing Wave ;  
Nor could the mightiest Tow'rs defend,  
Nor Swiftnefs 'scape, nor Courage save,
3. How dire the Wreck ! how loud the Roar !  
How shrill the Universal Cry  
Of Millions in the last Despair,  
Re-echo'd from the lowering Sky !
4. Yet Noah, humble happy Saint.  
Surrounded with the Chosen Few,  
Sat in his Ark, secure from Fear,  
And sang the Grace that steer'd him thro'.
5. So I may sing, in Jesus safe,  
While Storms of Vengeance round me fall,  
Conscious how high my Hopes are fix'd,  
Beyond what shakes this earthly Ball.
6. Enter thine Ark, while Patience waits,  
Nor ever quit that sure Retreat :  
Then the wide Flood, which buries Earth,  
Shall waft thee to a fairer Seat.
7. Nor Wreck nor Ruin there is seen ;  
There not a Wave of Trouble rolls ;  
But the bright Rainbow round the Throne  
Seals endless Life to all their Souls.

## H Y M N CCLXXII.

*The Fountain of Christ, Zech. xiii, 1.*

## 1. THE Fountain of Christ

Assist me to sing,  
 The Blood of our Priest,  
 Our crucify'd King ;  
 Which perfectly cleanses  
 From Sin, and from Filth ;  
 And richly dispenses  
 Salvation and Health.

2. This Fountain so dear  
 He'll freely impart ;  
 Unlock'd by the Spear,  
 It gush'd from his Heart,  
 With Blood, and with Water,  
 The first to atone,  
 To cleanse us the Latter,  
 The Fountain's but One.

3. This Fountain is such  
 ( As Thousands can tell )  
 The Moment we touch  
 It's Streams, we are well.  
 All Waters beside them  
 Are full of the Curse ;  
 For all that have try'd them  
 Swell, rot, and grow worse.

4. This Fountain, sick Soul,  
 Recovers thee quite ;  
 Bathe here, and be whole ;  
 Wash here and be white ;  
 Whatever Diseases  
 Or Dangers befall,  
 The Fountain of Jesus  
 Will rid thee of all.

5. This

5. This Fountain from Guilt

Not only makes pure,  
And gives, soon as felt,  
Infallible Cure ;

But if Guilt removed,  
Return and remain,  
Its Pow'r may be proved  
Again, and again.

6. This Fountain unseal'd,

Stands open for all,  
That long to be heal'd,  
The Great and the Small ;

Here's Strength for the Weakly,  
That hither are led :  
Here's Health for the Sickly ;  
Here's Life for the Dead.

7. This Fountain tho' rich,

From Charge is quite clear ;  
The poorer the Wretch  
The welcomer here ;

Come Needy, come Guilty,  
Come loathsome and bare ;  
You can't come too Filthy,  
Come just as you are.

8. This Fountain in vain

Has never been try'd,  
It takes out all Stain  
Whenever apply'd ;

The Water flows sweetly  
With Virtue Divine,  
To cleanse Souls completely,  
Tho' Leprous as mine.

## H Y M N CCLXXIII.

*CHRIST'S Kingdom and Majesty.*

1. **T**HE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,  
Let all the Nations fear;  
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,  
And Saints be humble there.
2. JESUS the Saviour reigns,  
Let Earth adore its Lord;  
Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,  
Swift to fulfil his Word.
3. In Zion is his Throne,  
His Honours are Divine;  
His Church shall make his Wonders known.  
For there his Glories shine.
4. How holy is his Name!  
How terrible his Praise!  
Justice and Truth and Judgment join,  
In all his Works of Grace.

## H Y M N CCLXXIV.

*The Reflection of a baptized Believer—He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 39.*

1. **T**HE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,  
Went on his Way with Joy:  
And who can tell what rapturous Thoughts,  
Did then his Mind employ?
2. "Is that most glorious Saviour mine  
"Of whom I lately read?  
"Who bearing all my Sins and Grievs,  
"Was number'd with the Dead?"
3. "Is he who bursting from the Grave;  
"Now reigns above the Sky

"My

- "My Advocate before the Throne,  
 "My Portion when I die ?
4. "Have I profess'd his holy Name?  
 "Do I his Gospel bear  
 "To Ethiopia's scorched Lands,  
 "And shall I spread it there ?
5. "Bless'd Pool ! in which I lately lay,  
 "And left my Fears behind ;  
 "What an unworthy Wretch am I !  
 "And GOD profusely kind !
6. "Bless'd Emblen of that precious Blood  
 "Which satisfy'd for Sin ;  
 "And of that renovating Grace,  
 "Which makes the Conscience clean."
7. This Pattern, LORD, with sacred joy  
 Help us to keep in View ;  
 The same our Work, the same, O make,  
 Our Consolation too.

## H Y M N CCLXXV.

*It is finished, John 19, 30.*

1. " 'TIS finish'd," the Redeemer said,  
 And meekly bow'd his dying Head,  
 Whilst we this Sentence scan,  
 Come, Sinners, and observe the Word.  
 Behold the Conquests of the Lord,  
 Compleat for helpless Man.
2. Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,  
 Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace ;  
 Their mighty Debt is paid :  
 Accusing Law cancell'd by Blood,  
 And Wrath of an offended God  
 In sweet Oblivion laid.



3. Who now shall urge a second Claim?  
The Law no longer can condemn,  
Faith a Release can shew:  
Justice itself a Friend appears,  
The Prison House a whisper hears,  
"Loose him, and let him go."
4. O Unbelief, injurious Bar!  
Source of tormenting, fruitless Fear,  
Why dost thou yet reply?  
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,  
" 'Tis finish'd" still may answer all,  
And silence ev'ry Cry.
5. His Toil divinely finish'd stands,  
But ah! the Praise his Work demands,  
Careful may we attend!  
Conclusion to our Souls be this,  
Because Salvation finish'd is,  
Our Thanks shall never End.

## H Y M N CCLXXVI.

*Who hath despised the Day of small Things? Zech. iv, 10.*

1. **T**HE Lord that made both Heav'n and Earth,  
And was himself made Man,  
Lay in the Womb before his Birth,  
Contracted to a Span:
2. Matur'd by Time 'till forth he came,  
A Babe like others seen;  
As small in Size, and weak of Frame,  
As Babes have always been.
3. From thence he grew an Infant mild,  
By fair and due Degrees;  
And then became a bigger Child,  
And sat on Mary's Knees.

4. At first held up for want of Strength,  
In Time alone he ran ;  
Then grew a Boy ; a Lad at Length  
A Youth ; at last a Man.
5. Behold from what beginnings small !  
Our great Salvation rose !  
The Strength of God is own'd by all ;  
But who his Weakness knows ?
6. Thus Souls that would to Heav'n attain,  
Must Jacob's Ladder climb ;  
And Step by Step the Summit gain,  
In Measure and in Time.
7. Let not the Strong the Weak despise ;  
Their Faith, tho' small, is true ;  
Tho' low they seem in others Eyes ;  
Their Sav'our seem'd so too.
8. Nor meanly of the Tempted think ;  
For, oh what Tongue can tell,  
How low the Lord of Life must sink,  
Before he vanquish'd Hell !
9. The least Believer is a Saint,  
And if our Growth be slow,  
We should not therefore tire and faint,  
Since Christ himself could grow.
10. As in the Days of Flesh he grew,  
In knowledge, Stature, Grace,  
So in the Soul that's born anew,  
He keeps a gradual Pace.
11. No less Almighty at his Birth,  
Than on his Throne Supreme :  
His Shoulders held up Heav'n and Earth,  
When Mary held up him.

## H Y M N CCLXXVII.

*The last Judgment : or, The Saints rewarded.*

1. **T**HE LORD, the Judge, before his Throne  
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh ;  
The Nations near the rising Sun,  
And near the Western Sky.
2. No more shall bold Blasphemers say,  
“ Judgment will ne’er begin ;”  
No more abuse his long Delay,  
To Impudence and Sin.
3. Thron’d on a Cloud our God shall come,  
Bright Flames prepare his Way ;  
Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm  
Lead on the dreadful Day.
4. Heav’n from above his Call shall hear,  
Attending Angels come,  
And Earth and Hell shall know and fear,  
His Justice and their Doom.
5. “ But gather all my Saints,” (he cries,)  
“ That made their Peace with God  
“ By the Redeemer’s Sacrifice,  
“ And seal’d it with his Blood.
6. “ Their Faith and Works brought forth to Light,  
“ Shall make the World confess  
“ My Sentence of Reward is right,  
“ And Heav’n adore my Grace.”

## H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

*Angels ministering to CHRIST and Saints.*

1. **T**HE Majesty of Solomon !  
How glorious to behold !  
The Servants waiting round his Throne,  
The Iv’ry and the Gold !

2. But

2. But mighty God! thy Palace shines  
 With far superior Beams;  
 Thine Angel Guards are swift as Winds,  
 Thy Ministers are Flames.
- [3. Soon as thine only Son had made  
 His Ent'rance on the Earth,  
 A shining Army downward fled,  
 To celebrate his Birth.
4. And, when oppress'd with Pains and Fears,  
 On the cold Ground he lies,  
 Behold a heav'nly Form appears,  
 T' allay his Agonies.]
5. Now to the Hands of Christ our King,  
 Are all their Legions giv'n;  
 They wait upon his Saints and bring,  
 His chosen Heirs to Heav'n.
6. Pleasure and Praise run thro' their Host  
 To see a Sinner turn;  
 Then Satan has a Captive lost,  
 And Christ a Subject born.
7. But there's an Hour of brighter Joy,  
 When he his Angels sends,  
 Obstinate Rebels to destroy,  
 And gather in his Friends.
8. O! could I say, without a Doubt,  
 There shall my Soul be found,  
 Then let the great Arch-Angel shout,  
 And the last Trumpet sound.

H Y M N CCLXXIX.

*Our Lord JESUS at his own Table.*

- [1. **T**HE Mem'ry of our dying Lord  
 Awakes a thankful Tongue;

How

How rich he spreads his Royal Board,  
And blest'd the Food, and fung.

2. Happy the Men that eat this Bread,  
But doubly-blest'd was he  
That gently bow'd his loving Head,  
And lean'd it, Lord on Thee.
3. By Faith the same Delights we taste  
As that great Fav'rite did,  
And sit and lean on Jesus' Breast;  
And take the heav'nly Bread.]
4. Down from the Palace of the Skies  
Hither the King descends,  
"Come, my Beloved eat (he cries)  
"And drink Salvation, Friends.
- [5. "My Flesh is Food and Physick too,  
"A Balm for all your Pains;  
"And the red Streams of Pardon flow  
"From these my pierced Veins."]
6. Hosanna to his bounteous Love  
For such a Feast below!  
And yet he feeds his Saints above  
With nobler Blessings too.
- [7. Come the dear Day, the glorious Hour,  
That brings our Souls to rest!  
Then we shall need these Types no more,  
But dwell at th' heav'nly Feast.]

## H Y M N CCLXXX.

*Perseverance.*

1. **T**HE Sinner that by precious Faith,  
Has felt his Sins forgiv'n.  
Is, from that Moment, pass'd from Death,  
And seal'd an Heir of Heav'n.
2. Tho'



2. Tho' thousand Snares enclose his Feet,  
Not one shall hold him fast ;  
Whatever Dangers he may meet,  
He shall get safe at last.
3. Not as the World the Saviour given,  
He is no fickle Friend,  
Whom once he Loves, he never leaves ;  
But loves him to the End.
4. The Spirit that would this Truth withstand,  
Would pull God's Temple down,  
Wrest Jesu's Sceptre from his Hand,  
And spoil him of his Crown.
5. Satan might then full Vict'ry boast  
The Church might wholly fall ;  
If one Believer may be lost,  
It follows, so may all.
6. But Christ in ev'ry Age has prov'd  
His Purchase firm and true,  
If this Foundation be remov'd,  
What shall the Righteous do ?
7. Brethren by this your Claim abide,  
This Title to your Bliss ;  
Whatever Loss you bear beside,  
Oh, never give up this.

H Y M N CCLXXXI.

*Tribulation.*

1. **T**HE Souls that would to Jesus press,  
Must fix this firm and sure ;  
That Tribulation, more or less,  
They must and shall endure.
2. From this there can be none exempt ;  
'Tis God's own wise Decree,

Satan

Satan the weakest Saint will tempt,  
Nor is the strongest free.

3. The World opposes from without,  
And Unbelief within ;  
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
And feel the Load of Sin.
4. Glad Frames too often lift us up ;  
And then how proud we grow !  
'Till sad Desertion makes us droop ;  
And down we sink as low.
5. Ten Thousand Baits the Foes prepares  
To catch the wand'ring Heart ;  
And seldom do we see the Snares,  
Before we feel the Smart.
6. But let not all this terrify,  
Pursue the narrow Path ;  
Look to the Lord with stedfast Eye  
And fight with Hell by Faith.
7. Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong,  
His Promises are true,  
We shall be Conqu'rors all ere long,  
And more than Conqu'rors too.

## H Y M N CCLXXXII.

1. **T**HE one thing needful, that good Part.  
Which Mary chose with all her Heart,  
I would pursue with Heart and Mind,  
And seek unwearied till I find.
2. But, oh ! I'm blind and Ignorant,  
(The Spirit of the Lord I want ;  
To guide me in the narrow Road,  
That leads to Happiness and God.
3. O Lord, my God to Thee I pray,

Teach

Teach me to know, and find the Way  
How I may have my Sins forgiv'n,  
And safe, and surely get to Heav'n.

4. My Mind enlighten with thy Light,  
That I may understand aright  
The glorious Gospel Mystery,  
Which shews the Way to Heav'n and Thee.
5. Hidden in Christ the Treasure lies,  
That goodly Pearl of so great Price ;  
No other Way but Christ, there is  
To endless Happiness and Bliss.
6. O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,  
Who hast redeem'd me by thy Blood ;  
Unite my Heart so fast to Thee,  
That we may never parted be.

## H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

1. **T**HE Saints appear to tread the Courts  
Of their dear God below ;  
Behold the Multitude resorts  
To hear the Trumpet blow.
2. Lord God appear for our Relief,  
What can we do alone ?  
Come Saviour, banish Unbelief  
And take us for thine own.
3. Our Eyes O Lord, are unto thee,  
Assist us, Lord, we pray ;  
O may thy Spirit Present be !  
O Lord, thy Power display.
4. Jesus, let us thy Gospel hear,  
Teach us to know thy Voice ;  
Make ev'ry stubborn Sinner fear,  
And all thy Saints rejoice.

5. Come

5. Come Lord, nor let us be dismay'd ;  
Lord, hear thy People pray ;  
And let thy Mercy be display'd  
Amongst us here this Day.
6. May Sinners hear thy pow'rful Call,  
And thy Salvation see ;  
So shall our Hearts, both One and All,  
Sing Songs of Praise to thee.

## H Y M N CCLXXXIV.

1. **T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears,  
To set in Blood no more !  
Adore the scatt'rer of your Fears,  
Your rising Sun adore.
2. The Saints, when he resign'd his Breath,  
Unclos'd their sleeping Eyes ;  
He breaks again the Bands of Death,  
Again the Dead arise.
3. Alone the dreadful Race he ran,  
Alone the Wine-Press trod ;  
He dy'd, and suffer'd as a Man,  
He rises as a God.
4. In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,  
Forbid an early Rise,  
To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,  
And opens Paradise.

## H Y M N CCLXXXV.

*Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.*

1. **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name !  
And humbly own to Thee,  
How feeble is our mortal Frame,  
What dying Worms are we !

[2. Out

- [2. Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,  
As Months and Days increase ;  
And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the Number less.
3. The Year rolls round, and steals away  
The Breath that it first gave ;  
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the Grave.]
4. Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground,  
To push us to the Tomb ;  
And fierce Diseases wait around,  
To hurry Mortals home.
5. Good God ! on what a slender Thread  
Hang everlasting Things !  
Th' eternal States of all the Dead  
Upon Life's feeble Strings.
6. Infinite Joy, or wretched Woe,  
Attends on ev'ry Breath ;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the Brink of Death !
7. Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,  
To walk this dang'rous Road ;  
And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,  
May they be found with God.

## H Y M N ' CCLXXXVI.

*Death and immediate Glory.*

1. **T**HERE is a House not made with Hands  
Eternal, and on High,  
And here my Spirit waiting stands,  
'Till God shall bid it fly.
2. Shortly this Prison of my Clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
R Then,



Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's Call.

3. 'Tis he, by his Almighty Grace,  
That forms thee fit for Heav'n?  
And as an Earnest of the Place,  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
4. We walk by Faith of Joys to come;  
Faith lives upon his Word;  
But while the Body is our Home,  
We're absent from the LORD.
5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the Flesh,  
And present, LORD, with thee.

## H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

*The Martyrs Glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.*

1. **T**HESE glorious Minds how bright they shine!  
Whence all their white Array?  
How came they to the happy Seats  
Of Everlasting Day?
2. From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys,  
On fiery Wheels they rode,  
And strangely wash'd their Raiments white  
In Jesus dying Blood.
3. Now they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before his Throne;  
Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs  
Adore the Holy One.
4. The unveil'd Glories of his Face  
Amongst his Saints reside,  
While the rich Treasure of his Grace  
Sees all their Wants supply'd,
5. Tor-

5. Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls,  
And Hunger flee as fast;  
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree  
Shall be their sweet Repast.
6. The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock  
Where living Fountains rise,  
And Love Divine shall wipe away  
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

## H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

*Saints dwell in Heaven, or CHRIST'S Ascension.*

1. **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the LORD's,  
And Men and Worms, and Beasts and  
He rais'd the Buildings on the Seas, [Birds;  
And gave it for their Dwelling Place.
2. But there's a brighter World on high,  
Thy Palace, LORD, above the Sky,  
Who shall ascend that blest Abode?  
And dwell so near his Maker God?
3. He that abhors and fears to Sin,  
Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean,  
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,  
And clothe his Soul with Right'ousness.
4. These are the Men, the pious Race,  
That seek the God of Jacob's Face;  
They shall enjoy the blissful Sight,  
And dwell in Everlasting Light.
5. Rejoice ye shining Worlds on high,  
Behold the King of Glory's nigh;  
Who can this King of Glory be?  
The mighty LORD, the Saviour's He.
6. Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves display  
To make the LORD the Saviour Way;

Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell,  
The Conq'ror comes with God to dwell,

7. Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before,  
He opens Heav'n's eternal Door,  
To give his Saints a blest Abode,  
Near their Redeemer and their God.

## H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

*Jericho ; or the Waters healed.*

1. **T**HO' Jericho pleasantly stood,  
And look'd like a promising Soil;  
The Harvest produc'd little Food,  
To answer the Husbandman's Toil:  
The Water some Property had,  
Which poisonous prov'd to the Ground;  
The Springs were corrupted and bad,  
The Streams spread a Barrenness round.
2. But soon by the Cruise and the Salt,  
Prepar'd by Elisha's Command,  
The Water was cur'd of its Fault  
And plenty enriched the Land:  
An Emblem sure this of the Grace  
On fruitless dead Sinners bestow'd;  
For Man is in Jericho's Case,  
Till cur'd by the Mercy of God.
3. How noble a Creature he seems!  
What Knowledge, Invention and Skill!  
How large and extensive his Schemes!  
How much can he do if he will!  
His Zeal to be Learned and Wise,  
Will yield to no Limits or Bars;  
He measures the Earth and the Skies,  
And Numbers and Marshals the Stars.

4. Yet still he is barren of Good ;  
 In vain are his Talents and Art ;  
 For Sin has infected his Blood,  
 And poison'd the Streams of his Heart ;  
 The Cockatrice Eggs he can hatch,  
 Or, Spider-like, Cobwebs can Weave ;  
 'Tis Madness to Labour and Watch  
 For what will destroy and deceive.
5. But Grace, like the Salt in the Cruise,  
 When cast in the Spring of the Soul,  
 A wonderful Change will produce,  
 Defusing new Life thro' the Whole :  
 The Wilderness blooms like a Rose,  
 The Heart which was vile and abhorr'd,  
 Now fruitfull and beautiful grows,  
 The Garden and Joy of the Lord.

## H Y M N CCXC.

*Longing after Christ.*

1. **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,  
 The Joy and Desire of my Heart ;  
 For closer Communion I pine ;  
 I long to reside where thou art :  
 The Pasture I languish to find,  
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
 Are fed, on thy Bosom reclin'd,  
 Are screen'd from the Heat of the Day.
2. Ah ! shew me that happiest Place,  
 That Place of thy People's Abode ;  
 Where Saints in an Extacy gaze,  
 And hang on a crucify'd God :  
 Thy Love for a Sinner declare ;  
 Thy Passion and Death on the Tree ;  
 My Spirit to Calvary bear,  
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

3. 'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,  
 There only I covet to rest;  
 To lie at the Foot of the Rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy Breast;  
 'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a Moment depart,  
 Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,  
 Eternally held in thine Heart.

## H Y M N CCCXI.

*An Evening Song.*

- [1. **T**HOU Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song  
 Like holy Incense rise;  
 Assist the Off'rings of my Tongue  
 To reach the lofty Skies.
2. Thro' all the Dangers of the Day  
 Thy Hand was still my Guard,  
 And still to drive my Wants away  
 Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.]
3. Perpetual Blessings from above  
 Encompass me around,  
 But O how few Returns of Love  
 Hath my 'Creator found!
4. What have I done for him that dy'd  
 To save my wretched Soul?  
 How are my Follies multiply'd,  
 Fast as the Minutes roll.
5. Lord, with this guilty Heart of mine,  
 To thy dear Cross I flee,  
 And to thy Grace my Soul resign,  
 To be renew'd by thee.
6. Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning Blood,  
 I lay me down to rest,



As in th' Embraces of my God,  
Or on my 'Saviour's Breast.

## H Y M N CCXCII.

*The Lord will provide.*

1. **T**HO' Troubles assail,  
And Dangers affright,  
Tho' Friends should all fail,  
And Foes all unite;  
Yet one Thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,  
The Scripture assures us,  
"The Lord will provide."
2. The Birds without Barn  
Or Storehouse are fed,  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our Bread:  
His Saints, what is fitting,  
Shall ne'er be deny'd,  
So long as 'tis written  
"The Lord will provide,"
3. We may, like the Ships,  
By Tempests be tost  
On perilous Deeps,  
But cannot be lost:  
Tho' Satan enrages  
The Wind and the Tide,  
The Promise engages,  
"The Lord will provide."
4. His Call we obey  
Like Abra'm of old,  
Not knowing our Way,  
But Faith makes us bold;  
For tho' we are Strangers  
We have a good Guide,

And trust in all Dangers,  
 "The Lord will provide."

5. When Satan appears  
 To stop up our Path,  
 And fills us with Fears,  
 We triumph by Faith;  
 He cannot take from us,  
 Tho' oft' he has try'd,  
 This Heart cheering Promise,  
 "The Lord will provide."

6. He tells us we're weak,  
 Our Hope is in vain,  
 The Good that we seek  
 We ne'er shall obtain;  
 But when such Suggestions  
 Our Spirits have ply'd,  
 This Answers all Questions,  
 "The Lord will provide."

7. No Strength of our own,  
 Or Goodness we claim,  
 Yet since we have known  
 The Saviour's great Name,  
 In this our strong Tower  
 For safety we hide,  
 The Lord is our Power,  
 "The Lord will provide."

8. When Life sinks apace,  
 And Death is in View,  
 This Word of his Grace  
 Shall Comfort us thro';  
 No Fearing or Doubting  
 With Christ on our Side,  
 We hope to die shouting,  
 "The Lord will Provide."

## H Y M N CCXCIII.

*Agur's Wish, Proverbs, xxx. 7, 8, 9.*

1. **T**HUS Agur breath'd his warm Desire;  
 " My God, two Favours I require,  
 " In neither my Request deny,  
 " Vouchsafe them both before I die.
2. Far from my Heart and Tents exclude  
 " Those Enemies to all that's Good,  
 " Folly, whose Pleasures end in Death,  
 " And Falshoods pestilential Breath :
3. " Be neither Wealth nor Want my Lot;  
 " Below the Dome, above the Cot,  
 " Let me my Life unanxious lead,  
 " And know not Luxury nor Need."
4. These Wishes, LORD, we make our own,  
 O shed in Moderation down  
 Thy Bounties, 'till this Mortal Breath,  
 Expiring Tunes thy Praise in Death !
5. But should'st thou large Possessions give,  
 May we with Thankfulness receive  
 The Good and—still our God adore,  
 And bless the Needy from our Store.
6. Or should we feel the Pains of Want,  
 Submission, Resignation grant,  
 Till thou shalt send the wish'd Supply,  
 Or call us to the Bliss on high.

## H Y M N CCXCIV.

*An Evening Hymn.*

1. **T**HUS far the LORD has led me on,  
 Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days;  
 And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known  
 Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.



"Heal all the broken Hearts I find,  
 "And ease the Sorrows of the Mind.

- [4. "When I contend against their Sin,  
 "I make them know how vile they've been;  
 "But should my Wrath for ever smoke,  
 "Their Souls would sink beneath my Stroke."  
 5. O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh,  
 Left we should faint, despair and die!  
 Thus shall our better Thoughts approve  
 The Methods of thy chast'ning Love.]

## H Y M N CCXCVI.

*After Baptism.*

1. **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd  
 In Jordan's swelling Flood:  
 Thus one Day also was baptiz'd  
 In Tears, and Sweat, and Blood.
2. Thus was his sacred Body laid  
 Beneath the yielding Wave:  
 Thus was his sacred Body rais'd  
 Out of the liquid Grave.
3. The mystick Rite his Death describ'd;  
 His Burial did foreshew,  
 The Quick'ning of his sacred Flesh;  
 His Resurrection too.
4. Lord, thy own Precept we obey;  
 In thy own Footsteps tread;  
 We die; are buried; rise with thee  
 From Regions of the Dead.
5. Spirit of Grace, and Truth, and Love,  
 Thy Pow'r on us display;  
 Approve our Acts, and seal our Souls  
 To the Redemption Day.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCXCVII.

*Desire of Knowledge : Or, The Teaching of the Spirit  
with the Word.*

1. **T**HY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,  
How good thy Works appear !  
Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,  
And see thy Wonders there.
2. My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,  
My Service is thy Due ;  
O make thy Servant understand  
The Duties he must do.
3. Since I'm a Stranger here below,  
Let not thy Path be hid ;  
But mark the Road my Feet should go,  
And be my constant Guide.
4. When I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,  
Thou heard'st my Soul complain ;  
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,  
Or I shall stray again.
5. If God to me his Statutes shew,  
And heav'nly Truths impart,  
His Work for ever I'll pursue,  
His Law shall rule my Heart.
6. This was my Comfort when I bore  
Variety of Grief ;  
It made me learn thy Word the more,  
And fly to that Relief.
7. In vain the Proud deride me now ;  
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,  
Nor let that blessed Gospel go,  
Whence all my Hopes I draw.
8. When I have learn'd my Father's Will,  
I'll teach the World his Ways ;  
My

My thankful Lips, inspir'd with Zeal.  
Shall loud pronounce his Praise.]

## H Y M N CCXCVIII.

1. 'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious Thought,  
Do I love the Lord or no?  
Am I His, or am I not?
2. If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless Frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his Name!
3. Could my Heart so hard remain,  
Pray'r a Task and Burden prove;  
Ev'ry Trifle gives me Pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's Love?
4. When I turn my Eyes within,  
All is Dark, and Vain and Wild;  
Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,  
Can I deem myself a Child?
5. If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do;  
You that Love the LORD indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you?
6. Yet I mourn my stubborn Will,  
Find my Sin a Grief and Thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?
7. Could I joy his Saints to meet,  
Choose the Ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find at Times, the Promise sweet,  
If I did not love the LORD?
8. LORD, decide the doubtful Case!  
Thou, who art thy People's Sun;  
Shine

Shine upon thy Work of Grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

9. Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to Day.

## H Y M N CCXCIX.

*Lord's Day Morning.*

1. **T**O DAY God bids the Faithful rest,  
To Day he show'rs his Grace;  
"Seek ye my Face," the Lord hath said  
Lord, we will seek thy Face.
2. Come, let us leave the Things on Earth,  
With God's Assembly join;  
Lo! Heav'n descends to welcome Man,  
To taste the Things divine!
3. We come, dear Saviour, lo! we come,  
Lord of our Life and Soul;  
We come diseas'd, and faint, and sick,  
Be pleas'd to make us whole.
4. We thirst and fly to thee, O Lord,  
Thou Fountain-Head of Good;  
Filthy we come, and all Unclean,  
O cleanse us in thy Blood.
5. O may we please our God to Day,  
May that be all our Care!  
Give, Lord, thy Grace, lest evil Thoughts  
Should mingle in our Pray'r.
6. Amid th' Assembly of thy Saints,  
Let us be faithful found;

And

And let us join in humble Pray'r,  
And in thy Praise abound.

7. Let thy good Spirit help our Souls,  
With Faith thy Word to hear ;  
Be with us in thy Temple, Lord,  
And let us find thee near.

H Y M N CCC.

*A Prayer for Persons joined in Fellowship.*

1. TRY us, O God, and search the Ground  
Of ev'ry sinful Heart,  
Whate'er of Sin in us is found  
O bid it all depart.
2. When to the Right or Left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless,  
But guide our Feet into the Way  
Of everlasting Peace.
3. Help us to help each other Lord,  
Each others Cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly Aid afford,  
And feel his Brother's Care.
4. Help us to build each other up,  
Our little Stock improve,  
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,  
And perfect us in Love.
5. Up into thee the living Head,  
Let us in all Things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.
6. Then when the mighty Work is wrought  
Receive thy ready Bride,  
Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot.  
With all the Sanctify'd.

## H Y M N CCCI.

1. **T**WO are better far then One  
 For Counſel or for Fight;  
 How can One be warm alone?  
 Or ſerve his God aright?  
 Join we then our Hearts and Hands:  
 Each to Love provoke his Friend;  
 Run the Way of his Commands,  
 And keep it to the End.
2. Woe to him whoſe Spirits droop!  
 To him who falls alone!  
 He has none to lift him up,  
 To help his Weakneſs on:  
 Happier we each other keep;  
 We each others Burdens bear,  
 Never need our Footſteps ſlip,  
 Upheld by mutual Pray'r.
3. Who of Twain has made us One,  
 Maintains our Unity:  
 Jeſus is the Cornerſtone,  
 In whom we all agree:  
 Servants of One common Lord,  
 Sweetly of One Heart and Mind,  
 Who can break a threefold Cord,  
 Or part whom God hath join'd?
4. Oh that all with us might prove  
 The Fellowship of Saints!  
 Find ſupply'd in Jeſu's Love  
 What ev'ry Member wants!  
 Graſp our high Callings Prize!  
 Feel our Sins on Earth forgiv'n!  
 Riſe, in his whole Image riſe,  
 And meet our Head in Heav'n.



## H Y M N CCCII.

*G O D our Preserver.*

1. **U**PWARD I lift mine Eyes,  
From GOD is all my Aid;  
The GOD that built the Skies,  
And Earth and Nature made;  
GOD is the Tow'r  
To which I fly;  
His Grace is nigh  
In ev'ry Hour.
2. My Feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal Snares,  
Since GOD, my Guard and Guide,  
Defends me from my Fears,  
Those wakeful Eyes,  
That never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep,  
When Dangers rise.
3. No burning Heats by Day,  
Nor Blaſts of ev'ning Air,  
Shall take my Health away,  
If GOD be with me there;  
Thou art my Sun,  
And thou my Shade  
To guard my Head,  
By Night or Noon.
4. Haſt thou not giv'n thy Word  
To ſave my Soul from Death?  
And I can truſt my LORD  
To keep my Mortal Breath;  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on High  
Thou call me Home,

## H Y M N CCCIII.

*Death.*

1. **V**AIN Man thy fond Pursuits forbear ;  
Repent ; thy End is nigh,  
Death at the farthest can't be far ;  
Oh, think before thou die !
2. Reflect thou hast a Soul to save,  
Thy Sins how high they Mount !  
What are thy Hopes beyond thy Grave ?  
How stands that dark Account !
3. Death enters, and there's no Defence,  
His Time there's none can tell,  
He'll in a Moment call thee hence,  
To Heaven or to Hell.
4. Thy Flesh, perhaps thy chiefest Care,  
Shall crawling Worms consume,  
But ah, Destruction stops not there ;  
Sin kills beyond the Tomb !
5. To Day, the Gospel calls, to Day ;  
Sinners, it speaks to you ;  
Let ev'ry one forsake his Way,  
And Mercy will ensue.
6. Rich Mercy, dearly bought with Blood,  
How vile foe'er he be,  
Abundant Pardon, Peace with God ;  
All giv'n entirely free.

## H Y M N CCCIV.

*The Church, the Garden of Christ. Sol. Song iv. 12,  
13, 15, and v. 1.*

1. **W**E are a Garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar Ground ;  
A little Spot, enclos'd by Grace,  
Out of the World's wild Wilderness.
2. Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's Hand ;  
And all his Springs in Zion flow,  
To make the young Plantation grow.
3. Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,  
Blow on this Garden of Perfume ;  
Spirit Divine ! descend and breathe  
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.
4. Make our best Spices flow abroad  
To entertain our Saviour God :  
And Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,  
And ev'ry Grace be active here.
- [5. Let my Beloved come and taste  
His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast ;  
I come, my Spouse, I come, he cries,  
With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.
6. Our Lord into his Garden comes,  
Well pleas'd to smell our poor Perfumes,  
And calls us to a Feast Divine,  
Sweeter than Honey, Milk, or Wine.
7. Eat of the Tree of Life my Friends,  
The Blessings that my Father sends ;  
Your Taste shall all my Dainties prove,  
And drink abundance of my Love.

3. Jesus, we will frequent thy Board,  
And sing the Bounties of our Lord:  
But the rich Food on which we live,  
Demands more praise than Tongues can give.}

## H Y M N CCCV.

1. **W**E bless the Father and the Son,  
We bless the Holy Ghost likewise;  
We praise the sacred Three in One,  
Who made our Souls from Sin to rise.
2. Thy sacred Precepts we receive,  
O Lord we bless thy holy Name,  
That thou should ever give us Leave,  
And charge us to obey the same.
3. It is an Honour to obey  
Thy great Commands before all Men,  
So we have trod the wat'ry Way,  
For in the Water Christ hath been.
4. This Ordinance O Lord we keep,  
According to thy wise Design;  
Lord may we walk among thy Sheep;  
We seek no other Fold but thine.
5. Lord guide us by thy Counsel here,  
Till we this gloomy Vale have past;  
Save us from Sin, save us from Fear,  
And bring us to thyself at last.

## H Y M N CCCVI.

*Travelling in Birth for Souls.*

1. **W**HAT Contradictions meet  
In Ministers Employ!  
It is a bitter Sweet,  
A Sorrow full of Joy:

No other Post affords a Place  
For equal Honour, or Disgrace!

2. Who can describe the Pain  
Which faithful Preachers feel;  
Constrain'd to speak in vain,  
To Hearts, as hard as Steel?  
Or who can tell the Pleasures felt,  
When stubborn Hearts begin to melt?
3. The Saviour's dying Love,  
The Soul's amazing Worth,  
Their utmost Efforts move,  
And draw their Bowels forth:  
They pray and strive, their Rest departs,  
Till Christ be form'd in Sinners Hearts.
4. If some small Hope appear,  
They still are not content;  
But with a jealous Fear,  
They watch for the Event:  
Too oft they find their Hopes deceiv'd,  
Then, how their inmost Souls are griev'd.
5. But when their Pain succeed.  
And from the tender Blade  
The rip'ning Ears proceed,  
Their Toils are overpaid:  
No harvest Joy can equal theirs,  
To find the Fruit of all their Cares.
6. On what has now been sown  
Thy Blessing, Lord bestow;  
The Pow'r is thine alone,  
To make it spring and grow:  
Do thou the gracious Harvest raise,  
And thou, alone, shalt have the Praise.



## H Y M N CCCVII.

*CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.*

1. **W**HAT equal Honours shall we bring  
To thee O Lord our God the Lamb,  
When all the Notes that Angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy Name?
2. Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,  
Worthy to rise, and live and reign  
At his almighty Father's Side.
3. Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar,  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.
4. All Riches are his native Right,  
Yet he sustain'd amazing Loss;  
To him ascribe eternal Might,  
Who left his Weakness on the Cross:
5. Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of Scandal and of Scorn:  
While Glory shines around his Head,  
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.
6. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the Curse for wretched Men:  
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,  
And ev'ry Creature say, Amen.

## H Y M N CCCVIII.

*The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints,*  
Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

1. **W**HAT happy Men, or Angels, these  
That all their Robes are spotless white?  
Whence

Whence did this glorious Troop arrive  
At the pure Realms of heav'nly Light ?

2. From torturing Racks, and burning Fires,  
And Seas of their own Blood they came :  
But nobler Blood has wash'd their Robes,  
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
3. Now they approach th' Almighty's Throne  
With loud Hosannas Night and Day,  
Sweet Anthems to the great Three-One,  
Measure their bless'd Eternity.
4. No more shall Hunger pain their Souls :  
He bids their parching Thirst be gone ;  
And spreads the Shadow of his Wings,  
To screen them from the scorching Sun.
5. The Lamb that fills the middle Throne,  
Shall shed around his milder Beams ;  
There shall they feast on his rich Love,  
And drink full Joys from living Streams.
6. Thus shall their mighty Bliss renew,  
Through the vast Round of endless Years,  
And the soft Hand of sov'reign Grace  
Heals all their Wounds, and wipes their Tears.

## H Y M N CCCIX.

*The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church,*  
Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1. **W**HAT mighty Man, or mighty God,  
Comes traveling in State  
Along the Idumean Road,  
Away from Bozrah's Gate !
2. The Glory of his Robes proclaim  
'Tis some victorious King :  
" 'Tis I, the Just th' Almighty One,  
" That your Salvation bring.

3. Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints inquire,  
Why thine apparel's red ?  
And all thy Vesture stain'd like those  
Who in the Wine-press tread ?
4. I by myself have trod the Press,  
" And crush'd my Foes alone ;  
" My Wrath hath struck the Rebels dead,  
" My Fury stamp'd them down.
5. "'Tis Edom's Blood that dyes my Robes  
" With joyful Scarlet Stains,  
" The Triumph that my Raiment wears,  
" Sprung from their bleeding Veins.
6. " Thus shall the Nations be destroy'd,  
" That dare insult my Saints ;  
" I have an Arm t'avenge their Wrongs,  
" An Ear for their Complaints."

## H Y M N CCCX.

*Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church, or public  
Thanks for private Deliverance.*

1. **W**H A T shall I render to my God,  
For all his Kindness shown ?  
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,  
My Songs address thy Throne.
2. Among the Saints that fill thine House  
My Off'rings shall be paid ;  
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows,  
My Soul in Anguish made.
3. How much is Mercy thy Delight,  
Thou ever blessed God !  
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight !  
How precious is their Blood !
4. How happy all thy Servants are !  
How great thy Grace to me !

My

My Life, which thou hast made thy Care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my Purpose move ;  
Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bonds of Pain,  
And bound me with thy Love.
6. Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,  
And thy rich Grace record ;  
Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

## H Y M N CCCXI.

*What think ye of Christ.*

1. **W**HAT think you of Christ ? is the Test  
To try both your State and your Scheme ;  
You cannot be right in the Rest,  
Unless you think rightly of him.  
As Jesus appears in your View,  
As he is beloved or not ;  
So God is disposed to you  
And Mercy or Wrath are your Lot.
2. Some take him a Creature to be,  
A Man, or an Angel at most ;  
Sure these have not Feelings like me,  
Nor know themselves wretched and lost :  
So Guilty, so Helpless, am I,  
I durst not confide in his Blood,  
Nor on his Protection rely,  
Unless I were sure he is God.
3. Some stile him the Pearl of great price,  
And say, " He's the Fountain of Joys ;"  
Yet feed upon Folly and Vice,  
And cleave to the World and its Toys :  
Like Judas the Saviour they kiss,  
And while they salute him betray ;

Ah ! what will Profession like this  
 Avail in his terrible Day ?

4. If ask'd, what of Jesus I think ?  
 Tho' still my best Thoughts are but poor ;  
 I say, he's my Meat and my Drink,  
 My Life, and my Strength, and my Store :  
 My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,  
 My Saviour from Sin and from Thrall ;  
 My Hope from Beginning to End,  
 My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

## H Y M N CCCXII.

### *Exhortation to Prayer.*

1. **W**HAT various Hindrances we meet  
 In coming to a Mercy Seat !  
 Yet who that knows the Worth of Pray'r,  
 But wishes to be often there.
2. Pray'r makes the dark'ned Cloud wihtdraw,  
 Pray'r climbs the Ladder Jacob saw ;  
 Gives Exercise to Faith and Love,  
 Brings ev'ry Blessing from above.
3. Restraining Pray'r we cease to fight ;  
 Pray'r makes the Christian's Armour bright ;  
 And Satan trembles, when he sees  
 The weakest Saint upon his Knees.
4. While Moses stood with Arms spread wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's Side ; (e)  
 But when thro' Weariness they fail'd,  
 That Moment Amalek prevail'd.
5. Have you no Words ? Ah, think again,  
 Words flows apace when you complain,  
 And fill your Fellow Creatures Ear  
 With the sad Tale of all your Care.

6. Were

(e) Exod, xvii. 11.



6. Were half the Breath thus vainly spent,  
 To Heav'n in Supplication sent !  
 Your cheerful Song would oft'ner be.  
 "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## H Y M N CCCXIII.

### *Gratitude to God.*

1. **W**HEN all thy Mercies, O my God,  
 My rising Soul surveys ;  
 Transported with the View I'm lost  
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise.
2. O how shall Words with equal Warmth  
 The Gratitude declare,  
 Which glows within my ravish'd Heart !  
 But thou canst read it there.
3. Thy Providence my 'Life sustain'd,  
 And all my Wants redress'd  
 When in the silent Womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the Breast.
4. To all my weak Complaints and Cries,  
 Thy Mercy lent an Ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd  
 To form themselves in Pray'r.
5. Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul  
 Thy tender Care bestow'd,  
 Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd  
 From whence those Comforts flow'd.
6. When in the slip'ry Path of Youth  
 With heedless Steps I ran,  
 Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to Man.
7. Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths,  
 It gently clear'd my Way ;

And

And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with Sicknefs, oft haft thou  
With Health renew'd My Face;  
And, when in Sins and Sorrows funk  
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.
9. (Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Blifs  
Hath made my Cup run o'er,,  
And in a kind and faithful Friend  
Has doubled all my Store.)
10. Ten Thousand Thousand precious Gifts  
My daily Thanks employ;  
Nor is the leaft a chearful Heart,  
That tastes thofe Gifts with Joy.
11. Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life,  
Thy Goodnefs I'll purfue;  
And after Death in diftant Worlds,  
The glorious Theme renew.
12. When Nature fails, and Day and Night  
Divide thy Works no more,  
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,  
Thy Mercy fhall adore.
13. Thro' all Eternity to thee  
A joyful Song I'll raife;  
For oh! Eternity alone  
Can utter all thy Praise.

## H Y M N CCCXIV.

*Difficulties, in the Way of Duty, furmounded—Hinder  
me not. Gen. xxiv. 56. ‡*

- [1. **W**HEN Abraham's Servant to procure  
A Wife for Ifaac went,

He

‡ *This Hymn may begin at the 6th Verfe.*

He met Rebekah—told his Wish,—  
Her Parents gave Consent.

2. Yet, for ten Days, they urg'd the Man  
His Journey to delay ;  
Hinder me not, he quick reply'd,  
Since God hath crown'd my Way.
3. 'Twas thus I cry', when Christ the Lord,  
My Soul to him did wed ;  
Hinder me not, nor Friends nor Foes,  
Since God my Way hath sped.
4. Stay says the World ond taste awhile  
My ev'ry pleasant Sweet ;  
Hinder me not, my Soul replies ;  
Because the Way is great.
5. Stay Satan my old Master cries,  
Or Force shall thee detain ;  
Hinder me not, I will be gone,  
My God has broke thy Chain.]
6. In all my Lord's appointed Ways,  
My Journey I'll pursue ;  
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd Saints,  
For I must go with you.
7. Thro' Floods and Flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes ;  
Hinder me not, shall be my Cry,  
Tho' Earth and Hell oppose.
8. Thro' Duty, and thro' Trials too  
I'll go at his Command ;  
Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my Emmanuel's Land.
9. And when my Saviour calls me Home,  
Still this my Cry shall be,  
Hinder me not, come welcome Death,  
I'll gladly go with thee. H Y M N

## H Y M N CCCXV.

*On the Death of a young Person.*

1. **W**HEN blooming Youth is snatch'd away  
By Death's resistless Hand,  
Our Hearts the mournful Tribute pay  
Which Pity must demand.
2. While Pity prompts the rising Sigh,  
O may this Truth, imprest  
With awful Pow'r—I too—must die—  
Sink deep in ev'ry Breast.
3. Let this vain World engage no more;  
Behold the gaping Tomb!  
It bids us seize the present Hour,  
To-morrow Death may come. .
4. The Voice of this alarming Scene,  
May ev'ry Heart obey;  
Nor be the heav'nly Warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
5. O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose pow'rful Arm can save;  
Then shall our Hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the Grave.
6. Great God, thy Sov'reign Grace impart,  
With cleansing healing Pow'r;  
This only can prepare the Heart  
For Death's surprizing Hour.

## H Y M N CCCXVI.

1. **W**HEN Christ shall rend from End to End  
The Regions of the Air,  
And split the Skies in twain likewise,  
Then he'll himself appear.
2. Then he'll appear a drawing near  
With Armies broad and long;                      In

In Rank and File, ten thousand Mile,  
Then we shall see the Throng.

3. Then he will tell the Arch-Angel,  
To blow the Trumpet loud,  
That all may hear, both far and near;  
Oh! then you'll see the Crowd.
4. Then he will call, both Great and Small,  
The Beggar, Prince, and Drudge;  
The High, the Low, the Poor also,  
To come before their Judge.
5. The Sheep shall stand at Christ's right Hand,  
But Goats at his left Side;  
All shall appear, from far and near,  
To have their Causes try'd.
6. Then he will say, depart away,  
Ye Goats go down to dwell  
With the Devil and his Angels,  
In a prepared Hell.
7. But to the rest, "Come up ye Blest,  
(The Saviour he will say)  
"Come dwell above, and rest in Love,  
"To one eternal Day.
8. "When you've been there ten thousand Year,  
"Bright shining like the Sun,  
"You've no less Days to sing God's Praise  
"Than when you first begun.
9. "Those Robes you wear, so bright and fair,  
"Which dazzle like the Sun,  
"I've kept above, wrapt up in Love;  
"Angels ne'er had them on.
10. "But know my Bride, had I not dy'd,  
"You must have naked gone;

They're



" They're made for you, I know they'll do,  
 " For I have try'd them on.

11. " Now who are they that dare to say  
 " I've been too kind to these ?

" A Right I have to damn or save,  
 " Or do just what I please."

12. Jesus I thirst, and go I must,  
 I long to be above;  
 I long to sing, and praise my King,  
 Where Oceans flow with Love.

## H Y M N CCCXVII.

*Faith fainting.*

1. **W**HEN compass'd with Clouds of Distress,  
 Just ready all Hope to resign,  
 I pant for the Light of thy Face,  
 And fear it will never be mine :  
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy Feet with my Load,  
 All-plaintive I pour out my Song,  
 And stretch forth my Hands unto God.

2. Shine, LORD, and my Terror shall cease ;  
 The Blood of Atonement apply ;  
 And lead me to Jesus, for Peace,  
 The Rock that is higher than I ;  
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy Voice ;  
 Thy Presence is fair to behold ;  
 Attend to my Sorrows and Cries,  
 My Groanings that cannot be told.

3. If sometimes I strive as I mourn,  
 My Hold of thy Promise to keep,  
 The Billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the Deep :  
 While harass'd and cast from thy Sight,  
 The

The Tempter suggests with a Roar,  
"The LORD has forsaken thee quite;  
"Thy GOD will be gracious no more."

4. Yet LORD, if thy Love hath design'd  
No Covenant Blessing for me,  
Ah, tell me, how is it I find  
Some Pleasure in waiting for thee?  
Almighty to rescue thou art;  
Thy Grace is my only Resource;  
If e'er thou art LORD of my Heart,  
Thy Spirit must take it by Force.

### H Y M N CCCXVIII.

#### *Return of Joy.*

1. **W**HEN Darkness long has veil'd my Mind,  
And smiling Day once more appear's;  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The Folly of my Doubts and Fears.
2. I chide my unbelieving Heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a Part,  
Or harbour one hard Thought of thee!
3. O! let me then at length be taught  
(What I am still so slow to learn!)  
That God is Love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the Shadow of a Turn.
4. Sweet Truth, and easy to repeat!  
But when my Faith is sharply try'd,  
I find myself a Learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
5. But O my LORD, one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient Will;  
Drives Doubt and Discontent away,  
And thy rebellious Worm is still.

- 6, Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine;  
 Thou, therefore, all the Praise receive;  
 Be Shame and Self-abhorrence mine.

## H Y M N CCCXIX.

### *The foolish Virgins.*

1. **W**HEN descending from the Sky  
 The Bridegroom shall appear;  
 And the solemn Midnight Cry,  
 Shall call Professors near;  
 How the Sound our Hearts will damp!  
 How will Shame o'erspread each Face!  
 If we only have a Lamp,  
 Without the Oil of Grace.
2. Foolish Virgins then will wake,  
 And seek for a Supply;  
 But in vain the Pains they take  
 To borrow or to buy:  
 Then with those they now despise;  
 Earnestly they'll wish to share;  
 But the Best among the Wise,  
 Will have no Oil to spare.
3. Wise are they, and truly blest,  
 Who then shall ready be!  
 But Despair will seize the rest,  
 And dreadful Misery:  
 "Once, they'll cry, we scorn'd to doubt,  
 "Tho' in Lies our Trust we put;  
 "Now our Lamp of Hope is out,  
 "The Door of Mercy shut."
4. If they then presume to plead,  
 "Lord, open to us now;  
 "We on Earth have heard and pray'd,  
 "And

" And with thy Saints did bow ;"  
 He will answer from his Throne,  
 " Tho' you with my People mix'd,  
 " Yet to me you ne'er were known,  
 " Depart, your Doom is fix'd."

5. O that none who worship here  
 May hear that Word, Depart !  
 Lord impress a Godly Fear.  
 On each Professor's Heart :  
 Help us, Lord, to search the Camp,  
 Let us, not ourselves beguile ;  
 Trusting to a dying Lamp  
 Without a Stock of Oil.

## H Y M N CCCXX.

*The Joy of a remarkable Conversion ; or Melancholy  
 removed.*

1. **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,  
 And chang'd my mournful State,  
 My Rapture seem'd a pleasing Dream,  
 The Grace appear'd so great.
2. The World beheld the glorious Change,  
 And did thy Hand confess ;  
 My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,  
 And sung forprising Grace.
3. " Great is the Work," my Neighbours cry'd,  
 And own the Pow'r Divine ;  
 " Great is the Work," my Heart reply'd  
 " And be the Glory thine."
4. The LORD can clear the darkest Skies,  
 Can give us Day for Night,  
 Make Drops of sacred Sorrow rise  
 To Rivers of Delight.

5. Let those that sow in Sadness wait  
Till the fair Harvest come,  
They shall confess their Sheaves are great,  
And shout the Blessings Home.
6. Tho' Seed lie bury'd long in Dust ;  
It shan't deceive their Hope !  
The precious Grain can ne'er be lost !  
For Grace insures the Crop.

## H Y M N CCCXXI.

*Hannah : Or the Throne of Grace.*

1. **W**HEN *Hannah* press'd with Grief,  
Pour'd forth her Soul in Pray'r ;  
She quickly found Relief,  
And left her Burthen there :.  
Like her in ev'ry trying Case,  
Let us approach the Throne of Grace.
2. When she began to pray,  
Her Heart was pain'd and sad ;  
But ere she went away,  
Was comforted and glad :  
In Trouble, what a resting Place,  
Have they who know the Throne of Grace.
3. Tho' Men and Devils rage,  
And threaten to devour ;  
The Saints from Age to Age,  
Are safe from all their Pow'r :  
Fresh Strength they gain to run their Race,  
By waiting at the Throne of Grace.
4. Eli her Case mistook,  
How was her Spirit mov'd  
By his unkind Rebuke ?  
But God her Cause approv'd :  
We need not fear a Creature's Face,  
While welcome at the Throne of Grace.
5. She



5. She was not fill'd with Wine,  
 (As *Eli* rashly thought)  
 But with a Faith Divine,  
 And found the Help she sought:  
 Tho' Men despise and call us Base,  
 Still let us ply the Throne of Grace.
6. Men have not Pow'r or Skill,  
 With troubled Souls to bear;  
 Tho' they express Good-will,  
 Poor Comforters they are:  
 But swelling Sorrows sink apace,  
 When we approach the Throne of Grace.
7. Numbers before have try'd,  
 And found the Promise true;  
 Nor One be yet deny'd,  
 Then why should I or you?  
 Let us by Faith their Footsteps trace,  
 And hasten to the Throne of Grace.
8. As Fogs obscure the Light,  
 And taint the morning Air,  
 But soon are put to Flight,  
 If the bright Sun appear;  
 Thus Jesus will our Sorrows chase,  
 By shining from the Throne of Grace.

### H Y M N    CCCXXII.

*The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

1. **W**HEN I can read my Title clear  
 To Mansions in the Skies,  
 I did farewell to ev'ry Fear,  
 And wipe my weeping Eyes.
2. Should Earth against my Soul engage,  
 And hellish Darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,  
 And face a frowning World.

3. Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,  
And Storms of Sorrows fall,  
May I but safely reach my Home,  
My God, my Heav'n my all,
4. There shall I bathe my weary Soul  
In Seas of heav'nly Rest,  
And not a Wave of Trouble roll  
Across my peaceful Breast.

## H Y M N CCCXXIII.

## B A P T I S M.

1. **W**HEN JOHN (tho' a Man)  
Baptizing began,  
Believers in JORDAN, confessing their Sin.
2. The PHARISEES came,  
In ABRAHAM'S Name,  
For to be baptized, and lay in their Claim.
3. You Vipers, said he,  
Who warn'd you to flee?  
Bring forth your Repentance that Fruits we may see,
4. And think not indeed,  
You're ABRAHAM'S Seed,  
And so for my BAPTISM a Right have to plead.
5. By this we may see,  
Our Baptism to be  
For none but Believers a Priviledge free.
6. From GALILEE came,  
CHRIST JESUS by Name,  
For to be baptized, and was not ashamed.
7. JOHN to him did say,  
Why com'st thou to me,  
When I have need to be baptized of thee?
8. Oh

8. Oh suffer it so,  
 'Tis right we should show,  
 All right'ous Obedience wherever we go.
9. The Rights were perform'd,  
 And JESUS return'd;  
 The Father his Blessing sent down on his Son.
10. The Spirit of God,  
 Descends like a Dove;  
 And lights on the Sav'our in Tokens of Love.
11. By this we may see  
 The whole Trinity,  
 To honour our Baptism do jointly agree.
12. We'll not be ashamed,  
 Where JESUS is nam'd;  
 He's precious unto us, tho' Sinners blaspheme.
13. We'll follow him down,  
 To th' Water we're bound,  
 Oh Sinners, see what an Example we've found.

## H Y M N CCCXXIV.

*Joseph made known to his Brethren.*

1. **W**HEN Joseph his Brethren beheld,  
 Afflicted, and trembling with Fear,  
 His Heart with Compassion was fill'd,  
 From weeping he could not forbear:  
 A while his Behaviour was rough,  
 To bring their past Sin to their Mind;  
 But when they were humbled enough,  
 He hasted to shew himself kind.
2. How little they thought it was he,  
 Whom they had ill treated and sold!  
 How great their Confusion must be,  
 As soon as his Name he had told!

" I'm Joseph your Brother (he said)  
 " And still to my Heart you are dear,  
 " You sold me, and thought I was dead,  
 " But God, for your Sakes, sent me here."

3. Tho' greatly distressed before,  
 When charg'd with purloining the Cup,  
 They now were confounded much more,  
 Not one of them durst to look up,  
 " Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,  
 " Forgive us the Evil we did?  
 " And will he our Households maintain?  
 " O this is a Brother indeed!"

4. Thus dragg'd by my Conscience, I came  
 And laden with Guilt, to the Lord;  
 Surrounded with Terror and Shame,  
 Unable to utter a Word.  
 At first he look'd stern and severe,  
 What Anguish then pierced my Heart!  
 Expecting each Moment to hear  
 The Sentence, " Thou Cursed depart!"

5. But oh! what Surprise when he spoke,  
 While Tendernefs beam'd in his Face;  
 My Heart then to Pieces was broke,  
 O'erwhelm'd and confounded with Grace:  
 " Poor Sinner, I know thee full well,  
 " By thee I was sold and was slain;  
 " I dy'd to redeem thee from Hell,  
 And raise thee in Glory to reign.

6. I'm Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd,  
 " And crucify'd often afresh;  
 " But let me henceforth be esteem'd  
 " Thy Brother, thy Bone, and thy Flesh;  
 " My Pardon I freely bestow,  
 " Thy Wants I will fully supply;  
 " I'll guide thee and guard thee below,  
 " And soon will remove thee on high.

7. Go publish to Sinners around,  
 " (That they may be willing to come)  
 " The Mercy which now you have found,  
 " And tell them that yet there is Room."  
 O Sinners the Message obey !  
 No more vain Excuses pretend ;  
 But come, without further Delay,  
 To Jesus our Brother and Friend.

## H Y M N CCCXXV.

*Lord's Day Evening.*

1. **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
 Behold thee all Serene?  
 Blest in perpetual Sabbath-Day,  
 Without a Veil between ?
2. Assist me while I wander here,  
 Amidst a World of Cares ;  
 Incline my Heart to pray with Love,  
 And then accept my Pray'rs.
3. Release my Soul from ev'ry Chain,  
 No more Hell's Captive led ;  
 And pardon a repenting Child,  
 For whom the Saviour bled.
4. Spare me, O God, O spare the Soul  
 That gives itself to thee ;  
 Take all that I possess below,  
 And give thyself to me.
5. Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
 To be my Guide and Friend,  
 To light my Way to ceaseless Joys,  
 Where Sabbaths never end.



## H Y M N CCCXXVI.

1. **W**HEN our great Sov'reign from on High,  
 Our Lord and Saviour, was aware,  
 That he his chosen Family,  
 O'er whom he watch'd with tender Care,  
 Would be compelled soon to leave;  
 He fill'd with Love and Grief intense,  
 To them his Farewel Blessing gave,  
 Before his Sufferings did commence.
2. Feeling beforehand all the Weight  
 Of those dire Scenes of Pain and Woe,  
 Which he well knew did him await,  
 His Love towards his own to show,  
 He Water in a Basin pour'd,  
 And washed his Disciples Feet,  
 Their Souls already by his Word,  
 Save one, were cleansed ev'ry whit.
3. When he this Act of Love had done,  
 He unto his Disciples said:  
 "To you I've an Example shown:  
 "Ye call me Master, Lord, and Head,  
 "If I as such have wash'd your Feet,  
 "To one another do the same."  
 This solemn Act to celebrate,  
 We're now assembled in his Name.
4. Arise then, and with due respect,  
 With humble Shame and Willingness,  
 Do what our Saviour doth direct,  
 Endowed with Disciple's Grace!  
 Since Jesus to release from Sin  
 Unto his People Power gave,  
 We in his Name are now wash'd clean,  
 And with our Lord a Part may have.
5. Lord Jesus Christ, we pray, be near,  
 Forgive us all our Trespases;      With

With Joy Divine our Spirit cheer,  
 Absolve and grant us pard'ning Grace!  
 As our High-priest lift up thy Hand,  
 That Hand the Nail once pierced through,  
 Thy Mercy unto us extend,  
 Rich Blessings upon all bestow.

6. Inspire our Hearts with mutual Love,  
 O may we truly humble be,  
 Thy faithful Servants ever prove,  
 Who yield in all Things Joy to thee :  
 In due Obedience to thy Word,  
 We now have wash'd each others Feet,  
 Thy blest Example, gracious Lord,  
 To follow, we find always meet.
7. Sure as thou art the Churches Head,  
 Sure as we Dust and Ashes are,  
 So sure we by thy Blood, once shed,  
 Are now, through Grace, absolv'd and clear;  
 Sure as thy Crosses Church remains  
 To the blind World a Spectacle,  
 So sure in her thy Spirit reigns,  
 And thou dost in thy Temple dwell.

## H Y M N CCCXXVII.

1. **W**HEN rising from the Bed of Death,  
 O'erprest with Guilt and Fear,  
 I meet my Maker Face to Face,  
 Oh, how shall I appear ?
2. If yet while Pardon may be found,  
 And Mercy may be sought,  
 My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,  
 And trembles at the Thought !
3. When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd  
 In Majesty Severe,

And

And fit in Judgment on my Soul;  
Oh! how shall I appear!

4. But thou hast told the troubled Mind,  
That doth her Sins lament,  
The timely Tribute of her Tears  
Shall future Woes prevent.
5. Then hear the Sorrows of my Heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,  
To give those Sorrows Weight.
6. For never shall my Soul despair  
Her Pardon to secure,  
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd  
To seal that pardon sure.

### H Y M N CCCXXVIII.

Hezekiah's Song; or, *Sickness and Recovery*, Isa.  
xxxviii. 9, &c.

1. **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep Distress  
Our God deserves a Song;  
We take the Pattern of our Praise  
From Hezekiah's Tongue.
2. The Gates of the devouring Grave  
Are open'd wide in vain,  
If he that holds the Keys of Death  
Commands them fast again.
3. Pains of the Flesh are wont t' Abuse  
Our Mind with slavish Fears;  
Our Days are past, and we shall lose  
The Remnant of our Years.
4. We chatter with a Swallows Voice,  
Or like a Dove we mourn,  
With Bitterness instead of Joys,  
Afflicted and forlorn;

5. Jehovah

5. Jehovah speaks the healing Word.  
And no Disease withstands,  
Fevers and Plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his Commands.
6. If half the Strings of Life should break,  
He can our Frame restore:  
He casts our Sins behind his Back,  
And they are found no more.

H Y M N CCCXXIX.

*Strength from Heaven, Isa. XL. 27, 28, 29, 30.*

1. **W**Hence do our mournful Thoughts arise  
And where's our Courage fled?  
Has restless Sin, and raging Hell,  
Struck all our Comforts dead?
2. Have we forgot th' Almighty Name,  
That form'd the Earth and Sea?  
And can an all-creating Arm,  
Grow weary, or decay?
3. Treasures of everlasting Might  
In our Jehovah dwell;  
He gives the Conquest to the Weak,  
And treads their Foes to Hell.
4. Mere mortal Pow'r shall fade and die,  
And youthful Vigour cease;  
But we that wait upon the Lord,  
Shall feel our Strength increase.
5. The Saints shall mount on Eagles Wings,  
And taste the promis'd Bliss,  
'Till their unwearied Feet arrive  
Where perfect Pleasure is.

## H Y M N CCCXXX.

1. **W**HILE Shepherds watch their Flocks by Night,  
All seated on the Ground,  
The Angel of the LORD came down,  
And Glory shone around,
2. "Fear not," said he (for mighty Dread  
Had seiz'd their troubled Mind ;)  
"Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring  
"To you and all Mankind,
3. "To you in David's Town, this Day  
"Is born of David's Line,  
"A SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD,  
"And this shall be the Sign.
4. "The heav'nly Babe ye there shall find  
"To human view display'd,  
"All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,  
"And in a Manger laid."
5. Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining Throng  
Of Angels praising GOD, and thus  
Address'd their heav'nly Song :
6. "All Glory be to GOD on High ;  
"And on the Earth be Peace,  
"Good Will, henceforth from Heav'n to Man.  
"Begin and never cease."

## H Y M N CCCXXXI.

*The Humiliation and Exaltation of CHRIST, Isa.*  
Liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1. **W**HO has believ'd thy Word,  
Or thy Salvation known?  
Reveal.



Reveal thine Arm almighty Lord,  
And glorify thy Son.

2. The Jews esteem'd him here  
Too mean for their Belief:  
Sorrows his chief Acquaintance were,  
And his Companion, Grief.
3. They turn'd their Eyes away,  
And treated him with Scorn;  
But 'twas their Grievs upon him lay,  
Their Sorrows he has borne.
4. 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,  
And Gentiles then unknown,  
The God of Justice pleas'd to bruise  
His best beloved Son.
5. "But I'll prolong his Days,  
"And make his Kingdom stand;  
"My Pleasure (saith the God of Grace)  
"Shall prosper in his Hand.
- [6. "His joyful Soul shall see  
"The Purchase of his Pain,  
"And by his Knowledge justify  
"The guilty Sons of Men.]
- [7. "Ten thousand Captive Slaves  
"Releas'd from Death and Sin,  
"Shall quit their Prisons and their Graves,  
"And own his Pow'r Divine.]
- [8. "Heav'n shall advance my Son  
"To Joys that Earth deny'd;  
"Who saw the Follies Men had done,  
"And bore their Sins, and dy'd."]

## H Y M N CCCXXXII.

*The Strength of CHRIST's Love, and the Soul's Jealousy of her own, Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.*

- [1. **W**HO is this fair One in Distress,  
That travels from the Wilderness?  
And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins,  
On her beloved Lord she leans !
2. This is the Spouse of Christ our God,  
Bought with the Treasures of his Blood ;  
And her Request, and her Complaint,  
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.]
3. " O let my Name engraven stand,  
" Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand ;  
" Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear  
" That Pledge of Love for ever there.
- 4 " Stronger than Death thy Love is known,  
" Which Floods of Wrath could never drown ;  
" And Hell and Earth in vain combine,  
" To quench a Fire so much divine.
5. " But I am jealous of my Heart,  
" Lest it should once from thee depart ;  
" Then let thy Name be well impress'd,  
" As a fair Signet on my Breast.
6. " Till thou hast brought me to thy Home,  
" Where Fears and Doubts can never come ;  
" Thy Count'nance let me often see,  
" And often thou shalt hear from me.
7. " Come, my Beloved, haste away,  
" Cut short the Hours of thy Delay ;  
" Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe,  
" Over the Hills where Spices grow."

## H Y M N CCCXXXIII.

*Character of a Saint : Or, A Citizen of Zion : Or,  
The Qualifications of a Christian.*

1. **W**HO shall inhabit in thy Hill,  
O God of Holiness ?  
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell  
So near his Throne of Grace ?
2. The Man that walks in pious Ways,  
And works with right'ous Hands ;  
That trusts his Maker's Promises,  
And follows his Commands.
3. He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,  
Nor slanders with his Tongue ;  
Will scarce believe an ill Report,  
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.
4. The wealthy Sinner he contemns,  
Loves all that fear the Lord ;  
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,  
Still he performs his Word.
5. His Hands disdain a golden Bribe,  
And never gripe the Poor ;  
This Man shall dwell with God on Earth,  
And find His Heav'n secure.

## H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

*The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

1. **W**HY do we mourn departing Friends ?  
Or shake at Death's Alarms ?  
'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his Arms.
2. Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as Time can move ?

U

Nor

Nor should we with the Hours more slow  
To keep us from our Love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey  
Their Bodies to the Tomb?  
There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long Perfume.
4. The Graves of all his Saints he bless'd,  
And soft'ned ev'ry Bed:  
Where should the dying Members rest,  
But with their dying Head?
5. Thence he arose, ascended High,  
And shew'd our Feet the Way:  
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising Day.
6. Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,  
And bid our Kindred rise;  
Awake, ye Nations, under Ground,  
Ye Saints ascend the Skies.

### H Y M N CCCXXXV.

*Departed Saints asleep, Mark v. 39. 1 Thess. iv. 13.*

1. " **W**HY flow these Torrents of Distress?"  
(The gentle Saviour cries)  
" Why are my sleeping Saints survey'd  
" With unbelieving Eyes!
2. " Death's feeble Arms shall never boast,  
" A Friend of CHRIST is slain;  
" Nor o'er their meaner Part in Dust  
" A lasting Pow'r retain.
3. " I come, on Wings of Love I come,  
" The Slumb'ers to awake;  
" My Voice shall reach the deepest Tomb,  
" And all its Bonds shall break.
4. " Touch'd

4. "Touch'd by my Hand, in Smiles they rise;  
 "They rise to sleep no more;  
 "But rob'd with Light and crown'd with Joy,  
 "To endless Day they soar."
5. Jesus, our Faith receives thy Word;  
 And, tho' fond Nature weep,  
 Grace learns to hail the pious Dead,  
 And emulate their Sleep.
6. Our willing Souls thy Summons wait  
 With them to rest and praise;  
 So let thy much-lov'd Presence cheer  
 These separating Days.

## H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

*CHRIST'S Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.*

1. **W**ITH Joy we meditate the Grace  
 Of our High Priest above;  
 His Heart is made of Tenderness,  
 His Bowels melt with Love.
2. Touch'd with a Sympathy within,  
 He knows our feeble Frame;  
 He knows what fore Temptations mean,  
 For he has felt the same.
3. But spotless, innocent and pure,  
 The great Redeemer stood,  
 While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,  
 And did resist to Blood.
4. He in the Days of feeble Flesh  
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,  
 And in his Measure feels afresh  
 What ev'ry Member bears.
5. He'll never quench the smoking Flax,  
 But raise it to a Flame;



The bruised Reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest Name.]

6. Then let our humble Faith address;  
His Mercy and his Pow'r,  
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace  
In the distressing Hour.

## H Y M N CCCXXXVII.

*A Practical Improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.*

1. **Y**E Children of your God attend;  
Ye Heirs of Glory hear;  
For Accents, so Divine as these,  
Might charm the dullest Ear.
2. Baptiz'd into your Saviour's Death,  
Your Souls to Sin must die;  
With CHRIST your LORD, ye live anew,  
With CHRIST ascend on High.
3. There by his Father's Side he sits,  
Enthron'd divinely fair;  
Yet owns himself your Brother still,  
And your Forerunner there.
4. Rise from these earthly Trifles, rise  
On Wings of Faith and Love;  
Above your choicest Treasure lies,  
And be your Hearts above.
5. But Earth and Sin will drag us down,  
When we attempt to fly;  
LORD, send thy strong attractive Pow'r  
To raise and fix us High.

## H Y M N CCCXXXVIII.

*Yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.*

1. **Y**E dying Sons of Men,  
Immerg'd in Sin and Woe,  
The Gospels Voice attend,  
Which Jesus sends to you :  
Ye Perishing and Guilty, come,  
In Jesus' Arms there yet is Room.
2. No longer now delay,  
Nor vain Excuses frame :  
He bids you come To-Day,  
Tho' Poor, and Blind, and Lame ;  
All Things are ready, Sinner come,  
For ev'ry trembling Soul there's Room.
3. Believe the heav'nly Word  
His Messengers proclaim ;  
He is a gracious LORD,  
And faithful is his Name :  
Backsliding Souls, return and come,  
Cast off Despair, there yet is room.
4. Compell'd by bleeding Love,  
Ye wand'ring Sheep draw near,  
CHRIST calls you from above,  
His charming Accents hear !  
Let whosoever will, now come ;  
In Mercy's Breast there still is Room.

## H Y M N CCCXXXIX.

*The Goodness of GOD, Nahum I. 7.*

1. **Y**E humble Souls, approach your God  
With Songs of sacred Praise,  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.

2. All Nature owns his guardian Care;  
In him we live and move;  
But nobler Benefits declare  
The Wonders of his Love.
3. He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom Rebel Worms;  
'Tis here he makes his Goodness known  
In its diviner Forms.
4. To this dear Refuge, LORD, we come,  
'Tis here our Hope relies;  
A safe Defence, a peaceful Home,  
When Storms of Trouble rise.
5. Thine Eye beholds, with kind Regard,  
The Souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble Hope thou wilt reward  
With Bliss divinely free.
6. Great God, to thy almighty Love,  
What Honours shall we raise?  
Not all the raptur'd Songs above  
Can render equal Praise.

## H Y M N CCCXL.

*Comfort to such as seek a risen JESUS, Matt. 28. 5, 6.*

1. **Y**E humble Souls that seek the LORD,  
Chase all your Fears away;  
And bow with Pleasure down to see  
The Place where JESUS lay.
2. Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;  
Such Wonders Love can do;  
Thus cold in Death, that Bosom lay,  
Which throb'd and bled for you.
3. A Moment give a Loofe to Grief,  
Let grateful Sorrows rise;  
And wash the bloody Stains away,  
With Torrents from your Eyes.
4. Then

4. Then dry your Tears, and tune your Songs,  
The Saviour lives again;  
Not all the Gates and Bars of Death  
The Conq'ror could detain.
5. High o'er th' angelic Bands he rears  
His once dishonour'd Head;  
And tho' unnumber'd Years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the Dead.
6. With Joy, like his, shall ev'ry Saint  
His empty Tomb survey;  
Then rise, with his ascending LORD,  
To Realms of endless Day.

## H Y M N CCCXLI.

*The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King,  
Efter iv. 16.*

1. **Y**E humble Sinners, in whose Breast,  
A thousand Thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your Guilt and Fear oppress'd,  
And make this last Resolve.
2. "I'll go to JESUS, tho' my Sin  
"Hath like a Mountain rose;  
"I know his Courts, I'll enter in,  
"Whatever may oppose.
3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his Throne,  
"And there my Guilt confess,  
"I'll tell him I'm a Wretch undone  
"Without his sov'reign Grace.
4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
"Whose Scepter Pardon gives,  
"Perhaps he may command my Touch,  
"And then the Suppliant lives.
5. "Perhaps he will admit my Plea,  
"Perhaps will hear my Pray'r;

“ But if I perish I will pray,  
 “ And perish only there.

6. “ I can but perish if I go,  
 “ I am resolv’d to try :  
 “ For if I stay away, I know  
 “ I must for ever die.”

## H Y M N CCCXLII.

*Fear not, it is your Father’s good Pleasure to give  
 you the Kingdom, Luke xii. 32.*

1. **Y**E little Flock, whom JESUS feeds,  
 Dismiss your anxious Cares ;  
 Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,  
 And smile away your Fears.
2. Tho’ Wolves and Lions prowl around,  
 His Staff is your Defence :  
 ‘Midst Sands and Rocks your Shepherd’s Voice  
 Calls Streams and Pastures thence.
3. Your Father will a Kingdom give,  
 And give it with Delight ;  
 His feeblest Child his Love shall call  
 To triumph in his Sight.
4. Ten thousand Praises, Lord, we bring  
 For sure Supports like these :  
 And o’er the pious Dead we Sing  
 Thy living Promises.
5. For all we Hope, and they enjoy,  
 We bless a Saviour’s Name ;  
 Nor shall that Stroke disturb the Song,  
 Which breaks this mortal Frame.

## H Y M N CCCXLIII.

*Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of  
 their Children, Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.*

1. **Y**E mourning Saints, whose streaming Tears  
 Flow o’er your Children dead, Say



Say not in Transports of Despair,  
That all your Hopes are fled.

2. While cleaving to that darling Dust,  
In fond Distress ye lie:  
Rise, and with Joy and Rev'rence view  
A heav'nly Parent nigh.
3. Tho' your young Branches torn away,  
Like wither'd Frunks ye stand,  
With fairer Verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touch'd by th' Almighty's Hand.
4. "I'll give the Mourner," saith the LORD,  
"In my own House a Place,  
"No Names of Daughters and of Sons  
"Could yield so high a Grace.
5. "Transient and vain is ev'ry Hope  
"A rising Race can give;  
"In endless Honour and Delight  
"My Children all shall live."
6. We welcome, LORD, those rising Tears,  
Thro' which thy Face we see,  
And blest those Wounds' which thro' our Hearts  
Prepare a Way for thee.

## H Y M N CCCXLIV.

*Praise for Conversion, Psalm LXvi. 16.*

1. **Y**E Souls that fear the LORD,  
Come, listen while I tell,  
How narrowly my Feet escap'd  
The Snares of Death and Hell.
2. The flatt'ring Joys of Sense  
Assail'd my foolish Heart,

While Satan, with malicious Skill,  
Guided the pois'nous Dart.

3. I fell beneath the Stroke,  
But fell to rise again;  
My Anguish rous'd me into Life,  
And Pleasure sprung from Pain.
4. Darknefs, and Shame, and Grief  
Oppress'd my gloomy Mind;  
I look'd around me for Relief,  
But no Relief could find.
5. At Length to God I cry'd;  
He heard my plaintive Sigh,  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on High.
6. My drooping Head he rais'd,  
My bleeding Wounds he heal'd  
Pardon'd my Sins, and with a Smile  
The gracious Pardon seal'd.
7. O! may I ne'er forget  
The Mercy of my God;  
Nor ever want a Tongue to spread  
His loudest Praise abroad.

## H Y M N CCCXLV.

*Bright and Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16.*

1. **Y**E Worlds of Light, that roll so near  
The Saviour's Throne of shining Bliss,  
O tell how mean your Glories are,  
How faint, and few, compar'd with his.
2. We sing the bright and Morning-Star,  
(JESUS, the Spring of Light and Love:)  
See how its Rays, diffus'd from far,  
Conduct us to the Realms above,

3. Its

3. Its cheering Beams, spread wide abroad,  
Point out the puzzled Christian's Way;  
Still as he goes, he finds the Road  
Enlighten'd with a constant Day.
4. [Thus when the Eastern Magi brought  
Their Royal Gifts, a Star appears,  
Directs them to the Babe they sought,  
And guides their Steps, and calms their Fears.]
5. When shall we reach the heav'nly Place,  
Where this bright Star will brightest shine;  
Leave, far behind, these Scenes of Night,  
And view a Lustre so Divine!

## H Y M N CCCXLVI.

*The Sower, Matt. xiii. 4—9.*

1. **Y**E Sons of Earth prepare the Plough,  
Break up your fallow Ground!  
The Sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatter Blessings round.
2. The Seed that finds a stony Soil,  
Shoots forth a hasty Blade;  
But ill repays the Sower's Toil;  
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
3. The thorny Ground is sure to baulk  
All Hopes of Harvest there:  
We find a tall and sickly Stalk,  
But not the fruitful Ear.
4. The beaten Path, and High-Way Side  
Receive the Trust in vain;  
The watchful Birds the Spoil divide,  
And pick up all the Grain.

5. But

5. But where the LORD of Grace and Pow'r  
Has blest the happy field;  
How plentious is the Golden Store  
The deep-wrought Furrows yield!
6. Father of Mercies, we have need  
Of thy preparing Grace;  
Let the same Hand that gives the Seed  
Provide a fruitful Place.

## H Y M N CCCXLVII.

*Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.*

1. **Y**E Sons of Men, a feeble Race,  
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,  
Come, make the LORD your Dwelling-Place,  
And try and trust his Care.
2. No ill shall enter where you dwell;  
Or if the Plague come nigh,  
And sweep the Wicked down to Hell,  
'Twill raise his Saints on High.
3. He'll give his Angels Charge to keep  
Your Feet in all their Ways,  
To watch your Pillows while you sleep,  
And guard your happy Days.
4. Their Hands shall bear you, lest you fall,  
And dash against the Stones:  
Are they not Servants at his Call;  
And sent t' attend his Sons?
5. Adders and Lions ye shall tread;  
The Tempters Wiles defeat;  
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,  
Puts him beneath your Feet.
6. "Because on me they set their Love,  
"I'll save them," saith the LORD"
- "I'll

" I'll bear their joyful Souls above  
" Above Destruction and the Sword.

7. " My Grace shall answer when they call;  
" In Trouble I'll be nigh;  
" My Pow'r shall help them when they fall,  
" And raise them when they die.
8. " Those that on Earth my Name have known,  
I'll honour them in Heav'n;  
" There my Salvation shall be shown,  
" And endless Life be giv'n."

H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

*Death and the Resurrection.*

1. **Y**E Sons of Pride that hate the Just,  
I And trample on the Poor,  
When Death has brought you down to Dust,  
Your Pomp shall rise no more.
2. The last great Day shall change the Scene;  
When will that Hour appear?  
When shall the Just revive, and reign  
O'er all thall scorn'd them here?
3. God will my naked Soul receive,  
When sep'rate from the Flesh;  
And break the Prison of the Grave,  
To raise my Bones afresh.
4. Heav'n is my everlasting Home,  
Th' Inheritance is sure;  
Let Men of Pride their Rage resume,  
But I'll repine no more.

H Y M N CCCXLIX.

*The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.*

1. **Y**E Virgin Souls, arise,  
With all the Dead awake, Unto



Unto Salvation wife,  
 Oil in your Vessels take :  
 Upstarting at the Midnight-Cry,  
 Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

2. He comes, he comes, to call  
 The Nations to his Bar,  
 And take to Glory all  
 Who meet for Glory are :  
 Make ready for your free Reward,  
 Go forth with Joy to meet your Lord.—

3. Go meet him in the Sky,  
 Your everlasting Friend ;  
 Your Head to glorify,  
 With all his Saints ascend ;  
 Ye pure in Heart, obtain the Grace  
 To see, without a Veil, his Face.

4. Ye that have here receiv'd  
 The Unction from above,  
 And in his Spirit liv'd,  
 And thirsted for his Love ;  
 Jesus shall claim you for his Bride ;  
 Rejoice with all the Sanctify'd.

5. Rejoice, in glorious Hope,  
 Of that great Day unknown,  
 When you shall be caught up  
 To stand before his Throne ;  
 Call'd to partake the Marriage-Feast,  
 And lean on our Emmanuel's Breast.

6. The everlasting Doors  
 Shall soon the Saint receive,  
 Above those Angel-Pow'rs  
 In glorious Joy to live ;  
 Far from a World of Grief and Sin,  
 With God eternally shut in.

7. Then

7. Then let us wait to hear  
 The Trumpet's welcome Sound ;  
 To see our LORD appear,  
 May we be watching found ;  
 With that bless'd Wedding-Robe endu'd,—  
 The Blood and Right'ousness of God.

## H Y M N CCCL.

*Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.*

1. **Y**ES, there are Joys that cannot die,  
 I With God laid up in Store ;  
 Treasure, beyond the changing Sky,  
 Brighter than Golden ore.
2. The Seeds which Piety and Love  
 Have scatter'd here below,  
 In the fair fertile Fields above,  
 To ample Harvests grow.
3. The Mite, my willing Hands, can give,  
 At JESUS' Feet I lay ;  
 Grace shall the humble Gift receive,  
 And Grace at large repay.

## H Y M N CCCLI.

*The Attraction of the Cross, John xii. 32.*

1. **Y**ONDER—amazing Sight'—I see  
 Th' incarnate Son of God,  
 Expiring on th' accursed Tree,  
 And welt'ring in his Blood.
2. Behold a purple Torrent run  
 Down from his Hand's and Head :  
 The crimson Tide puts out the Sun ;  
 His Groans awake the Dead.

3. The trembling Earth, the darken'd Sky  
Proclaim the Truth aloud !  
And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,  
" This is the Son of God."
4. So great, so vast a Sacrifice  
May well my Hope revive :  
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
The Sinner sure may live.
5. O that these Cords of Love Divine,  
Might draw me, LORD, to thee !  
Thou hast my Heart, it shall be thine—  
Thine it shall ever be !

## H Y M N CCCLII.

1. **Z** I O N rejoice, lift up your Voice ;  
Your Saviour will appear ;  
The Lamb, once slain, will come to reign  
With you, a thousand Years.
2. Satan he'll bind, as you will find ;  
And J E S U S will be King ;  
The Saints he'll raise, to sing his Praise,  
And Death shall lose his Sting.
3. He's blest indeed, that shall be freed  
From Sin. Hell, and the Grave ;  
Over that Man Death never can  
The least Dominion have.

## F I N I S.

## APPENDIX.

## H Y M N CCCLIII.

*God's Love to Mankind.*

1. **O** GOD of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,  
 Who would not give his Heart to thee?  
 Who would not love thee with his Might?  
**O** JESU, Lover of mankind,  
 Who would not his whole Soul and Mind,  
 With all his Strength to thee unite?
2. Thou shin'st with everlasting Rays;  
 Before th' insufferable Blaze  
 Angels with both Wings veil their Eyes;  
 Yet free as Air thy Bounty streams  
 On all thy Works, thy Mercy's Beams,  
 Diffusive as thy Sun's arise.
3. Astonish'd at thy frowning Brow,  
 Earth, Hell, and Heav'n's strong Pillars bow,  
 Terrible Majesty is thine!  
 Who then can that vast Love express,  
 Which bows thee down to me, who less  
 Than nothing am, 'till thou art mine?
4. High-thron'd on Heav'n's eternal Hill,  
 In Number, Weight, and Measure still  
 Thou sweetly order'st all that is,  
 And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
 And guide my Steps, that I with thee  
 Inthron'd, may reign in endless Bliss.
5. Fountain of Good all Blessing flows  
 From thee; no Want thy Fulness knows,  
 What but thyself canst thou desire?  
 Yes; self-sufficient as thou art,  
 Thou dost desire my worthless Heart;  
 This, only this thou dost require.

6. Primeval Beauty! in thy Sight,  
 The first-born fairest Sons of Light,  
 See all their brightest Glories fade;  
 What then to me thine Eyes could turn,  
 In Sin conceiv'd, of Woman born,  
 A Worm, a Leaf, a Blast, a Shade!
7. Hell's Armies tremble at thy Nod,  
 And trembling own th' almighty God,  
 Sov'reign of Earth, Hell, Air, and Sky,  
 But who is this that comes from far,  
 Whose Garments roll'd in Blood appear?  
 'Tis God made Man, for Man to die.
8. O God of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,  
 Who would not give his Heart to thee?  
 Who would not love thee with his Might?  
 O JESU, Lover of mankind,  
 Who would not his whole Soul and Mind,  
 With all his Strength to thee unite?

## H Y M N CCCLIV.

*Christ's Incarnation.*

1. **T**HE Lord is come; the Heav'ns proclaim  
 His Birth the Nations learn his Name;  
 An unknown Star directs the Road  
 Of eastern Sages to their God.
2. All ye bright Armies of the Skies,  
 Go, worship where the Saviour lies;  
 Angels and Kings before him bow,  
 Those Gods on high, and Gods below.
3. Let Idols totter to the Ground,  
 And their own Worshipers confound:  
 But Judah shout, but Zion sing,  
 And Earth confess her sov'reign King.



## H Y M N CCCLV.

*Praise to God.*

1. **H**OW glorious is our heav'nly King,  
Who reigns above the Sky?  
How shall a Child presume to sing  
His dreadful Majesty?
2. How great his Pow'r is none can tell,  
Nor think how large his Grace;  
Not Men below, nor Saints that dwell  
On high before his Face.
3. Not Angels that stand round the Lord,  
Can search his secret Will;  
But they perform his heav'nly Word,  
And sing his Praises still.
4. Then let me join this holy Train,  
And my first Off'rings bring;  
Th' eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an Infant sing.
5. My Heart resolves, my Tongue obeys,  
And Angels shall rejoice  
To hear their mighty Maker's Praise  
Sung from a feeble Voice.

## H Y M N CCCLVI.

*Holy Confidence ; or, Christian Triumph.*

1. **T**HRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,  
In Trouble and in Joy,  
The Praises of my God shall still  
My Heart and Tongue employ.
2. Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all that are distressed,  
From my Example Comfort take,  
And charm their Grievs to rest,

3. O! magnify the Lord with me:  
With me exalt his Name,  
When in Distress to him I call'd,  
He to my Rescue came,
4. The Hosts of God encamp around  
The Dwellings of the Just;  
Deliv'rance he affords to all  
Who on his Succour trust.
5. O! make but Trial of his Love,  
Experience will decide,  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his Trust confide.
6. Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his Service your Delight,  
He'll make your Wants his Care.

## H Y M N CCCLVII.

*Thirsting for Communion with God.*

1. **E**ARLY, my God, without Delay,  
In Haste to seek thy Face;  
My thirsty Spirits faints away  
Without thy cheering Grace.
2. So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand  
Beneath a burning Sky,  
Long for a cooling Stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
3. I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r  
Thro' all thy Temples shine;  
My God, repeat that heav'nly Hour,  
That Vision so divine.
4. Not all the Blessings of a Feast  
Can please my Soul so well,

As when thy richer Grace I taste,  
And in thy Presence dwell.

5. Not Life itself with all its Joys,  
Can my best Passions move,  
Or rise so high my cheerful Voice,  
As thy forgiving Love.

6. Thus till my last expiring Day  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray  
And tune my Lips to sing.

## H Y M N CCCLVIII.

*A general Invitation to praise God.*

1. **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,  
Exalt your Maker's Fame,  
His Praise your Song employ  
Above the starry Frame;  
Your Voices raise,  
Ye Cherubim  
And Seraphim,  
To Sing his Praise.

2. Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,  
And Sun, that guid'st the Day,  
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,  
To him your Homage pay.  
His Praise declare,  
Ye Heav'ns above,  
And Clouds that move  
In liquid Air.

3. Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy Name,  
By whose almighty Word  
They all from nothing came,

And all shall last,  
 From Changes free;  
 His firm Decree  
 Stands ever fast.

4. United Zeal be shown,  
 His wond'rous Fame to raise,  
 Whose glorious Name alone  
 Deserves our endless Praise.  
     Earth's utmost Ends  
     His Pow'r obey :  
     His glorious Sway  
     The Sky transcends.

5. His chosen Saints to Grace,  
 He sets them up on high,  
 And favour's Israel's Race,  
 Who still to him are nigh.  
     O therefore raise  
     Your grateful Voice,  
     And still rejoice  
     The Lord to praise.

## H Y M N CCCLIX.

*The witnessing Power.*

1. **W**HY should the Children of a King  
     Go mourning all their Days?  
 Great Comforter descend, and bring  
     The Tokens of thy Grace !
2. Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,  
     And seal the Heirs of Heav'n ?  
 When wilt thou banish my Complaints,  
     And shew my Sins forgiv'n ?
3. Assure my Conscience of her Part  
     In the Redeemer's Blood ;

And

And bear thy Witness with my Heart,  
That I am born of God.

4. Thou art the earnest of his Love,  
The Pledge of Joys to come;  
May thy blest Wings, celestial Dove,  
Safely convey me Home.

## H Y M N CCCLX.

*God exalted above all Praise.*

1. **E**TERNAL Pow'r, whose high Abode  
Becomes the Grandeur of a God;  
Infinite Lengths, beyond the Bounds  
Where Stars revolve their little rounds.
2. Thee, while the first Archangel sings,  
He hides his Face behind his Wings:  
And Ranks of shining Thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the Ground.
3. Lord, what shall Earth and Ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;  
From Sin and Dust to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
4. Earth from a far has heard thy Fame,  
And Worms have learnt to lip thy Name;  
But, O the Glories of thy Mind,  
Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.
5. God is in Heav'n, and Men below;  
Be short our Tunes; our Words be few!  
A sacred Rev'rence checks our Songs,  
And Praise sits silent on our Tongues.

## H Y M N CCCLXI.

*Pleading with God under Desertion; or, Hope in  
Darkness.*

1. **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain?



Canst thou thy Face for ever hide?  
And I still pray and be deny'd.

2. Shall I for ever be forgot,  
As one whom thou regardest not?  
Still shall my Soul thine Absence mourn?  
And still despair of thy return;
3. How long shall my poor troubled Breast  
Be with these anxious Thoughts oppress'd?  
And Satan, my malicious Foe,  
Rejoice to see me sink so low?
4. Hear, Lord, and grant me quick Relief,  
Before my Death concludes my Grief;  
If thou withhold thy heav'nly Light,  
I sleep in everlasting Night.
5. How will the Pow'rs of Darknes boast  
If but one praying Soul be lost?  
But I have trusted in thy Grace,  
And shall again behold thy Face.
6. Whate'er my Foes or Fears suggest,  
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,  
My Heart shall feel thy Love and raise  
My chearful Voice to Songs of Praise.

## H Y M N CCCLXII.

*Complaints under Temptations of the Devil.*

1. **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?  
My God, how long delay?  
When shall I feel those heav'nly Rays  
That chase my Fears away?
2. How long shall my poor lab'ring Soul  
Wrestle and toil in vain?  
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,  
And ease my raging Pain,

3. See

3. See how the Prince of Darkneſs tries  
All his malicious Arts,  
He ſpreads a Miſt around my Eyes,  
And throws his fiery Darts.
4. Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,  
My Soul in ſafety keep;  
Make Haſte before mine Eyes are ſeal'd  
In Death's eternal Sleep.
5. How would the Tempter boaſt aloud  
If I become his Prey!  
Behold the Sons of Hell grow proud  
At thy ſo long Delay.
6. But they ſhall fly at thy Rebuke,  
And Satan hide his Head;  
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,  
And hears thy Voice with Dread.
7. Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign Grace  
Where all my Hopes have hung;  
I ſhall employ my Lips in Praise,  
And Vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

## H Y M N CCCLXIII.

*Heaven begun on Earth.*

1. **C**OME, ye that love the LORD,  
And let your Joys be known,  
Join in a Song with ſweet Accord,  
While ye ſurround his Throne.
2. Let thoſe reſuſe to ſing,  
That never knew our God:  
But Servants of the heav'nly King,  
May ſpeak their Joys abroad.
3. The God that rules on high,  
That all the Earth ſurveyſ,

That rides upon the stormy Sky,  
And calms the roaring Seas.

4. This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love :  
Thou shalt send down thy heav'nly Pow'rs,  
To carry us above.
5. There we shall see thy Face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the Rivers of thy Grace,  
Drink endless Pleasures in.
6. Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal State,  
The Thoughts of such amazing Bliss  
Should constant Joys create.
7. The Men of Grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial Fruits on earthly Ground  
From Faith and Hope may grow.
8. Then let our Songs abound,  
And ev'ry Tear be dry ;  
We're marching thro' *Emmanuel's* Ground,  
To fairer Worlds on high.

## H Y M N CCCLXIV.

1. **S**WEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,  
My God my heav'nly King ;  
Let Age to Age thy Righ'tousness  
In Sounds of Glory sing.
2. God reigns on high, but not confines  
His Goodness to the Skies :  
Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines,  
And ev'ry Want supplies.

3. With

3. With longing Eye the Creatures wait  
On thee for daily Food ;  
Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,  
And fills their Mouths with Good.
4. How kind are thy Compassions LORD !  
How slow thine Anger moves ?  
But soon he sends his pard'ning Word,  
To cheer the Soul he loves.
5. Creatures, with all their endless Race,  
Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim ;  
But we, who taste thy richer Grace,  
Delight to bless thy Name.

## H Y M N CCCLXV.

*Of Christian Love and Fellowship.*

1. **B**LESS'D be that dear uniting Love,  
Which will not let us part ;  
Our Bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in Heart.

### C H O R U S .

2. Oh ! the Lamb, the living Lamb,  
The Lamb of Calvary,  
The Lamb was slain, but lives again,  
To intercede for me.
3. But if our Fellowship below,  
With Jesus be so sweet,  
What holy Joy shall we possess,  
When 'round his Throne we meet.  
Oh ! the Lamb, &c.
4. With Jesus Christ together meet,  
With him for ever dwell,  
Till then I say, let's watch and pray,  
So my dear Friend farewell.  
Oh ! the Lamb, &c.

# THE FIRST TABLE

To find any HYMN by the first Line,  
The Figures direct to the Page.

## A

	page
<b>A</b> Form of Words, tho, e'er so sound	1
Ah! lovely Appearance of Death	2
Alas, my God, that thou should be	4
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	5
All you that love the Lord draw near	6
All ye that pass by	7
Am I a Soldier of the Cross	8
And must this Body die	9
And now my Soul, another Year	10
And why, dear Sav'our tell me why	10
Arise, O King of Grace, arise	12
Arise, my tend'rest Thoughts arise	12
Awake, and sing the Song	13
Awake my Soul, and with the Sun	14
Away dark Thoughts, awake, my Joy	15

## B

<b>B</b> efore Jehovah's awful Throne	16
Behold how Sinners disagree	16
Behold the Glories of the Lamb	17
Behold the Grace appears	18
Behold the Love, the gen'rous Love	19
Behold the sure Foundation Stone	20
Behold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine	20
Beside the Gospel Pool	21
Bestow, dear Lord upon our Youth	22
Believers own they are but blind	23
Bless'd are the humble Souls that see	24
Blessed are they (the Scriptures say)	25

Blest



Blest are the Souls that hear and know	26
Blest be my' God that I was born	27
Bless'd be that dear uniting Love,	331
Blest is the Man whose Bowels move	28
Blest is the Man who shuns the Place	28
Blest Morning, whose dawning Rays	29
Blow ye the Trumpet, blow	30
Bright burning Beams of Gospel Grace	31
Broad is the Road that leads to Death	32
Buried in Baptism with our Lord	32
By what amazing Ways	33
By whom was David taught	34

## C

<b>C</b> AN such poor feeble Worms as we	35
Children of Israel see what Shade	35
Children of the heav'nly King	36
Christ the Lord is ris'n to Day	37
Come all ye chosen Saints of God	38
Come dearest Lord, descend and dwell	39
Come descend, O heav'nly Spirit	40
Come heav'nly Love, inspire my Song	41
Come hither ye, that fain would know	42
Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove	42
Come let me Love; or is my Mind	43
Come let us all unite to praise	44
Come let us join a joyful Tune	45
Come let us join our chearful Songs	46
Come see the Pow'r of Christ our King	47
Come thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing	48
Come thou long expected Jesus	49
Come ye Sinners poor and wretched	49
Come ye that love the Lord,	329
Constrain'd by their Lord to embark	51

## D

<b>D</b> ay of Judgment, Day of Wonders	52
Dear Friends, farewell, I go to dwell	55
Dear	

Dear Refuge of my weary Soul	54
Dear Lord, how wond'rous is thy Love	55
Death may dissolve my Body now	56
Death! 'tis a melancholy Day	57
Deserters to the Camp return	58
Did our Emmanuel die for us	58
Disciples of Christ	59
Dismiss us with thy Blessing Lord	60
Does it not Grief and Wonder move	60
Do we not know that solemn Word	61

## E

Elijah's Example declares	62
E'er the Blue Heav'ns were stretch'd &c.	63
Early, my God, without Delay	324
Eternal God, thy Pow'r make known	64
Eternal Majesty on High	65
Eternal Pow'r, whose high Abode	327

## F

Fair Salems Daughters ask to know	65
Father how wide thy Glory shines	67
Father, I stretch my Hands to thee	68
Father of faithful Abrah'm, hear,	68
Father, of Heav'n we thee adore	69
Far from these narrow Scenes of Night	70
From all that dwell below the Skies	71
From Sheba a distant Report	71

## G

Gethsemane, thou dolesome Place	72
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory	73
Glory to thee my God this Night	74
God of my Life, look gently down	74
God of my Salvation hear	75
God moves in a mysterious Way	77
God of the Morning, at whose Voice	77
Go preach my Gospel saith the Lord	78
Go worship at Emmanuel's Feet	79

Grace ! 'tis a charming Sound	81
Gracious Lord, incline thine Ear	82
Great God, I own thy Sentence just	83
Greatest High-Priest, Saviour Christ	83
Great was the Day, the Joy was great	84
Guide me O thou great Jehovah	85

## H

<b>H</b> Ark from the Tombs a doleful Sound	85
<b>H</b> ail the Day that sees him rise	86
Hark, the glad Sound ! the Sav'our comes	87
Hear what the Voice from Heav'n proclaims	88
He comes ! he comes ! the Saviour dear	88
He dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !	89
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	90
Hofanna to the royal Son	91
How beauteous are their Feet	92
How condescending, and how kind	93
How glorious is our heav'nly King,	323
How honourable is the Place	94
How happy is the Christian State	95
How long, O Lord, shall I complain,	327
How long shall Death the Tyrant reign	95
How long wilt thou conceal thy Face	328
How meanly dwells th' immortal Mind	96
How shall the Young secure their Hearts	98
How sad our State by Nature is	99
How should the Sons of Adams Race	100
How strong thine Arm is mighty God	101
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	102
How vain are all Things here below	103
How wondrous are the Works of God	103

## I

<b>I</b> am faith Christ the Way	105
<b>I</b> ask the Lord, that I might grow	105
If Paul in Cæsars Court must stand	106
If glorious Angels do rejoice	107

	Page
I lift my Banner, saith the Lord	108
I love the Windows of thy Grace	109
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord	109
In all my vast Concerns with thee	110
In thine own Ways O God of Love	111
It is not good, Jehovah said	112
I that am drawn out of the Depth	113
I've found the Pearl of greatest Price	114
I want an Heart to pray	115
I would but cannot sing	116
Jehovah speaks let Isr'el hear	117
Jesus Christ, the Lord's anointed	118
Jesus, drinks the bitter Cup	120
Jesus, in thee our Eyes behold	121
Jesus, Lover of my Soul	122
Jesus, my All to Heav'n is gone	123
Jesus, the only Thought of thee	124
Jesus, the Man of constant Grief	125
Jesu, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord	126
Jesu, thy Blood and Righteousness	127
Join all ye glorious Names	128
Joy is a Fruit that will not grow	131
Joy to the world; the Lord is come	132

## K

<b>K</b> ind are the Words that Jesus speaks	132
Kind Souls, who for the Mis'ries moan	133
Kind Soul reflect, awhile with me	134
Know, ye that are of Adams Race	135
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake	135

## L

<b>L</b> et ev'ry Mortal Ear attend	136
Let me but hear my Saviour say	137
Let others boast how strong they be	138
Let Party Names no more	139
Let Pharisees of high Esteem	139
Let us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd	140

Let

Let Zion and her Sons rejoice	141
Lo! he cometh, countless Trumpets	142
Lo, what a glorious Sight appears	143
Lo, what an entertaining Sight	144
Lord Christ reveal thy holy Face	144
Lord dismiss us with thy Blessing	145
Lord I am vile conceiv'd in Sin	145
Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove	146
Lord, how mysterious are thy Ways	147
Lord, how secure my Conscience was	148
Lord, I believe a Rest remains	149
Lord, in the Morning thou shalt hear	150
Lord of the Worlds above	151
Lord, thou hast planted me a Vine	152
Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray	153
Lord, 'tis an infinite Delight	153
Lord, what a feeble Piece	154
Lord, what a thoughtless Wretch was I	155
Lord, we come before thee now	156
Lord, we confess our num'rous Faults	156
Lord, when I hear thy Children talk	157
Lo! he comes with Clouds descending	158

## M

<b>M</b> ercy is welcome News indeed	159
Messiah full of Grace	160
Mistaken Souls that dream of Heav'n	161
Mourning and drooping here I lie	162
My drowsy Pow'rs why sleep ye so	165
My God accept my early Vows	165
My God I am thine	166
My Lord, how great's the Favour	167
My Soul come meditate the Day	168
My Soul doth magnify the Lord	169

## N

<b>N</b> aked, as from the Earth we came	171
Nor Eye has seen, nor Ear has heard	170



	Page
No, I shall envy them no more	172
Not diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Dress	172
Now be the God of Isra'l blest'd	173
Now begin the heav'nly Theme	174
Now by the Bowels of my God	175
Now gracious Lord, thine Arm reveal	176
Now from the Altar of my Heart	176
Now from the Garden to the Cross	177
Now let my Faith grow strong and rise	178
Now let our Pains be all forgot	179
Now let our mournful Songs record	180
Now Lord, tho' we must part awhile	181
Now may the Spirit's holy Eire	182

## O

Oft have I sat in secret Sighs	183
Oh for a Glance of heav'nly Day	184
Oh, that I had a Bosom Friend	185
Once a Woman silent stood	186
Once more before we part	188
Once more my Soul, the rising Day	188
Once more the constant Sun	189
Once more we come before our God	189
On thee O God of Purity	190
Out of the Depths of long Distress	191
O come let us join	192
O come thou wounded Lamb of God	193
O for an Heart to love my God	194
O for an overcoming Faith	195
O for a sweet inspiring Ray	195
O for a thousand Tongues to sing	196
O God of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,	321
Our God, our Help in Ages past	197
O Jesus, our Lord	198
O Lamb of God, our Saviour	199
O Lord, thou know'st my Soul's Desires	199
O Lord! to whom for Help I call	200
O my Lord, what must I do	201

O praise

O praise the Lord of Heav'n	202
O that the Lord would guide my Ways	203
O that I knew the secret Place	204
O tell me no more	205
O that my Soul were now as fair	206
O thou whose tender Mercy hears	207
O 'tis a lovely Thing to see	208
O what a wretched Land is this	209
O what shall I do to retrieve	210

## P

Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand	211
Plung'd in a Gulf of dark Despair	212
Poor Esau repented too late	213
Praise to the Lord of boundless Might	214
Pray'r was appointed to convey	215
Precious Bible what a Treasure	216

## R

Redeemed Ones the Heirs of God	216
Rejoice evermore	217
Rejoice, the Lord is King	218
Religion is the chief Concern	219
Remember, Lord, our mortal State	220
Repent ye Sons of Men, repent	221
Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings	222
Rise, Zion, shine, thy Light is come,	223
Rock of Ages, shelter me	223

## S

Salvation, oh, the joyful Sound!	224
Saviour, I do feel thy Merit	225
Saviour of Men, we bless thy Name	226
Saw ye not the Cloud arise	226
See, gracious Lord, with pitying Eyes	227
See how rude Winter's Icy Hand	228
See where the great incarnate God	229
Sinners, the Voice of God regard	230
Shall I for fear of feeble Man	231

	Page
Shall the vile Race of Flesh and Blood	232
Shall Wisdom cry aloud	233
So did the Hebrew Prophet raise	234
So let our Lips and Lives express	234
Stand up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears	235
Stay, thou insulted Spirit stay	236
Still out of the deepest Abyfs	236
Strait is the Way, the Door is strait	237
Strange that so much of Heav'n and Hell	238
Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,	330
Sweet is the Work my God my King	239

## T

<b>T</b> Each me the Measure of my Days	240
That awful Day will surely come	241
That Man no Guard nor Weapon needs	242
The Deluge at th' Almighty's Call	243
The Fountain of Christ	244
The God Jehovah reigns	246
The holy Eunuch when baptiz'd	246
Tis finish'd, the Redeemer said	247
The Lord is come ; the Heav'ns proclaim	322
The Lord that made both Heav'n and Earth	248
The Lord, the Judge, before his Throne	250
The Majesty of Solomon	250
The Mem'ry of our dying Lord	251
The Sinner that by precious Faith	252
The Souls that would to Jesus press	253
The one Thing needful, that good Part	254
The Saints appear to tread the Courts	255
The Sun of Right'ousness appears	256
Thee we adore, eternal Name	256
There is a House not made with Hands	257
These glorious Minds how bright they shine	258
This spacious Earth is all the Lord's	259
Tho' Jericho pleasantly stood	260
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,	261
Thou Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song	262

Tho'

# T A B L E.

	x Page
Tho' Troubles assail	263
Thus Agur breath'd his warm Desire	265
Thus far the Lord has led me on	265
Thus saith the high and lofty One	266
Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd	267
Thy Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord	268
'Tis a Point I long to know	269
To Day God bids the Faithful rest	270
Try us, O God, and search the Ground	271
Two are better far then one	272

## U

<b>U</b> Pward I lift mine Eyes	273
---------------------------------	-----

## V

<b>V</b> Ain Man thy fond Pursuits forbear	274
--	-----

## W

<b>W</b> E are a Garden wall'd around	275
We bless the Father and the Son	276
What Contradictions meet	276
What equal Honours shall we bring	278
What happy Men, or Angels these	278
What mighty Man, or mighty God	279
What shall I render to my God	280
What think you of Christ? is the Test	281
What various Hindrances we meet	282
When all the Mercies, O my God	283
When Abraham's Servant to procure	284
When blooming Youth is snatch'd away	286
When Christ shall rend from End to End	286
When compass'd with Clouds of Distress	288
When Darknes long has vail'd my Mind	289
When descending from the Sky	290
When God reveal'd his gracious Name	291
When Hannah press'd with Grief	292
When I can read my Title clear	293

	Page
When John (tho' a Man)	294
When Joseph his Brethren beheld	295
When O dear Jesus, when shall I	297
When our great Sov'reign from on High	298
When rising from the Bed of Death	299
When we are rais'd from deep Distress,	300
Whence do our mournful Thoughts arise	301
While Shepherds watch their Flocks by Night	302
Who has believ'd thy Word	302
Who is this fair One in Distress	304
Who shall inhabit in thy Hill	305
Why do we mourn, departing Friends	305
Why flow these Torrents of Distress	306
Why should the Children of a King	326
With Joy we meditate the Grace	307

## Y

<b>Y</b> E boundless Realms of Joy	325
Ye Children of your God attend	308
Ye dying Sons of Men	309
Ye humble Souls approach your God	309
Ye humble Souls that seek the Lord	310
Ye humble Sinners, in whose Breast	311
Ye little Flock, whom Jesus feeds	312
Ye mourning Saints whose streaming Tears	313
Ye Souls that fear the Lord	313
Ye Worlds of Light, that roll so near	314
Ye Sons of Earth prepare the Plough	315
Ye Sons of Men, a feeble Race	316
Ye Sons of Pride that hate the Just	317
Ye Virgin Souls arise	317
Yes, there are Joys that cannot die	319
Yonder—amazing Sight I see	319

## Z

<b>Z</b> ion rejoice, lift up your Voice	320
--	-----



## INDEX or TABLE.

Suited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

1. *For the Nativity of Christ.* Page

A Way dark Thoughts, awake, my Joy	15
Behold the Grace appears	18
Hark, the glad Sound! the Sav'our comes	87
The Lord is come; the Heav'ns proclaim	322
While Shepherds watch their Flocks	302

2. *The Life of Christ, with his Characters and Representations.*

Behold the Love, the gen'rous Love	19
Behold the sure Foundation Stone	20
E'er the Blue Heav'ns were stretch'd &c.	63
Go worship at Emmanuel's Feet	79
Hosanna to the royal Son	91
How condescending, and how kind	93
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	102
I am faith Christ the Way	105
I've found the Pearl of greatest Price	114
Jesus Christ, the Lord's anointed	118
Jesus, in thee our Eyes behold	121
Jesus, my All to Heav'n is gone	123
Jesus, the Man of constant Grief	125
Jesu, thy Blood and Righteousness	127
Now be the God of Israel blest'd	173
Rock of Ages shelter me	223
Shall Wisdom cry aloud	233
So did the Hebrew Prophet raise	234
The Fountain of Christ	244
The Lord that made both Heav'n &c.	248
The Majesty of Solomon	250
What think ye of Christ	302
With Joy we meditate the Grace	307

3. *The Passion of Christ.*

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed

	Page
All ye that pass by	7
And why, dear Sav'our tell me why	10
Come all ye chosen Saints of God	38
Gethsemane, thou doleful Place	72
Greatest High-Priest, Saviour Christ	83
He dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !	89
Jesus, drinks the bitter Cup	120
Now from the Garden to the Cross	177
Now let our Pains be all forgot	179
Now let our mournful Songs record	180
O Lamb of God, the Saviour	199
'Tis finish'd, the Redeemer said	247
What equal Honours shall we bring	278
Yonder amazing Sight I see	319

#### 4. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

Blest Morning, whose young dawning Rays	29
Christ the Lord is ris'n to Day	37
The Sun of Right'ousness appears	256
Ye humble Souls that seek the Lord	310

#### 5. *The Ascension of Christ.*

Hail the Day that sees him rise	86
This spacious Earth is all the Lords	259

#### 6. *The Intercession of Christ.*

Saviour, I do feel thy Merit	225
------------------------------	-----

#### 7. *The Effusion of the Spirit.*

Great was the Day, the Joy was great	84
Go preach my Gospel faith the Lord	78

#### 8. *On Baptism.*

Buried in Baptism with our Lord	32
By what amazing Ways	33
Do we not know that solemn Word	61
Father, of Heav'n we thee address	69
If glorious Angels do rejoice	107
The holy Eunuch when Baptiz'd	246

We bless the Father and the Son	276
When John (tho a Man)	294
Ye Children of your God attend	308

9. *For washing of Feet, and the Lord's Supper.*

When our great Sov'reign from on High	298
Come let us join a joyful Tune	45
The Mem'ry of our dying Lord	251

10. *Holy Fortitude.*

Am I a Soldier of the Cross	8
By whom was David taught	34
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord	109
Let me but hear my Saviour say	137
No, I shall envy them no more	172
Shall I for fear of feeble Man	231
Stand up my Soul shake off thy Fears	235
When Abrahm's Servant to procure	284
Ye humble Sinners in whose Breast	311

11. *Morning Hymns.*

Awake my Soul, and with the Sun	14
Early my God without Delay	324
God of the Morning, at whose Voice	77
Lord in the Morning thou shalt hear	150
My God accept my early Vows	165
Once more my Soul the rising Day	188
Sweet is the Work my God my King	239
To Day God bids the Faithful rest	270
Ye Worlds of Light that roll so near	314

12. *Evening Hymns.*

Glory to thee my God this Night	74
Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray	153
Now from the Altar of my Heart	176
Thou Sov'reign let my Ev'ning Song	262
Thus far the Lord has led me on	265
When O dear Jesus, when shall I	297

13. *For New-Year's Day.*

And now my Soul, another Year	Page 10
Now gracious Lord thine Arm reveal	176
Once more the constant Sun	189
O praise the Lord of Heav'n	202

14. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

Come heav'nly Love, inspire my Song	41
Come let us join our chearful Songs	46
Did our Emmanuel die for us	58
How glorious is our heav'nly King,	323
I that am drawn out of the Depth	113
Join all ye glorious Names	128
Let us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd	140
O come let us join	192
O Jesus our Lord	198
Plung'd in a Gulf of dark Despair	212
Salvation, oh the joyful Sound	224
Saviour of Men, we bless thy Name	226
What shall I render to my God	280
Ye boundless Realms of Joy	325

15. *The Mystery of the Cross.*

Children of Israel see what Shade	35
God moves in a mysterious Way	77
Now let my Faith grow strong and rise	178
The Souls that would to Jesus Press	253

16. *On the Fall of Man, or Depravity  
of Human Nature.*

Arise, my tend'rest Thoughts arise	12
All you that love the Lord draw near	6
How sad our State by Nature is	99
I would but cannot sing	116
Mistaken Souls that dream of Heav'n	161
My Lord how great's the Favour	167
O for a Glance of heav'nly Day	184
Tho' Jericho pleasantly stood	260

17. *Longing after Christ.*

Page

Alas, my God, that thou should be	4
Can such poor feeble Worms as we	35
Come let me Love; or is my Mind	43
Eternal Pow'r, whose high Abode	327
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	90
How long, O Lord, shall I complain,	327
I love the Windows of thy Grace	109
Jesus, Lover of my Soul	122
Jesus, the only Thought of thee	124
Lord of the Worlds above	151
Mourning and drooping here I lie	162
Oh that I had a Bosom Friend	185
The one Thing needful that good Part	254
Thou Shepherd of Isra'l and mine	261
Why should the Children of a King	326

18. *Supplicatory Hymns.*

Arise, O King of Grace, arise	12
Bestow, dear Lord upon our Youth	22
Bright burning Beams of Gospel Grace	31
Come dearest Lord, descend and dwell	39
Come descend, O heav'nly Spirit	40
Come ye that love the Lord,	329
Come holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove	42
Come thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing	48
Eternal God, thy Pow'r make known	64
Father, I stretch my Hands to thee	68
Guide me O thou great Jehovah	85
How long wilt thou conceal thy Face	328
In thine own Ways O God of Love	111
I want an Heart to pray	115
Jesu, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord	126
Lord how Mysterious are thy Ways	147
Lord we come before thee now	156
Now may the Spirit's holy Fire	182
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God	193

O for



	Page
O for an Heart to love my God	194
O for an overcoming Faith	195
O for a sweet inspiring Ray	195
O Lord thou know'st my Soul's Desires	199
O that the Lord would guide my Ways	203
See how rude Winter's Icy Hand	228
Thus Agur breath'd his warm Desire	265
Try us O God and search the Ground	271
Upward I lift mine Eyes	273
What various Hindrances we meet	282
When Hannah press'd with Grief	292

19. *Christian Consolation.*

Blest is the Man who shuns the Place	28
Death may dissolve my Body now	56
Far from these narrow Scenes of Night	70
How happy is the Christian State	95
Kind Souls, who for the Mis'ries moan	133
Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove	146
Lord, 'tis an infinite Delight	153
Mercy is welcome News indeed	159
Nor Eye has seen, nor Ear has heard	171
We are a Garden wall'd around	275
What happy Men, or Angels, these	278

20. *Conversion.*

Behold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine	20
Believers own they are but blind	23
Bless'd are the humble Souls that see	24
Lord, how secure my Conscience was	148
The Sinner that by precious Faith	252
When God reveal'd his gracious Name	291
When, Joseph his Brethren beheld	295
Who is this fair One in Distress	304
Who shall inhabit in thy Hill	305
Ye Souls that fear the Lord	313

21. *The Wonders of Redeeming Love.* Page

Bless'd be that dear uniting Love,	331
Dear Lord, how wond'rous is thy Love	55
How wondrous are the Works of God	103
Now begin the heav'nly Theme	174
O God of Good th' unfathom'd Sea	321

22. *The Blessedness of the Gospel.*

Blest are the Souls that hear and know	26
Blest be my God that I was born	27
Blow ye the Trumpet, blow	30
From Sheba a distant Report	71
Grace ! 'tis a charming Sound	81
How beauteous are their Feet	92
How honourable is the Place	94
Joy is a Fruit that will not grow	131
Let ev'ry Mortal Ear attend	136
Lord, thou hast planted me a Vine	152
Religion is the chief Concern	219
Repent ye Sons of Men, repent	226
Saw ye not the Cloud arise	226
Thy Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord	268

23. *The Pilgrimage of Saints.*

Broad is the Road that leads to Death	32
Children of the heav'nly King	36
O ! what a wretched Land is this	209
Redeemed Ones the Heirs of God	216
strait is the Way, the Door is strait	237

24. *On the Kingdom of Christ.*

A Form of Words, tho, e'er so sound	1
Before Jehovah's awful Throne	16
Behold the Glories of the Lamb	17
Lo, what a glorious Sight appears	143
Rejoice evermore	217
Rejoice, the Lord is King	218
The Lord Jehovah reigns	246
The glorious Minds how bright they shine	258
When descending from the Sky	292

25. *Invita-*

25. *Invitation to Praise and Repentance.*

Page

Awake, and sing the Song	13
Come let us all unite to praise	44
Come see the Pow'r of Christ our King	47
Come ye Sinners poor and wretched	49
Deserters to the Camp return	58
Disciples of Christ	59
From all that dwell below the Skies	71
I ask the Lord, that I might grow	105
Know, ye that are of Adams Race	135
Now by the Bowels of my God	175
Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings	222
Rise, Zion, shine, thy Light is come	223
Sinners, the Voice of God regard	230
So let our Lips and Lives express	234
Ye dying Sons of Men	309
Ye humble Souls approach your God	309
Ye little Flock, whom Jesus feeds	312
Ye sons of Earth prepare the Plough	315
Ye Virgin Souls arise	317

26. *Faith and Obedience.*

Constrain'd by their Lord to embark	51
Elijah's Example declares	62
How meanly dwells th' immortal Mind	96
If Paul in Cæsars Court must stand	106
Kind are the Words that Jesus speaks	132
Lord I believe a Rest remains	149
My God I am thine	166
When compass'd with Clouds of Distress	288
When Darkness long has veil'd my Mind	289
When I can read my Title clear	293
Yes, there are Joys that cannot die	318

27. *Judgment Hymns.*

Day of Judgment, Day of Wonders	52
He comes! he comes! the Saviour dear	88

Lo!

Lo! he cometh, countless Trumpets	142
Lo! he comes with Clouds descending	158
See where the great incarnate God	229
That awful Day will surely come	241
The Lord, the Judge, before his Throne	250
When Christ shall rend from End to End	286

### 28. *The Frailty of our Life.*

How vain are all Things here below	103
Kind Souls reflect, awhile with me	134
Let others boast how strong they be	138
Lord, what a feeble Piece	154
Oft have I sat in secret Sighs	183
Our God, our Help in Ages past	197
Remember, Lord, our mortal State	220
Shall the vile Race of Flesh and Blood	232
Teach me the Measure of my Days	240
Thee we adore, eternal Name	256
Ye Sons of Men, a feeble Race	316

### 29. *Funeral Hymns.*

Ah! lovely Appearance of Death	2
Hark from the Tombs a doleful Sound	85
Hear what the Voice from Heav'n proclaims	88
When blooming Youth is snatch'd away	286
Why do we mourn departing Friends	305
Why flow these Torrents of Distress	306
Ye mourning Saints, whose streaming Tears	313

### 30. *On Death and the Resurrection.*

And must this Body die	9
Blessed are they (the Scriptures say)	25
Death! 'tis a melancholy Day	57
Great God, I own thy Sentence just	83
How long shall Death the Tyrant reign	95
My Soul come meditate the Day	168
Naked, as from the Earth we came	171



There is a House not made with Hands	257
Vain Man thy fond Pursuits forbear	274
Ye Sons of Pride that hate the Just	317

31. *Before Sermon 1st. After Sermon 2d.*

1st.) Does it not Grief and Wonder move	60
The Saints appear to tread the Courts	255
2d.) Dismiss us with thy Blessing Lord	60
Lord dismiss us with thy Blessing	145
Once more before we part	188

32. *The Being and Perfection of God.*

Eternal Majesty on High	65
Fair Salems Daughters ask to know	65
Father how wide thy Glory shines	67
How should the Sons of Adams Race	100
How strong thine Arm is mighty God	101
Jehovah speaks let Is'el hear	117
In all my vast Concerns with thee	110
Praise to the Lord of boundless Might	214
When all thy Mercies, O my God	283
Whence do our mournful Thoughts arise	301

33. *On the holy Scriptures.*

How shall the Young secure their Hearts	98
It is not good, Jehovah said	112
Precious Bible what a treasure	216

34. *On Charity and Uncharitableness.*

Behold how Sinners disagree	16
Blest is the Man whose Bowels move	28
Let Pharisees of high Esteem	139
Not diff'rent Food nor Diff'rent Dress	172
Once a Woman silent stood	186

35. *For the Hope of Israel.*

Come thou long expected Jesus	49
Father of faithful Abrah'm, hear,	68



	Page
I lift my Banner, faith the Lord	108
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	132
Let Zion and her Sons rejoice	141
Messiah full of Grace	160
What mighty Man, or mighty God	279
Zion rejoice, lift up your Voice	320

### 36. *Penitential Hymns.*

Beside the Gospel Pool	21
God of my Life, look gently down	74
God of my Salvation hear	75
Gracious Lord, incline thine Ear	82
Lord I am vile conceiv'd in Sin	145
O Lord! to whom for Help I call	200
O my Lord, what must I do	201
O that I knew the secret Place	204
O that my Soul were now as fair	206
O thou whose tender Mercy hears	207
O what shall I do to retrieve	210
Poor Esau repented too late	213
See, gracious Lord, with pitying Eyes	227
Still out of the deepest Abyss	236
'Tis a Point I long to know	269
When rising from the Bed of Death	299
When we are rais'd from deep Distress,	300

### 37. *Brotherly Love.*

Dear Friends, farewell, I go to dwell
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake
Let Party Names no more
Lo, what an entertaining Sight
Now Lord, tho' we must part awhile
O 'tis a lovely Thing to see
Two are better far then one

### 38. *Spiritual Poverty.*

Lord, when I hear thy
My drowsy Pow'rs wh

On thee O God of Purity	190
Out of the Depths of long Distress	191
Stay, thou insulted Spirit stay	236
Strange that so much of Heav'n and Hell	238
What Contradictions meet	276

39. *Resignation to Providence.*

Dear Refuge of my weary Soul	54
O tell me no more	205
Peace, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand	211
That Man no Guard nor Weapon needs	242
Tho' Troubles assail	263

40. *To the Trinity.*

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory	73
Lord Christ reveal thy holy Face	144
My Soul doth magnify the Lord	169



*A TABLE of the Scriptures, that are  
turned into Verse.*

	Chap.	Vers	Page		Chap.	Vers	Page
Gen.	24.	56.	284	Prov.	8.	1, 22, 32.	233
	25.	31.	213		30	7, 8, 9.	256
	45.	1, 15.	295	Isaiah	26.	1—6.	94
I Sam.	1.	10.	92		26	8—20.	108
I Kings	10.	1.	71		38.	9.	300
	17.	1.	62		40.	27--30.	301
2 Kings	19	23.	260		45.	22--24.	117
Esther	14.	16.	311		53.	1--5--10.	302
Job	4	17, 21.	232		56.	7.	233
	9	1, 9.	100		55.	4--5.	315
	19	25, 27.	83		57.	15 -16.	266
	23.	1, 9.	204		63.	1, 2, 3.	279
Pfalm	1.		28		63	4, 7.	108
	15.		305	Nahum	1	7.	309
	19.		77	Zecch.	4.	10.	248
	24.		259		13.	1.	244
	39.		240	Matt.	3.		294
	41.		28		5.	1--9.	24
	46.	10.	211		7.	13.	32
	51.		145		13.	17.	92
	66.	16.	313		14	22.	51
	73.	15, 17.	155		15.	5--9.	315
	84.		151		21.	9.	91
	89.	47, 49.	220		25.	6.	317
	90.		197		28.	5, 6.	310
	91.		316		28.	19, 20	78
	100.		16	Luke	1.	30.	18
	102.		141		1.	46.	169
	117.		71		1.	68.	173
	121.		273		2.	6, 4.	302
	126.		291		6.	20.	157
	130.		191		7	18, 50.	186
	133.		144		10.	21.	125
	139.		110				
	145.		330				

Chap.

	Chap.	Vers	Page		Chap.	Vers	Page
		12. 32.	312		12	9.	132
		14. 22.	392		12.	7, 9, 10.	137
		15. 11.	20	1 Thes	4.	13.	306
		18. 10.	16		5.	17.	215
		23. 39, 43.	47	2 Tim.	1.	12.	109
John	1.	1--3.	63		4.	6, 7.	56
	5.	1.	22	Titus	3.	3, 7.	156
	12.	32.	319	Heb.	7.		121
	13.	1.	298		9.		121
	14.	6.	102	James.	1.	29.	219
	19.	30.	247	1 Pet.	2.	6.	20
Acts	2.	1.	84		3.	20, 21.	243
	8.	39.	246	Rev.	5.	6, 12,	17
Rom.	7.	8, 9--14.	148		7.	13.	258
1 Cor.	1.	30.	23		7.	14.	278
	2.	9, 10.	171		14.	13.	88
	13.	2, 7, 12.	139		15.	3.	101
	15.	55.	195		21.	1.	143
2 Cor.	4.	6.	214		21.	5, 8.	229
	5.	1.	257		22.	16.	143

# T H E E N D.



# SELECT SPIRITUAL SONGS. HYMN I.

*The Spiritual Coronation. Cant. 3. -- v. 11.*

*Angels.*

1. **A**ll Hail the Power of Jesu's Name !  
Let Angels prostrate fall :  
Bring forth the Royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.

*Martyrs.*

2. Crown him, ye Martyrs of our God,  
Who from his Altar call ;  
Extol the Son of Jesse's Rod,  
And crown him Lord of all,

*Converted Jews.*

3. Ye chosen Seed of Israel's Race  
A Remnant weak and small ;  
Hail Him who saves you by his Grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

*Believing Gentiles.*

4. Ye Gentile Sinners nev'r forget  
The Wormwood and the Gall ;  
Go—spread your Trophies at his Feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

*Of every Age.*

5. Babes, Men, and Sires, who know his Love  
Who feel your Sin and Thrall.  
Now joy with all the Hosts above,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

*Of every Nation.*

6. Let every Kindred every Tribe  
Upon this earthly Ball,  
To Him all Majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

7. O that with yonder sacred Throng  
We at his Feet may fall ;

A

We'll



We'll join the everlasting Song,  
And crown Him Lord of All.

## H Y M N II.

*Entrance into Paradise ; or present with the Lord.*

1. **A**ND is this Heaven, and am I there ?  
How short the Road, how sweet the Flight  
I am all Life, all Eye, all Ear ;  
Jesus is here, my Souls Delight.
2. Is this the heavenly Friend who hung  
In Blood and Anguish on the Tree,  
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,  
Who died for them, who died for me.
3. How fair, thou Offspring of my GOD !  
Thou First born Image of his Face ;  
Thy Death procur'd this blest Abode,  
Thy Vital Beams adorn this Place.
4. Lo he presents me at his Throne  
All spotless ; there the Godhead reigns  
Sublime and peaceful through the Son :  
Awake, my Voice, in Heav'nly Strains.

## H Y M N III.

1. **A**ND let this feeble Body fail,  
And let it faint or die,  
My Soul shall quit the mournful Vale,  
And soar to Worlds on high ?  
Shall join the disembodied Saints,  
And find its long fought Rest,  
That only Bliss for which it pants  
In the Redeemer's Breast.
2. In Hope of that immortal Crown,  
I now the Cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,

And

And smile at Toil and Pain.  
 I suffer on my threescore Years  
 Till my Deliv'rer come,  
 And wipe away his Servant's Tears,  
 And take his Exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !  
 Before my ravish'd Eyes  
 Rivers of Life divine I see,  
 And Trees of Paradise !  
 I see a World of Spirits bright,  
 Who taste the Pleasures there !  
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
 And conqu'ring Palms they bear.

4 O what are all my Suff'rings here,  
 If Lord; thou count me meet  
 With that enraptur'd Host t'appear,  
 And worship at thy Feet !  
 Give Joy or Grief, give Ease or Pain,  
 Take Life or Friends away :  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal Day.

#### H Y M N IV.

1. **A**WAKE my Zeal, awake my Love,  
 And serve my Saviour here below,  
 In Works which all the Saints above,  
 Which holy Angels cannot do.
2. My Faith and Hope may see the Lord,  
 Tho Vails of Darknes lie between ;  
 Hope shall rest firm upon his Word,  
 And Faith rejoice in Things unseen.
3. Awake my Charity, and feed  
 The hungry Soul and clothe the Poor ;  
 In Heav'n are found no Sons of Need.  
 There all these Duties are no more.

4. Subdue thy Passions, O my Soul  
Maintain the Fight, the Work pursue,  
Daily thy rising Sins controul,  
And 'be thy Vict'ries ever new.
5. The Land of Triumph lies on high.  
There are no Fields of Battle there,  
Lord I would conquer till I die,  
And finish all the glorious War.
6. Let every flying hour confess  
I gain thy Gospel fresh renown :  
And when my Life and Labours cease,  
May I possess the promis'd Crown.

## H Y M N V.

1. **B**URST ye Em'rald Gates and bring  
To my raptur'd Vision;  
All th' extatic Joys, that spring  
Round the bright Elisian ;  
Lo we lift our longing Eyes,  
Break ye intervening skies ;  
Sons of Righteousness arise.  
Op'n the Gates of Paradise ;
2. Floods of everlasting Light,  
Freely flash before him ;  
Myriads, with supreme Delight,  
Instantly adore Him ;  
Angel Trumps' resound his Fame,  
Lutes of lucid Gold proclaim,  
All the Music of his Name ;  
Heaven echoing the Theme.
3. Four and twenty Elders rise,  
From their princely Station ;  
Shout his glorious Victories,  
Sing the great Salvation ;

Cast

Cast their Crowns before his Throne,  
 Cry in reverential Tone,  
 Glory be to God alone,  
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy One.

4. Hark—the thrilling Symphonies,  
 Seem, me thinks, to seize us—  
 Join we too the Holy Lays—  
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !  
 Sweetest Sound in Seraph's Song,  
 Sweetest Note on mortal's Tongue,  
 Sweetest Carol ever sung—  
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

### H Y M N VI.

1. **D**ISMISS us from thy House of Pray'r,  
 With Blessings, such as Mortals need :  
 And make our Souls thy constant Care,  
 Till we from Evil shall be freed.
2. And if we never meet again  
 Till we our Lord appearing see,  
 O may we all with Jesus reign,  
 And always with our Saviour be.

### H Y M N VII.

*Prospect of the Milenium.*

1. **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd  
 To thine exalted Son,  
 That through the Nations of the Earth  
 Thy Word of Life shall run ?
- 2 “ Ask, and I give the Heathen Lands  
 “ For thine Inheritance,  
 “ And to the Earth's remotest Bounds  
 “ Thine Empire shall advance. “

3. Haft thou not said the blinded Jews  
Shall their Redeemer own ;  
While Gentiles to his Standard croud,  
And bow before his Throne ?
4. [When shall the untutor'd Indian Tribes,  
That dark bewilder'd Race,  
Sit down at your Immanuels Feet,  
And learn and feel his Grace?]
5. Are not all Kingdoms, Tribes and Tongues  
Under the expanse of Heaven,  
To the dominion of thy Son,  
Without exemption giv'n ?
6. From East to West, from North to South,  
Then be his Name ador'd ?  
Europe with all thy Millions, shout  
Hosanna's to the Lord ?
7. Asia and Africa resound,  
From Shore to Shore his Fame ;  
And thou America in Songs,  
Redeeming Love proclaim ?

## H Y M N V I I I

*The Example of Christ and the Saints.*

1. **G**IVE me the Wings of Faith to rise  
Within the Veil, and see  
The Saints above, how great their Joys ;  
How bright their Glories be ?
2. Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their Couch with Tears,  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With Sin, and Doubts, and Fears.
3. I ask them, whence their Vict'ry came ?  
They, with united Breath,  
Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb ;  
Their Triumph, to his Death.



4. They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod,  
His (Zeal inspir'd their Breast : )  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess'd the promis'd Rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our Praise  
For his own Pattern giv'n,  
While the long Cloud of Witnesses  
Show the same Path to Heav'n.

## H Y M N IX.

1. **I**N boundless Mercy, gracious Lord, appear,  
Darkness dispel, the humble Mourner cheer ;  
Vain Thoughts remove, melt down this flinty  
Heart ;  
Cause ev'ry Soul to choose the better Part.
2. Thy presence fills the universal Space ;  
Thy Grace appears to all the fallen Race ;  
O visit us with Light and Life divine,  
Fill ev'ry Soul, for ev'ry Soul is thine.
3. The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my Love ;  
He is my King, from him I would not move ;  
Away then all ye Objects that divert,  
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my Heart.
4. That uncreated Beauty which hath gain'd  
My ravish'd Heart, hath all your Glory stain'd ;  
His Loveliness my Soul hath prepossess'd  
And left no Room for any other Guest.

## H Y M N X.

*Following the Example of Christ.*

1. **I**T is a very pleasant Thing  
To follow Christ our Lord ;  
And thus obey our heav'nly King,  
According to his Word.      A 4      2.

2. Down to the Water side we go ;  
By Christ's Example led ;  
Into the same we come also,  
As did our glorious Head.
3. Saviour, we bless thy wond'rous Name,  
For thy Example bright ;  
We love to immitate the same,  
As thou dost us invite.
4. We are baptiz'd as Jesus was,  
His easy Yoke we bear :  
And we are thus baptiz'd, because  
That we his Subjects are.
5. Lord may we to thy Glory live,  
Teach us thy heav'nly Ways ;  
To us thy Holy Spirit give,  
And we thy Name will praise.
6. And we thy sacred Name profess,  
May we our Moments spend  
In Ways of Truth and Righteousness,  
Until our Lives shall end

## H Y M N XI.

### *The Restoration.*

1. **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the Sun  
Doth his successive Journey run ;  
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,  
Till Moons shall wax, and wane no more.
2. Behold the Islands and her Kings,  
And Europe her best Tribute brings :  
From North to South the Princes meet,  
To pay their Homage at his Feet.
3. There Persia glorious to behold,  
There India shines in Eastern Gold,  
And

And Barbarous Nations, at his Word,  
Submit and bow, and own the Lord.

4. For Him shall Endless Pray'r be made,  
And Princes throng to crown his Head ;  
His Name, like sweet Perfume, shall rise  
With every Morning Sacrifice.
5. People and Realms of every Tongue  
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song ;  
And Infant Voices shall proclaim  
The early Blessings on his Name.
6. Blessings abound where'er he reigns  
The Pris'n'r leaps to lose his Chains  
The Weary find Eternal Rest ;  
And all the Sons of Want are blest.
7. Where he displays his healing Pow'r,  
Death and the Curse are known no more,  
In Him the Tribes of Adam boast  
More Blessings than their Father lost.
8. Let every Creature rise and bring  
Peculiar Honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with Songs again,  
And Earth repeat a loud Amen.

## H Y M N XII.

*Life the Day of Grace and Hope. Eccl. 9, v. 5. 6. 4.*

1. **L** I F E is the Time to serve the Lord,  
The Time t'insure the great Reward ;  
And while the Lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest Sinner may return.
- [2. Life is the Hour that God has giv'n  
To 'scape from Hell and fly to Heav'n ;  
The Day of Grace, and Mortals may  
Secure the Blessings of the Day.]

3. The Living know that they must die,  
But all the Dead forgotten lie ;  
Their Mem'ry and their Sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- [4. Their Hatred and their Love is lost,  
Their Envy buried in the Dust ;  
They have no Share in all that's done  
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.]
5. Then what my Thoughts design to do,  
My Hands with all your Might pursue,  
Since no Device, nor Work is found,  
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground.
6. There are no Acts of Pardon past  
In the cold Grave to which we haste ;  
But Darkness, Death, and long Despair,  
Reign in eternal Silence there.

## H Y M N XIII.

*The Grace of God, sovereign, universal and free.*

1. **M**AGNIFICENT free Grace, arise,  
Outshine the Thoughts of shallow Men ;  
Sov'reign, preventing all surprize,  
To him that neither will'd nor ran.
2. Grand as the Bosom whence thou flow'd  
Kind as the Heart that gave thee Vent ;  
Rich as the Gift that God bestow'd,  
And lovely like the Christ he sent.
3. Sin reign'd to Death ; but over Sin  
And Death, with more impartial Sway,  
Grace spreads her more extensive reign,  
And does eternal Life convey.
4. For us Salvation wide displays.  
Her ample all refreshing Wing ;

Safe

Safe in the Shade free Grace we praise,  
And all its peerless Glories sing.

## H Y M N XIV.

*God's tender Care of his Church, Isa.lix. 13, 14, &c.*

1. **N**OW shall my inward Joys arise,  
And burst into a Song ;  
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,  
And Pleasure tunes my Tongue.
2. God, on his thirsty Sion Hill,  
Some Mercy Drops has thrown,  
And solemn Oaths has bound his Love  
To show'r Salvation down.
3. Why do we then indulge our Fears,  
Suspensions and Complaints ?  
Is he a God, and shall his Grace  
Grow weary of his Saints ?
4. Can a kind Woman e'er forget  
The Infant of her Womb,  
And 'mongst a Thousand tender Thoughts  
Her Suckling have no Room ?
5. Yet, saith the Lord, Should Nature change,  
And Mothers Monsters prove,  
Sion still dwells upon the Heart  
Of everlasting Love.
6. Deep on the Palms of both my Hands ;  
I have engrav'd her Name ;  
My Hands shall raise her ruin'd Wall,  
And build her broken Frame.



## H Y M N XV.

*He hath done all Things well.*

1. **N**OW shall our Hearts with Pleasure raise  
To our dear Lord a Song of Praise ;  
We'll sing his Love, his Goodness tell,  
Our Saviour hath done all Things well.
2. With pitying Eyes he view'd our Case,  
And came to save our ruin'd Race ;  
He conquer'd Sin, and Death, and Hell ;  
Our Jesus hath done all Things well.
3. He undertook to bear our Load,  
And bring us back again to God ;  
To fit us with himself to dwell ;  
Christ Jesus hath done all Things well.
4. He will accomplish his Design,  
And all Things in himself combine,  
No more shall ever they rebel ;  
Our Jesus will do all Things well.
5. His Work how great ! his Plan how Vast !  
But when it all appears at last,  
It will our highest Praise excel,  
For Jesus will do all Things well,
6. When the Creation is restor'd,  
And God shall be by all ador'd  
How loudly will the Triumph swell,  
Our Jesus hath done all Things well !
7. Sin, Death, and Hell, will Christ destroy,  
And fill the Universe with Joy ;  
His Love shall then each Voice compel  
To cry, "He hath done all Things well."
8. All Creatures then as One shall join,

To

To shout aloud his Praise divine !  
(As sacred prophecies foretell)  
And say, "He hath done all Things well,"

H Y M N . XVI.

1. **N**OW the Saviour Stands a pleading  
At the Sinner's bolted Heart,  
Now in Heav'n is interceding,  
Undertaking Sinners Part.

CHORUS.

- Sinners can you hate the Saviour,  
Can you thrust him from your Arms ;  
Here he died for your Behaviour,  
Now he calls you to his Charms.
2. Now he pleads his Sweat and Bloodshed.  
Shews his wounded Hands and Feet—  
Father save them tho' they're Blood Red,  
Raise them to an heav'nly Seat.  
Sinners, &c. &c.
3. Sinners hear your God and Saviour,  
Hear his gracious Voice to-Day :  
Turn from all your base Behaviour,  
Now return, repent and pray.  
Sinners, &c. &c.
4. Open now your Hearts before him.  
Bid your Saviour welcome in ;  
Now receive, and love, adore him,  
Take a full Discharge from Sin,  
Sinners, &c. &c.
5. Now he's waiting to be gracious,  
Now he stands and looks on thee :  
See what Kindness, Love, and Pity,  
Shines around, on you and me.  
Sinners, &c. &c.

6. Come ! for all Things now are ready—  
 Yet there's Room for many more.  
 O ye Blind, ye Lame, and Needy,  
 Come to Grace's boundless Store.  
 Sinners, &. &.

## H Y M N XVII.

1. **O** THOU God of my Salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all Sin,  
 Mov'd to this by great Compassion,  
 Yearning Bowels from within :  
 I will praise thee : :  
 Where shall I thy Praise begin ?
2. While the Angels-Choirs are crying ;  
 Glory to the Great I AM !  
 I with them would still be vying,  
 Glory, Glory to the Lamb !  
 O how precious : :  
 Is the Sound of Jesu's Name !
3. Now I see, with Joy and Wonder,  
 Whence the healing Streams arose ;  
 Angels-Minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying Lov's mysterious Cause ;  
 Yet the Blessing  
 Down to all, to me it flows.
4. Tho unseen, I love the Saviour,  
 He Almighty Grace hath shown ;  
 Pardon'd Guilt and purchas'd Favour !  
 This he makes to Mortals known ;  
 Give him Glory,  
 Glory, Glory is his own.
5. Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the Throng,  
 Wond'ring at the Love that crown'd us,  
 Glad

Glad to join the holy Song :  
Hallelujah,  
Love and Praise to Christ belong.

## H Y M N XVIII.

*The Delight of public Worship.*

1. **O**F all the Pleasures that we know,  
Thy Service Lord exceeds the best ;  
Though in thy earthly Courts below,  
What is it then among the Blest ?
2. When we assemble in thy House,  
To read thy Word, to praise, and pray,  
To hear thy Gospel, pay our Vows,  
With what Delight we spend the Day !
3. How short the hours of Worship seem !  
What Raptures do our Spirits feel !  
While we can speak and hear of him,  
Who suffer'd Death to work our Weal !
4. From Morn till Noon, from Noon till Eve,  
The pleasing Theme we could attend ;  
Such Satisfaction we receive  
As Strangers cannot comprehend.
5. All earthly Joys with these compar'd,  
Are less than nothing in our Eyes ;  
Pleasures of Sense we disregard,  
And those of Sin we would despise.

## H Y M N XIX.

*Desiring the First Love.*

1. **O**H, for a closer Walk with God !  
A Calm and heav'nly Frame !  
A Light to shine upon the Road  
That Leads me to the Lamb !
2. Where

2. Where is the Blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing View  
Of Jesus and his Word ?
3. What peaceful Hours I then 'enjoy'd !  
How sweet their Mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void,  
The World can never fill.
4. Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet Messenger of Rest !  
I hate the Sins which made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my Breast.
5. The dearest Idol I have known,  
What e'er that Idol be,  
Help me to bear it from thy Throne,  
And Worship only Thee.
6. So shall my Walk be close with God,  
Calm and Serene my Frame ;  
So purer Light shall mark the Road.  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## H Y M N. XX.

1. **O** H ! give me Lord my Sins to mourn—  
My Sins ! which have thy Body torn !  
Give me, with broken Heart, to see  
Thy last tremendous Agony.
2. O, could I gain the Mountain's height,  
And gaze upon that bleeding Sight !  
O that, with Salem's Daughters, I  
Could stand and see my Saviour die !
3. I'd smite my Breast, and weep and mourn,  
And never from the Cross return :  
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,  
And mix my Tears with Jesus's Blood.

4. I'd



4. I'd hang around his Cross, and cry  
 "Lord save a Soul condemn'd to die !  
 O let a Wretch come near thy Throne,  
 "To plead the Merits of thy Son.

## H Y M N XXI.

*The Happiness of being with Christ.*

1. **W**HILE on the Verge of Life I stand,  
 And view the Scene on either Hand,  
 My Spirit struggles with my Clay,  
 And longs to wing his Flight away. .
2. Where Jesus dwells my Soul would be ;  
 And faints my much lov'd Lord to see ;  
 Earth, twine no more about my Heart ;  
 For 'tis far better to depart.
3. Come, ye angelic Convoys, come,  
 And lead the willing Pilgrim home ;  
 Ye Know the Way to Jesu's Throne,  
 Source of my Joys, and of your own.
4. That blifsful Interview, how sweet !  
 To fall transported at his Feet !  
 Rais'd in his Arms to see his Face  
 Through the full Beamings of his Grace.
5. As with a Seraph's Voice to sing !  
 To fly as on a Cherub's Wing !  
 Performing with unweary'd Hands  
 The present Saviour's high Commands.
6. Yet with these Prospects full in Sight,  
 We'll wait thy Signal for the Flight ;  
 For while thy Service we pursue,  
 We find a Heav'n begun below.

## H Y M N XXII.

1. **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
 And dwell with him above,  
 To drink the flowing Fountains,  
 Of everlasting Love.  
 When shall I be deliver'd,  
 From this vain World of Sin ?  
 And with my blessed Jesus  
 Drink endless Pleasure in.
2. But now I am a Soldier,  
 My Captain's gone before,  
 He's given me my Orders,  
 And tells me not to fear :  
 And if I hold out faithful,  
 A Crown of Life he'll give,  
 And all his valiant Soldiers  
 Eternal Life shall have.
3. Through Grace I am determin'd,  
 To conquer, tho I die,  
 And then away to Jesus,  
 On Wings of Love I'll fly.  
 Farewell to Sin and Sorrow—  
 I bid it all adieu.  
 And you, my Friends, be faithful,  
 And on your Way pursue.
4. And if you meet with Troubles,  
 And Trials on the Way,  
 Then cast your Cares on Jesus,  
 And don't forget to pray.  
 Gird on the heav'nly Armour,  
 Of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

And when your Race is ended,  
You'll reign with Him above.

5. O do not be discourag'd,  
For Jesus is your Friend,  
And if you lack for Knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend.  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Tho often you Request,  
He'll give you Grace to conquer,  
And take you up to rest.

## H Y M N XXIII.

*Christ's Ascension.*

1. **O**UR Lord is risen from the Dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on High;  
The Pow'rs of Hell are Captive led,  
Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky.
2. There his triumphant Chariot waits,  
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;  
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates,  
Ye everlasting Doors give way.
3. Loose all your Bars of massy Light,  
And wide unfold the radiant Scene;  
He claims those Mansions as his Right,  
Receive the King of Glory in.
4. Who is the King of Glory? Who?  
The Lord that all his Foes o'ercame,  
The World, Sin, Death and Hell o'erthrew;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.
5. Lo, his triumphal Chariot waits,  
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,  
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates!  
Ye everlasting Doors give way.

6. Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?  
 The Lord of boundless Pow'r possess'd ;  
 The King of Saints and Angels too,  
 God over all, for ever blest.

## H Y M N XXIV.

Ezekiel 33 --II.

1. **S**INNER, O why so Thoughtless grown ?  
 Why in such dreadful Haste to die ;  
 Daring to leap to Worlds unknown,  
 Heedless against thy God to fly ?
2. Will ye frustrate Eternal Grace,  
 Urg'd on by Sin's fantastick Dreams,  
 Madly attempt th'infernal Gate,  
 And force thy Passage to the Flames !
3. Stay, Sinner, on the Gospel Plains,  
 Behold the God of Love unfold  
 The Myst'ry of his Dying Pains,  
 For ever telling, yet untold.

## H Y M N XXV.

*The Day of Grace.*

1. **T**HE Lord into his Garden come,  
 The Spices yield a rich Perfume,  
 The Lillies grow and thrive :  
 Refreshing Show'rs of Grace divine  
 From Jesus flow to ev'ry Vine,  
 And makes the Dead revive.
2. O that this dry and barren Ground  
 In Springs of Water may abound,  
 A fruitful Soil become.  
 The Defart blossom as the Rose,

When

When Jesus conquers all his Foes,  
And makes his People One.

3. The glorious Time is rolling on,  
The gracious Work is now begun ;  
My Soul a Witness is,  
I taste and see the Pardon free,  
For all Mankind, as well as me,  
Who comes to Christ may live.
4. The worst of Sinners here may find  
A Sav'our pitiful and kind :  
Who will them all receive.  
None are too late who will repent ;  
Out of one Sinner Legion's went.  
The Lord did him relieve.
5. Come Brethren, you that love the Lord,  
And taste the Sweetness of his Word ;  
In Jesu's Way go on,  
Our Troubles and our Trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at Home.
6. I feel that Heav'n is now begun,  
It issues from the sparkling Throne ;  
From Jesu's Throne on High.  
It comes like Flood's, we can't contain,  
We drink and drink, and drink again ;  
And yet we still are dry.
7. But when we come to reign above,  
And all surround a Throne of Love,  
We'll drink a full supply.  
Jesus will lead his Armies through,  
To living Fountains where they flow,  
That never will run dry.
8. 'Tis there we'll Reign, and Shout, and Sing,  
And make the upper Regions ring ;



Where all the Saints get home.  
 Come on, come on ! my Brethren dear,  
 Soon we shall meet together there :  
 For Jesus bids us come.

9. Amen ! Amen ! my Soul replies,  
 I'm bound to meet you in the Skies,  
 And claim my Mansions sure.  
 Now here's my Heart, and here's my Hand,  
 To meet you in the heav'nly Land,  
 Where we shall part no more.

## H Y M N XXVI.

*A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.*

1. **T**HERE is a Land of pure Delight,  
 Where Saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite Day excludes the Night,  
 And Pleasures banish Pain.
2. There everlasting Spring abides,  
 And never with'ring Flow'rs :  
 Death like a narrow Sea divides  
 This heav'nly Land from ours.
- [3. Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood  
 Stand drest in living Green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous Mortals start and shrink;  
 To cross this narrow Sea,  
 And linger, shiv'ring on the Brink,  
 And fear to launch away.]
5. O could we make our Doubts remove  
 Those gloomy Doubts that rise,  
 To see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unbecclouded Eyes.
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the Landskip o'er,

Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold Flood,  
Should fright us from the Shore.

## H Y M N XXVII.

*Seeking the Pastures of Christ the Shepherd, Solomon  
Song, i. 7.*

1. **T**HOU, whom my Soul admires above  
All earthly Joy, and earthly Love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know  
Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow ?
2. Where is the Shadow of that Rock  
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?  
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.
3. Why should thy Bride appear like one  
That turns aside to Paths unknown ?  
My constant Feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another Love.
- [4. The Footsteps of thy Flock I see ;  
Thy sweetest Pastures here they be ;  
A wond'rous Feast thy Love prepares,  
Bought with thy Wounds, & Groans & Tears.
5. His dearest Flesh he makes my Food,  
And bids me drink his richest Blood ;  
Here to these Hills my Soul will come,  
Till my Beloved leads me home.]

## H Y M N XXVIII.

1. **T**HE Lord of Earth and Sky,  
The God of Ages Praise !  
Who reigns enthron'd on High,  
Ancient of endless Days,  
Who lengthens out our Trials here,  
And spares us yet another Year.

2. Barren and witherd Trees,  
We cumber'd long the Ground,  
No Fruit of Holiness  
On our dead Souls was found ;  
Yet did he us in Mercy spare,  
Another, and another Year.
3. When justice barr'd the Sword,  
To cut the Fig-Tree down.  
The pity of our Lord  
Cry'd—" Let it still alone : "  
The Father mild inclin'd his Ear,  
And spar'd us yet another Year.
4. Jesus, thy speaking Blood  
From God obtain'd the Grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer Space :  
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,  
And lo ! we see another Year.
5. Then dig about our Root,  
Break up our fallow Ground,  
And let our gracious Fruit  
To thy great Praise abound ;  
O let us all thy Praise declare,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

## H Y M N XXIX.

*The Nativity of Christ.*

1. " **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice ! lift up your Eyes,  
" And send your Fears away ;  
" News from the Regions of the Skies ?  
" Salvation's born to Day.
2. " Jesus, the God whom Angels fear,  
" Comes down to dwell with you ;  
" To-Day he makes his Entrance here,  
" But not as Monarchs do.
3. " No

3. "No Gold, nor Purple swadling Bands,  
     "Nor Royal shining Things ;  
     "A Manger for his Cradle stands,  
     "And holds the King of Kings.
4. "Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
     "And see his humble Throne ;  
     "With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,  
     "Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son."
5. Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around  
     The heav'nly Armies throng ;  
     They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,  
     And thus conclude the Song :
6. "Glory to God, that reigns above ;  
     "Let Peace surround the Earth :  
     "Mortals shall know their Makers Love  
     "At their Redeemers Birth."
7. Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,  
     And Men no Tunes to raise ?  
     O may we lose these useless Tongues  
     When they forget to praise !
8. Glory to God, that reigns above,  
     That pity'd us forlorn ;  
     We join to sing our Maker's Love,  
     For there's a Saviour born.

## H Y M N XXX.

1. **T**O the Haven of thy Breast,  
     O Son of Man, I fly,  
     Be my Refuge and my Rest,  
     For O the Storm is high !  
     Save me from the furious Blast,  
     A covert from the Tempest be ;  
     Hide me, Jesus, till o'er past  
     The Storm of Sin I see.

2. Welcome as the Waterpring  
 To a dry barren Place ;  
 O descend on me and bring  
 The sweet refreshing Grace ;  
 O'er a parch'd and weary Land  
 As a great Rock extends its Shade,  
 Hide me, Saviour, with thine Hand,  
 And screen my naked Head.
3. In the Time of my Distress  
 Thou hast my Succour been ;  
 In my utter Helplessness  
 Restraining me from Sin :  
 O how swiftly didst thou move  
 To save me in the trying Hour !  
 Still protect me with thy Love,  
 And shield me with thy Pow'r.
4. First and Last in me perform  
 The Work thou hast begun ;  
 Be my Shelter from the Storm,  
 My Shadow from the Sun :  
 Let me hang upon my God,  
 Till I thy perfect Glory see,  
 Till the sprinkling of thy Blood  
 Shall speak me up to thee.

## H Y M N XXXI.

1. **H**OW lost was my Condition,  
 Till Jesus made me whole ;  
 There is but one Physician  
 Can cure a Sin sick Soul ;  
 Next Door to Death he found me,  
 And pluck'd me from the Grave ;  
 To tell to all around me :  
 His wond'rous Pow'r to save !

2. Of



2. Of Men great Skill possessing,  
I thought a Cure to gain,  
But that prov'd more distressing,  
And added to my Pain :  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost,  
Thus every Refuge fail'd me,  
And all my Hopes where cross'd.
3. At length this great Physician,  
How matchless in his Power,  
Accepted my Petition,  
And undertook my Cure,  
First gave me Sight to view him,  
For Sin my Sight had seal'd,  
Then bid me look unto him,  
I look'd and I was heal'd.
4. A bleeding dying Jesus,  
Seen by an Eye of Faith,  
At once from Sin it frees us,  
And saves our Souls from Death !  
Come then to this Physician,  
His Help he'll freely give  
He makes no hard Condition,  
'Tis, only look and live.

## H Y M N XXXII.

*Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

1. **W**HY should we start, and fear to die ?  
What tim'rous Worms we Mortals are !  
Death is the Gate of endless Joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife  
Fright our approaching Souls away ;  
Still we shrink back again to Life,  
Fond of our Prison and our Clay.
3. Oh !

3. Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My Soul should stretch her Wings in haste,  
Fly fearless thro' Deaths Iron Gate,  
Nor feel the Terrors as she pass'd.
4. Jesus can make a dying Bed  
Feel soft, as downy Pillows are.  
While on his Breast I lean my Head,  
And breathe my Life out sweetly there.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

1. I'LL praise my Maker while I've Breath,  
And when my Voice is lost in Death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs :  
My Days of Praise shall ne'r be past,  
While Life, and Thought, and Being last,  
Or immortality endures,
2. Happy the Man whose Hopes rely  
On Israel's God ; he made the Sky,  
And Earth and Seas, with all their Train :  
His Truth for ever stands secure !  
He saves th' Oppress'd, he feeds the Poor,  
And none shall find his Promise vain.
3. The Lord pours Eye-Sight on the Blind ;  
The Lord supports the fainting Mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace ;  
He helps the Stranger in Distress,  
The Widow and the Fatherless,  
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.
4. I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,  
And when my Voice is lost in Death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs :  
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past  
While Life, and Thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

## H Y M N XXXIV.

*At Foot Washing.*

1. **M**AKE up thy Jewels Lord, and shew,  
The glorious spotless Church below,  
The Fellowship of Saints make known,  
And Oh my God, might I be One.
2. O might my Lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesu's Witnesses.  
O that my Lord would count me meet,  
To wash his dear Disciples Feet.
3. To wait upon his Saints below,  
On Gospel Errands for them go,  
Enjoy the Grace to Angels giv'n,  
And serve the Royal Heirs of Heav'n.

## H Y M N XXXV.

*At Table.*

1. **M**Y Soul, survey thy Happiness,  
If thou art found a Child of Grace,  
How richly is the Gospel stor'd !  
What Joy the Promises afford !
2. All Things are now the Gift of God,  
And purchas'd with our Saviours Blood ;  
While the good Spirit shews us how,  
To use and to enjoy them too.
3. If Peace and Plenty crown my Days,  
They Help me Lord to sing thy Praise ;  
If Bread of Sorrow be my Food,  
Those Sorrows work my real Good.
4. BE present at our Table Lord,  
Be here and every where ador'd :  
Thy People bless, and grant that we,  
May feast in Paradise with thee.

HYMN

## H Y M N XXXVI.

1. **B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go,  
Learn me what thou wou'dst have me do ;  
Suggest what'er I think or say,  
Direct me in the narrow Way.
2. Assist and teach me how to pray ;  
Incline my Nature to obey :  
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,  
And only Love what pleases thee.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

1. **C**OME all ye weary Trav'lers,  
Come let us join and sing  
The everlasting Praises,  
Of Jesus Christ our King.  
We've had a tedious Journey,  
And tiresome, 'tis true ;  
But see how many Dangers  
The Lord has brought us through.
2. At first, when Jesus found us,  
He call'd us unto him,  
And pointed out the Danger  
Of falling into Sin :  
The World, the Flesh and Satan  
Will prove a fatal Snare ;  
Unless we do reject them,  
By Faith and humble Pray'r.
3. But by our Disobedience,  
With Sorrow, we confess ;  
We've had too long to Wander  
In a dark Wilderness :  
Where we might soon have fainted,  
On that enchanted Ground ;  
But now and then a Cluster  
Of pleasant Grapes we found.
4. The pleasant Fruits of Canaan  
Gives Life, and Joy and Peace :  
Revives our drooping Spirits,

And

- And Faith und Love increase :  
 Confess our Lord and Master,  
 And run at his Command :  
 And hasten on our Journey,  
 Unto the promis'd Land.
5. Sinners, why stand ye Idle,  
 While we do march along ;  
 Has Conscience never told you,  
 That you are doing wrong :  
 Down the broad Road to Ruin,  
 To bear a dreadful Curse :  
 Forfake your Ways of Sinning,  
 And come, and go with us.
6. But if you will refuse it,  
 We bid you all adieu :  
 We're on the Way to Canaan,  
 And so indeed might you :  
 We're sorry for to leave you,  
 We rather you would go ;  
 Come, try a bleeding Sav'our,  
 And feel Salvation flow,
7. O Sinners be awaken'd,  
 To see your dismal State ;  
 Repent, and be converted,  
 Before it is too late.  
 Turn to the Lord by Prayer,  
 And daily search his Word,  
 And never rest contented,  
 Until you find the Lord.
8. Now, to the King Immortal,  
 Be everlasting Praise,  
 For in his holy Service  
 We mean to spend our Days :  
 Till we arrive at Canaan,  
 The celestial World above,  
 With everlasting Praises :  
 To sing redeeming Love.



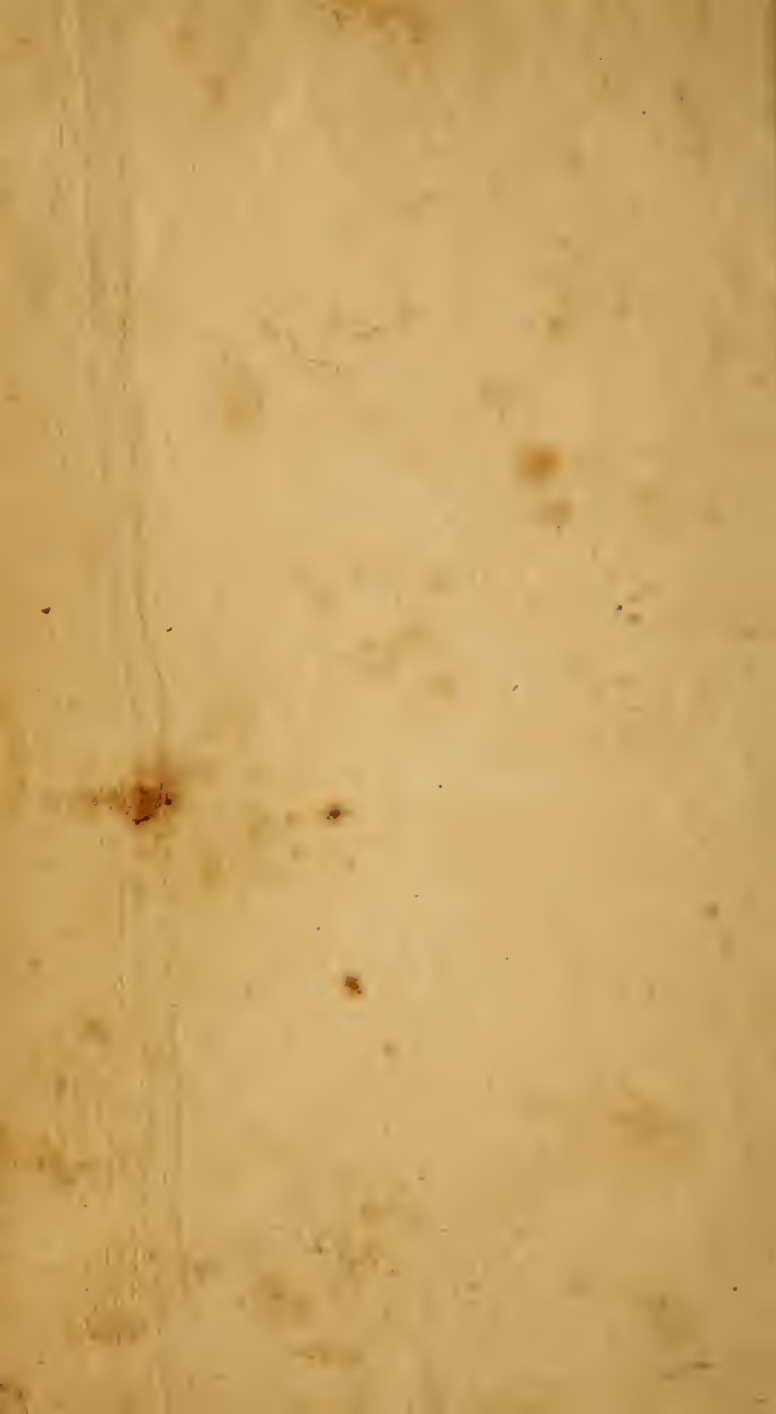
# I N D E X.

<b>A</b> ll hail the Pow'r of Jesus Name,	Page	1
And is this Heaven	-	2
And let this feeble Body fail	-	2
Awake my Zeal awake my Love	-	3
Be with me Lord, where'r I go,	-	30
Burst ye Em'rald Gates,	-	4
Come all ye weary Trav'lers	-	30
Dismiss us from thy House	-	5
Father is not thy Promise pledg'd	-	5
Give me the Wings of Faith	-	6
How lost was my Condition	-	26
In boundless Mercy gracious Lord	-	7
I'll praise my Maker	-	28
It is a very pleasant Thing	-	7
Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun	-	8
Life is the Time to serve the Lord	-	9
Magnificent free Grace arise	-	10
Make up thy Jewels Lord,	-	29
My Soul survey thy Happiness,	-	29
Now shall my inward Joys arise	-	11
Now shall our Hearts with Pleasure raise	-	12
Now the Saviour stands a pleading	-	13
O thou God of my Salvation	-	14
Of all the Pleasures that we know	-	15
Oh for a closer Walk with God	-	15
Oh give me Lord my Sins to mourn	-	16
Oh when shall I see Jesus	-	18
Our Lord is risen from the Dead	-	19
Sinners, O why so thoughtless grown	-	20
Shepherds rejoice, lift up your Voice	-	24
There is a Land of pure Delight	-	22
Thou who my Soul admires above	-	23
To the Haven of thy Breast	-	25
The Lord of Earth and Sky	-	23
The Lord into his Garden come	-	20
When once my Soul &c	-	23
While on the Verge of Life I stand,	-	17
Why should we start and fear to die?	-	27



















Handwritten text, likely a signature or name, appearing in the top right corner.

Handwritten text, possibly a date or a short phrase, located in the upper middle section.

Handwritten text, possibly a date or a short phrase, located in the upper left section.



1824  
John Douglass

Lucy Douglass

Jane Wilson June 1824







